

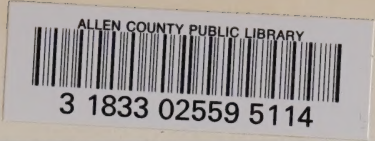
THE FRANCES SLOCUM TRAIL

BY OTTO WINGER

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B Winger, Otho, 1877-1946.
(The Frances Slocum trail

A simple...ations and many pictures of her friends and descendants. The author's close acquaintance with many of her descendants and his knowledge of the Frances Slocum country in Indiana gave him an advantage in telling the story in an interesting way to others. \$2 Postpaid.

The Frances Slocum Trail

In many ways this is the most personal and most interesting of the author's books about the Indians. It will tell you the story of Frances Slocum briefly and guide you in a trip over the Frances Slocum Trail. Along with this material has been bound Winger's Centennial History of Wabash County, well illustrated; a pageant of his celebration of the centennial of Frances Slocum; a pageant of his Silver Anniversary as President of Manchester College and a short biography of Otho Winger by L. W. Shultz. Price \$2, Postpaid.

The Last of the Miamis, Little Turtle, Kenapocomoco

This book is a reprint of four of his small books on Indian history and is rare material that needs to be preserved and on file for reading and reference. A real source of material about Little Turtle, Meshingomesia, and Eel River (Kenapocomoco). Here you have a history of the great Miami nation of Indians. Many pictures are given of the chiefs and leading men of the tribe. \$2, Postpaid.

The Potawatomi Indians

This is the only history as such of this powerful tribe of Indians. They were persistent enemies of the Miamis. This book gives many pictures and biographies of their leading chiefs, marks their trails, locates their chief villages, and tells the story of many events that had much to do with American history. \$2, Postpaid.

NOTE—Any three titles may be had as a set at \$5—postpaid. Order from L. W. Shultz, North Manchester, Indiana.

MIAMI INDIAN STORIES, by Chief Clarence Godfroy
(Edited by Mrs. Una McClurg)

Chief Clarence Godfroy is a great-great-grandson of Frances Slocum. His many stories of the Miamis have been taken down as he told them and here in printed form Mrs. Una McClurg has made them available for homes, schools, and libraries. This is a rare and very unique book of Indian lore and should have a very wide circulation. Price \$3, Postpaid. All five titles may be had for \$10. Order from L. W. Shultz, North Manchester, Indiana.

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The Frances Slocum Trail

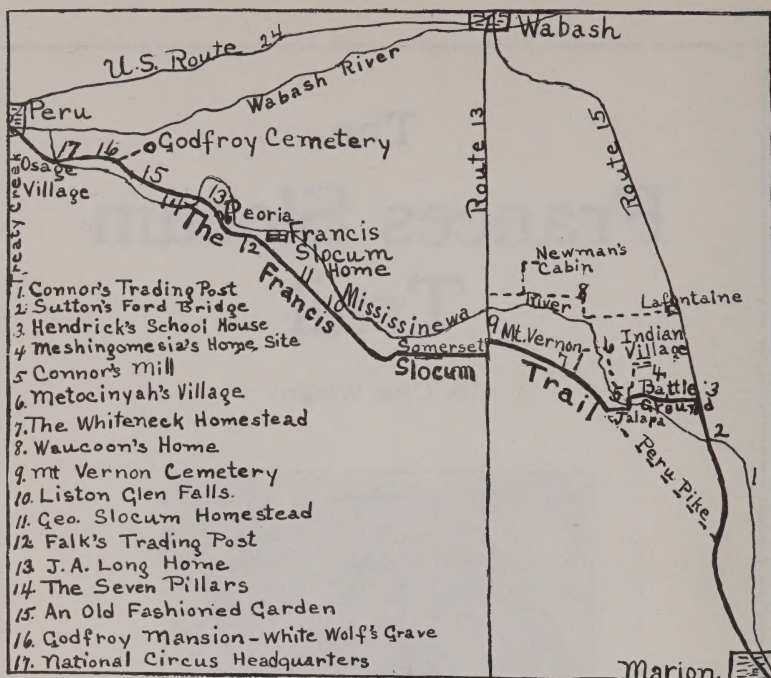
By Otho Winger



FRANCES SLOCUM

Ma-con-a-quah

"The White Rose of the Miamis"



THE FRANCES SLOCUM TRAIL

"There is no place in the Old North West Territory where you can travel twenty-five miles on a public highway along which there has been more history, romance and tragedy than on the Frances Slocum Trail. The story of Frances Slocum, the Lost Sister of the Wyoming, and how she was found by her brothers and sister after a search of nearly sixty years, rivals in interest the story of Joseph and his brethren. This trail was once the very center of the great Miami Nation of Indians. The valleys of the Wabash, Mississinewa and Eel River made an ideal home for them. The country was healthy. The waters abounded in fish and the forests with game. The rich valleys made it easy for them to raise plenty to eat and avoid famine. Here they had permanent homes and developed much civilization generations before the white men came. Here the bluest blood of England and France fused with the Indians to develop a new race. On this trail were held important Indian Councils that had much to do with American History. Frances Slocum was intimately associated with one of the most important periods of all this history and the story of her life is one of its most interesting chapters."—Hal C. Phelps.

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THE FRANCES SLOCUM TRAIL

By

OTHO WINGER

First Printing, 1961

Second Printing, 1962

Third Printing, 1964

Fourth Printing, 1966

Fifth Printing, 1967

PUBLISHED BY L. W. SCHULTZ,
NORTH MANCHESTER, INDIANA

BOOKS ON INDIAN HISTORY, by Otho Winger
(Now in print again) Reprinted by permission, 1961

The Lost Sister Among the Miamis

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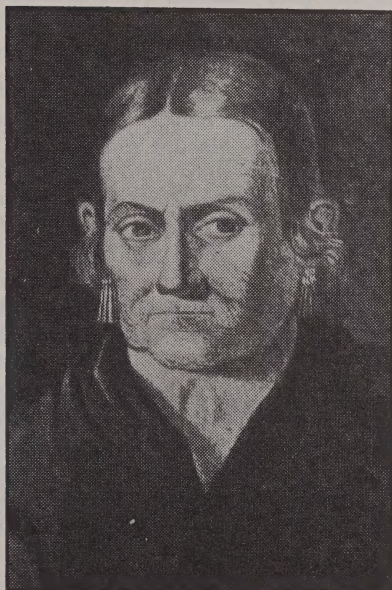
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By

OTHO WINGER



FRANCES SLOCUM

MA-CON-A-QUAH

THE LOST SISTER OF WYOMING

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MIAMIS

THE NEWS-JOURNAL, NORTH MANCHESTER, IND.

THE FRANCES SLOCUM TRAIL

By Otho Winger

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REVISED AND ENLARGED

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First Printing, April, 1943

Second Printing, November, 1943

INTRODUCTION

Ten years ago I published a booklet under the above title. Two large printings were sold. But the booklet was too small. People wanted to know more about Frances Slocum and the land where she lived. "The Lost Sister Among the Miamis" told the story of her life. Four printings were made and sold. That book is now out of print. Still they ask for the story. Since then thousands of people have visited the monument and traveled over parts of the trail.

Two reasons prompt me to write this little book. One is to tell the story again for those who have not heard it. The other is to let people know more about one of the most beautiful and interesting rivers in America.

I have drawn freely from other books I have written. In them I have stated at length source material for information. For this book I have consulted freely with my very good friend, Hon. Hal Phelps, judge of Miami Circuit Court, a life long student of Indian history and a lover of the Mississinewa. To him and any others whom I have questioned, I owe my special thanks. I am much indebted to Miss Ada Louise Duckwall for many of the drawings in the book. Mrs. Winger has read the manuscript and has made appropriate corrections and suggestions. The pictures of the Trail were taken by an amateur, with a Brownie camera, over a period of years, on many trips made by the author along the Mississinewa.

I dedicate this little book to my students at the Indian Village School and to my many friends along The Frances Slocum Trail.

OTHO WINGER,

APRIL 1, 1943

THE FRANCES SLOCUM TRAIL

By Otho Winger

PART I

FRANCES SLOCUM

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A CHILD STOLEN BY INDIANS

A long time ago in the Wyoming Valley along the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania, there lived a five year old girl whose name was Frances Slocum. She had seven brothers and two sisters. Her parents were Jonathan and Ruth Tripp Slocum. They had brought their family from their old home in Rhode Island a long way through the forest to their new home. Many of their neighbors also had moved here because of much good farming land.

The year in which our story begins is 1778. The Revolutionary War was going on. The American colonists were trying to win their independence from the English government. The Indians generally were helping the English fight the Americans. During the summer of 1778 the Indians and some British soldiers came into the Wyoming Valley and killed more than two hundred men, women and children.

Most of the people who escaped fled to the neighborhood fort for safety. Some of them went back to their old homes in Connecticut. Jonathan Slocum did not fear the Indians and remained with his family in their home near the Village of Wilkes-Barre. The Quakers and



FRANCES SLOCUM STOLEN BY THE INDIANS

the Indians had been friends ever since William Penn, the Quaker, had treated the Indians so kindly. Jonathan Slocum wore the broad brimmed Quaker hat. The Indians knew he was a Quaker and did not molest him or his family.

The oldest brother of Frances was Giles. Though only eighteen he had gone with the older men to fight the Indians and save their homes. His father, being a Quaker, did not want him to fight. When the Indians heard that Giles had fought against them, they were angry. They did not know that he had fought against his father's will. So they planned revenge.

Everything was going well at the home of Jonathan Slocum on the morning of November 2, 1778. Mr. Slocum and his father-in-law, Isaac Tripp, were working in the fields. Mrs. Slocum was busy with her work about the house. Frances was playing with her three year old brother, Joseph. Her older sister, Mary, was helping her mother with the work. Two neighbor boys, named Kingsley, were grinding a knife in the yard. The older Kingsley boy, Nathan, wore a soldier's suit. All would have been happy but for the fact that so many of their friends had recently been killed. No Indians had been seen for some time and the people thought they were all gone.

Suddenly a gun was heard. The mother was horrified to see three Indians coming towards the house. They had shot Nathan Kingsley and were cutting off his scalp. The mother told the children to hide. She took the baby and ran to the thicket. Judith and Isaac followed their mother. Frances hid under the stairway. Mary took little Joseph and started towards the fort. An Indian started after her but seeing how brave she was, laughed and let her go.

The Indians went into the house and looked everywhere for sugar and other things they might like. As they came down the stairway, one of them saw the feet of little Frances at the closet door. He pulled her out and took her to the yard. Another found her crippled brother, Ebenezer, twelve years old. The third Indian took Wareham Kingsley and all started for the woods.

The mother seeing her children carried away by the Indians rushed from her hiding place to help them. She pointed to Ebenezer with his crippled feet. So they let him go. But one of the Indians threw Frances over his shoulder and started off with her. The mother pleaded but the hard hearted Indian paid no attention. Little Frances cried and called for her mother. With one hand holding out of her eyes her beautiful auburn hair and with the other reaching out for help, she cried, "Mother, Mother." That was the last view the mother ever had of little Frances.

THE LONG SEARCH FOR THE LOST SISTER

The news spread rapidly that Frances had been stolen by the Indians. Mary, with her little brother, soon reached the fort and told what had happened. A company of soldiers came to see about it. The father, grandfather, and older brothers came from the

fields. The mother was wild with grief to think that her little Frances was in the hands of angry Indians. They might tomahawk her any moment. The brothers and sisters were crying. Jonathan Slocum was usually brave and calm but this was too much for him to bear calmly. He permitted the soldiers to help him look for the stolen child.

With Indians on the war path it was not safe for individuals to go very far into the woods. Groups of soldiers and neighbors searched everywhere in the neighborhood. The Indians might be hidden somewhere in the mountains. They might have taken to their ponies and be far away on the road home to their villages. No trace of them could be found. As night came on, all parties returned but Frances had not been found.

That night was a sad one for the Slocum family. There were nine other children in the home but little Frances, because of her beauty and cheerfulness, was the pet of the household. Now to think of her being in the hands of the Indians who knew no pity when angry was enough to break their hearts.

The next day the soldiers searched again but found no trace of Frances, neither that day—nor the next—nor the next. Because the war was on, and the Indians were fighting the Americans, it was not safe for even small bands of soldiers to go very far into the forests or mountains. Jonathan Slocum now felt he would have to trust his lost child to the care of God.

As the days grew shorter and the nights grew longer, Frances' mother thought much about her lost child. If she were living would she be getting anything to eat. Would the Indians treat her kindly? Would she have enough to wear? A few days before Frances was taken, her parents had bought her a new pair of shoes. She was barefooted when the Indians took her. Now the little shoes reminded the mother every hour of her lost child. She would often say: "Oh, if Frances could only have these little shoes."

More sorrow was to come to the Slocum home. Six weeks after Frances was taken, the Indians came again. This time they went into the fields instead of the house. They shot and killed Jonathan Slocum and his father-in-law, Isaac Tripp. They also wounded William, an older brother of Frances, but he escaped to the fort. Again the Indians fled before the soldiers could arrive. Then they came no more. They had satisfied their revenge in thinking wrongly that Jonathan Slocum had not been true to them.

We will never know the grief and sorrow of that Slocum home in the days that followed. Father and grandfather were dead. No word whatever came from Frances. Was she living or dead? Where was she? The mother could be reconciled to the death of her husband and father. She knew where they were buried. But the uncertainty about Frances was the hardest to bear. Somehow she believed that she was still living somewhere and that some time they would find her.

After three years this cruel war was over. The Americans had won their independence. The English had made peace. The Indians were more peaceful. The Slocum boys had become young men and had become successful in business. The mother would have them go in search of their lost sister. They went to Niagara Falls in hope of discovering her among white captives who often returned there hoping to find their relatives. They offered large rewards for some word about Frances, but heard nothing. Later the mother of Frances made the long journey to Niagara to look among the captive children collected there. But she had to return home disappointed.

In a few years Wareham Kingsley, who had been stolen when Frances was, returned home. He told them about what happened to Frances until the time they were separated by the Indians. Then he saw her no more, but he gave this good news that the Indians were treating her kindly. One day a young woman came to the Slocum home. She said she had been stolen by the Indians when a child and wondered whether she might not be the lost Frances. Mrs. Slocum received her kindly but could find no reason to believe that this woman was her lost child.

The brothers of Frances, urged on by their mother, spent years and thousands of dollars in search for their lost sister. They made long trips through Pennsylvania, Ohio, southern Canada and Michigan, hoping to get some trace of Frances. But the Indians could not, or would not, give out any information. The mother lived twenty-eight years after Frances was stolen. She, with her sons and daughters, was well to do, but she was never happy. She could not forget her lost daughter. Somehow, somewhere, she believed Frances was living and urged her sons and daughters that, after her death they should continue the search for their lost sister.

"They searched through many a forest wild

And swelling rivers crossed;

And yet the years brought on their wings

No tidings of the lost.

"Age sprinkled on their heads its frost;

They cherished still that name;

But from the forests of the west

No tale of Frances came."

—Todd

A STRANGE STORY FROM THE FAR WEST

Twenty-eight, thirty-eight, forty-eight and fifty-eight years had passed since Frances Slocum had been stolen by the Indians. If she were alive she would now be an old woman. The brothers and sisters still living were all old men and women. The mother had been dead thirty years and most of the old neighbors were gone too. Most people had forgotten the story of the lost sister. Her brothers and sisters thought she surely was dead. They had given up all hope of ever finding her.

The Indian wars were over. The red men had given up the fight to keep the white men out of their territory. Many people were moving from Pennsylvania and other eastern states to Indiana and other western states. There were yet many Indians living in Indiana, but they were soon to be moved west of the Mississippi River. Only one small reservation along the Mississinewa River was left to the Indians.

In 1835 at Logansport, Indiana, there was a young man named George Washington Ewing. He was a trader with the Indians. He sold goods to them and would purchase what they had to sell. He would often go on horseback along the Wabash and Mississinewa Rivers where most of the Indians lived. One day when he was out along the Mississinewa, he became so busy trading with the Indians that when darkness came he was seven miles from Peru, the nearest town. Mr. Ewing knew the Indians well and decided to ask to stay all night at one of their cabins. He came to one that was much better than the ordinary Indian home. It was a double log house, near a large spring. A number of other buildings around made the place look like a village.

When Mr. Ewing asked to stay all night he was given a welcome. Two Indian women served him a good supper. The husband of one of these women talked to him quite friendly in the Miami Indian language. The other young woman seemed to be a widow with two little girls. But the person who interested him most was an old woman who seemed to be head of the house. All other mem-



FRANCES SLOCUM TELLS WHO SHE IS TO G. W. EWING

bers paid special respect to her. The evening was spent in pleasant conversation, for Mr. Ewing could speak the Miami Indian language.

When time came to retire, the old woman asked Mr. Ewing to wait awhile for she had something special to tell him. She waited until she was certain the rest had gone to bed and then she began to tell him a most remarkable story. She said she was not an Indian. Mr. Ewing had already begun to suspect that, although she looked very much like one and could speak only the Indian language. Raising the shawl from her arm, she showed him that her skin was as white as that of any white woman, where the sun had not had a chance to make her skin tanned. She told him that she had been stolen from her home when a child by the Indians, who had raised her as their own. She had been married twice; first to a Delaware who was not a good husband. Her second husband was a Miami chief, She-po-co-nah, who had now been dead a few years. They had had four children: Two sons were dead and buried up on the hill beside their father. Her two daughters were living with her. The husband of the older daughter lived with them. His name was Te-qua-ke-aw. He was known to the white pioneers as J. B. Brouillette. His wife's name was Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa. They had no children. The youngest daughter was a widow with two children. Her name was O-zah-shin-quah. These made up the household of the old woman. She could not remember her name before she was stolen. The Indians called her Ma-con-a-quah, meaning Little Bear Woman, because she was so strong. She said her father's name was Slocum, (that he was a Quaker and wore a broad brimmed hat.) Before she was stolen they lived in the east by a big broad river.

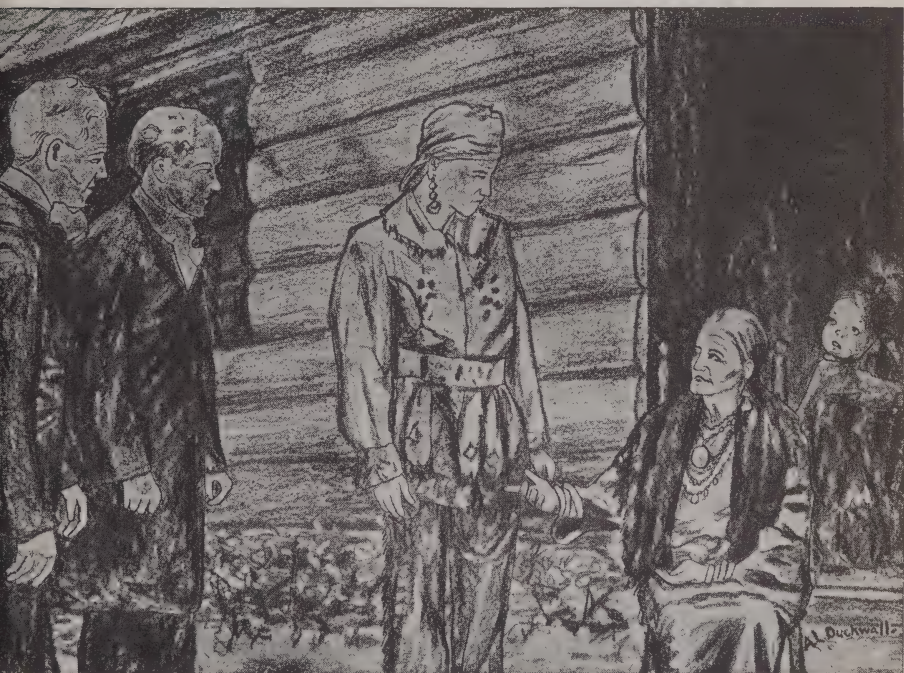
Maconaquah told Mr. Ewing that she had never told her story before because she feared her white relatives might find her and take her from her Indian family. She said that the Indians had always treated her well. She now had a good house, much land and plenty to make her happy. Because her husband had been deaf, her home and the adjacent buildings were known as the Deaf Man's Village. The only reason why she was telling her story now was that she was sick and thought she would not live long. She could not think of dying and not telling her story to some one. She asked Mr. Ewing not to tell her story to any one while she was living.

The next day this young man returned to Logansport. He could not forget the wonderful story this old white Indian woman had told him. He could not keep it to himself, so he told it to his mother. She told her son that he must try to get this story back east, where some of the relatives of the old woman might still be living. But to whom could he write? Where could he write? Since the old woman told him that when a child she had lived near the Susquehanna River, that helped him to think. So he wrote a letter to the postmaster at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for that town was not

far from the Susquehanna. He told the postmaster the story of the old white Indian woman, who said that her father's name was Slocum. He asked the postmaster to try to get the information to some one of that name.

The letter reached Lancaster all right. Mrs. Mary Dickson was then in the post office and read the letter. It seemed so strange that she could not believe it, so she laid the letter aside and soon forgot about it. There it lay for two years. Then a young man, John Forney, became postmaster. He found this letter and was interested in it. He had it published in the town paper, The Lancaster Intelligencer. People read it and were interested. Slocum had become a prominent name along the Susquehanna. The Rev. Samuel Bowman, a friend of the Slocums, sent a copy of the paper to Joseph Slocum, who lived at Wilkes-Barre. Joseph was the little brother whom his sister, Mary, took to the fort the day that the Indians stole Frances. That was nearly sixty years ago. Could it be possible that this was some real news about Frances?

Jonathan Slocum, son of Joseph, at once wrote Mr. Ewing at Logansport to know whether the old woman was still living, for this letter about her had been written two years before. It took some time for him to get a reply, but Mr. Ewing wrote that the old woman was still living and suggested that they make a visit, if they were still interested.



FRANCES SLOCUM IS FOUND BY HER BROTHERS

FINDING THE LOST SISTER

The Slocums were now convinced that they had word about their Lost Sister. After some correspondence with scattered members of the family, it was arranged that Joseph of Willkes-Barre and Isaac and Mary of Bellevue, Ohio, should make the journey in a new search for their lost sister. Such a trip would be a difficult trip for old people. Joseph and Isaac were past sixty, while Mary was nearly seventy. There were no railroads or autos one hundred years ago. There were a few canals, and carriage roads were very poor.

Joseph rode from Bellevue on horse back. Isaac and Mary came by carriage. In a few days they met at the Bearss Hotel in Peru, then a small village on the Wabash river. Mary was too much worn out to go with her brothers farther to see their sister. So she remained at the Bearss hotel while the brothers, with a Mr. Miller as guide and interpreter, rode horseback up the Mississinewa River to where Mr. Ewing said that he had met the old woman. When they came near the Deaf Man's Village they were met by Captain Brouillette, who gave them a welcome to his Indian home. The old woman, however, received them coldly. She would not talk much at all. When Mr. Miller told her that these men thought she was their long lost sister, she would not believe it. She rather thought these men were trying to deceive her and rob her of her home. Was this old Indian woman really their sister, Frances?

Joseph said he would know her by one mark. Before she was stolen, while playing with her in their father's blacksmith shop, he had accidentally struck her finger with a hammer and cut off the end of it. Sure enough this old woman had a stub finger. She said that her brother had cut it off before she was stolen. That was proof enough but there was one more. She said that her father's name was Slocum and that he wore a broad brimmed hat. She told how she was stolen. The story agreed with how their sister, Frances, was stolen. But it was difficult for them to convince her that she was their sister. She had forgotten her first name. "Was it Frances," they asked her. "Franca, Franca" she said with a smile. This was the first sign of friendliness she showed. She now welcomed them to her home as her brothers. They had found their lost sister.

While the brothers were now assured that this was their lost sister, they could hardly understand how she could be so changed. They were moved to tears at the thought of having found her. She was cold and showed but little emotion. Could this old woman who looked like an Indian, lived like an Indian, talked and acted like an Indian, be their sister who was once the sweet-faced, auburn haired Frances? They could hardly realize what sixty years of living with the Indians had done for her.

Frances, through the interpreter, told her brothers something of the story of her life. The old Indian and his wife had adopted

her as their own child. Though she had lived with them and wandered here and there with them for years, she had been happy. She was so young and so helpless when she was stolen that she soon forgot her parents and her home. She had worked hard all her life just as all Indian women did. When the Indians had plenty, she had her share. When they did not have much to eat, she went hungry with them. When they fled from the white men, she fled with them. No doubt she had often rejoiced when the Indians defeated the whites. She knew the Indians were often cruel, but she knew also that the whites could be just as cruel.

After years of wandering in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Canada and Indiana her foster parents died. About that time she married an Indian whom she had found one day badly wounded on a battlefield after a fight. She nursed him to health, and afterwards they were married. They lived at Ke-ki-on-ga, now Fort Wayne, for many years and then moved to the Osage Village, near the mouth of the Mississinewa. Her husband was a war chief and a fighter. His name was She-po-co-nah. When he became older he lost his hearing, and could no longer lead the Indians in battle. So he and Frances left the Osage Village and came up the river to this place. Here they built for themselves a home. The Indians called it Deaf Man's Village.

When found by her brothers, September 21, 1837, she had lived here more than twenty years. She had had four children, two boys and two girls. Her husband was dead and was buried on the hill above her house. So were her two sons. Her oldest daughter was married to this Captain Brouillette. They had no children. He was very kind to Frances and directed the affairs of the farm very well. The youngest daughter had been married three times and now had two little daughters. Her husbands had all been bad Indians and had been killed in fights.

After the brothers learned this much about their sister, they could talk more freely. The daughters served a good meal for them. Surely, the brothers thought their sister would want to go back home with them to their old home in Pennsylvania. Everyone would be glad to see her. They would share with her all that they had. But Frances said she would not leave her Indian family and friends. When her husband died she had promised him that she would never leave the Indians. They had always treated her well. She had a good home, plenty of land and much property. Besides she would not know how to act were she to leave her Indian home in the woods and try to live where her brothers did. She would be like a fish out of water.

Her brothers saw she had spoken the truth. But surely she would want to go back just for a visit, to see where she had once lived, where her parents were buried and to see her relatives. But again their Indian sister said "No." She would not know how to act. Something might happen that she could not get back. She

said she would be like an old tree that would die if you removed it to another place. Were she a young sapling like she was when she was stolen, she might be taken to another place and live.

The brothers made one more request. Their sister, Mary, was older than any of them. She was much worn out by the journey and had to remain at Peru. Would Frances go with them to Peru so they could all be together once more. Here again she was cautious. She said she would have to ask her friend and adviser, Chief Francis Godfroy, who kept the trading post three miles down the river. Some one was sent to ask his advice.

While waiting for the reply of Chief Godfroy, the brothers had an opportunity to walk about the place. They saw that her home was much better than most Indian homes, or even better than many pioneer white homes they had seen on the way. They saw that she had Indian ponies, many hogs and some cattle. They saw that the Indians had raised corn and many other things to eat, such as pumpkins, squashes and beans. They raised chickens and geese. They observed her home on the banks of the beautiful Mississinewa with the ridge of hills just beyond. Their sister was indeed living like an Indian princess. Her brothers could now understand why she was happy and did not want to return with them.

Word soon came from Chief Godfroy advising Frances to go with her brothers to Peru. So she, her two daughters and her son-in-law, went with them riding fine looking ponies. The visit that evening was brief. Mary, like her brothers, was moved to tears to meet her long lost sister, but Frances showed little emotion. Since it was getting late in the day, she was anxious to get back home, promising her brothers to return next day.

The next day was Sunday. True to the promise she had made, the Indian sister and her family came riding into Peru in Indian fashion. They had fat ponies and their saddles and bridles were of the best. They came riding single file with Ma-con-a-quah leading the way. She and her daughters were riding astride like men. They were good riders too. There were many decorations on both ponies and riders, so that the whole looked like a line of savages. This was Sunday to the Slocums from the east but their Indian relatives knew nothing about Sunday.

When they came to the hotel they were a little quiet at first. The Indians knew how to make much of an important meeting. The oldest daughter was carrying a good sized bundle wrapped in a clean white cloth. Before they could be friends even to their relatives, they must give something. This was a hind quarter of a deer, carefully wrapped and ready to present. The interpreter explained how it was a token of kindness and friendship. Sister Mary must receive it with due thanks. When this was done the Indian relatives dropped their formality and were at ease with their friends. They talked as best they could through an interpreter.

Frances and her family listened with much interest to the story of their family and friends back east. They heard the Slocums tell about the murder of their father and grandfather and how their mother lived hoping to find her lost daughter. They learned about the long search that had been made for Frances. It was with difficulty that they were able to get Frances to tell about her captivity and her long life among the Indians. She was still suspicious when she saw her brothers taking down notes on paper. She wondered what they were doing. When they again urged her to return with them she objected as before. Her daughters also objected, saying that their mother could not be happy in any other place than her forest home.

Captain Brouillette told the Slocums how he had tried in every way he could to make his mother-in-law happy. He was not a drunkard as many of the Indians were. He was not shiftless and lazy. He worked and managed so that his family might have plenty to eat and be happy. He had always been kind to Frances and assured her brothers and sister that he would continue to take good care of her. Frances assured them that her son-in-law had told the truth. Her daughters and other members of the family were good to her and did the work. All she had to do was to help as she felt like it and give such advice as she thought best to give. She had a good family, a good home, much land, plenty to eat and everything to make her happy. While living and acting in many ways like an Indian, yet she was living respectably and upright.



THE SLOCUM SISTERS VISIT THEIR INDIAN COUSINS

She was indeed living like an Indian princess, the widow of a great chief.

Frances and her family remained at Peru three days with her brothers and sister. They had the best rooms in the Bearss hotel of that day could provide. It was difficult for these children of the forest to stay in town or live in a hotel. On one occasion the people of the town crowded into the hotel until the air was no longer fresh. Frances was tired and left the room. In a few minutes her brothers found her lying on the porch, wrapped in her blanket, sound asleep. Neither she nor her daughters would sleep in hotel beds, but would wrap themselves in their blankets and sleep on the floor. During these three days the brothers and sisters had many pleasant moments together. They ate together, walked together and talked together. But Frances soon tired of all this and was anxious to return to her home. After affectionate farewells, she and her family returned to their home on the beautiful Mississinewa while her brothers and sister returned to their homes in the east.

THE SLOCUM SISTERS VISIT THEIR INDIAN COUSINS

When Joseph Slocum returned to Pennsylvania he had much to tell about finding his long lost sister. Everybody was interested in this strange story and wanted to know all about it. He planned to make another visit to see his Indian sister and family. But it was two years before he could arrange to go. His two daughters, Hannah and Harriet, asked to accompany him. He was glad to take them. We are glad that they went, for they saw many things that their father would not have noticed.

It took them twenty days to make the trip from their home at Willkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, to the home of their relatives on the Mississinewa near Peru, Indiana. They had to travel by poor carriages and coaches over the worst kind of roads. They went through the state of New York where they traveled on river boats, canal boats and finally a large boat on Lake Erie. The last part of their journey was on the new canal through Fort Wayne to Peru. Hotel accommodations were very poor. There was much drinking and gambling at all these places.

At Peru, Joseph secured a kind of lumber wagon and a team of ponies. The driver was none too sober. So the eight mile trip up the Mississinewa was somewhat exciting. They passed a number of Indian villages on the way. They passed the trading post of the Indian Chief, Francis Godfroy. Joseph had met him on the first trip two years before. The chief seemed glad to see him and would have welcomed Joseph and his daughters as his guests, but they were anxious to go on and see their Indian relatives.

When they were near the Deaf Man's Village, Captain Brouillette met them. He welcomed the visitors and then rode forward to tell his family that their eastern relatives were coming.

Joseph was glad to see his sister again and she seemed just as glad to see him. She was no longer reserved as on the first visit. She and her

daughters were happy and glad to see their cousins from the east. They soon became acquainted and began talking as best they could through an interpreter. They knew now that they were of the same family and talked about family resemblances.

Hannah and Harriet had to learn the names of their cousins. All of them had Indian names that seemed odd enough to those who had never heard them. Aunt Frances husband, who had been dead six years, was known as Chief She-po-co-nah. Frances had an Indian name all her own. They called her Ma-con-a-quah, meaning Little Bear Woman. She was not very tall but she was very strong. When younger, she could run races with the swiftest Indians. She could break the wildest ponies to ride. Even now at sixty-six, she could do much hard work.

The oldest daughter was Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa. They called her that because she was the daughter of the woman who had the end of her finger cut off. But she had an English name too. Being the wife of Captain Brouillette, she was often called Nancy Brouillette. The Indian name of the youngest daughter of Frances was O-zah-shin-quah, meaning "Yellow Leaf." She, too, had an English name, Jane. She had been married three times to Indian husbands, but they were no good and had been killed in Indian fights. She had two little daughters. Each had an Indian name, but it is easier to remember what the names meant in English, Corn Tassel and Blue Corn. In later years they were given Christian names: Eliza and Frances.

Nancy was large of stature. She was good-looking and good natured. She was inclined to talk much. She had a good husband. She had had one great sorrow in life. Her only child was a daughter, who had been murdered by a worthless Indian because she would not marry him. At the time of this visit, Nancy was about thirty-six years old. Jane was not so tall but was more heavy set like her mother. She was not so talkative. No doubt her unfortunate experience with Indian husbands had made her so. Her two little daughters were inclined to be shy and silent. At this time Jane was about twenty-four. Hannah and Harriet noticed that all their relatives dressed well. They wore much jewelry. During this visit there was much talk about each other's dresses. No doubt they would have talked much more, if they could have talked without an interpreter.

Captain Brouillette was half French and half Indian. His French name was about as difficult to pronounce as an Indian name. It sounds something like Bu-re-et. His Indian name was Te-qua-ke-aw. He was tall, slender and straight. He had black eyes and jet black hair. His clothes were very fine for an Indian. He wore a very fine broadcloth coat. A red shawl was tied around his head with the ends hanging down his back. He wore a beautiful sash tied around his long shirt. Blue leggings and blue moccasins gave him a fine appearance. He was one of the most handsome men they had ever seen.

After becoming acquainted with one another, the next part of the program was to eat supper together. It was made up of venison

potatoes, shortcake and coffee. There was plenty of maple sugar cakes for use. Aunt Frances sat at the table with her brother and nieces. Nancy served. A clean cloth had been spread on the table. The dishes were wiped clean before being used. After dinner they were washed cleaned and replaced on the shelves. The floor was swept clean. Such care was not common among the Indians but it pleased the eastern relatives. Aunt Frances explained that she remembered how her mother once was careful with her house. She had taught her daughters that way too.

Many conversations followed the pleasant meal together. Since Mr. Miller had to return to Peru, Joseph secured the services of a colored man as interpreter. It was interesting to see the white sisters talking to their Indian cousins by the help of a Negro interpreter.

Hannah and Harriet, in harmony with the custom of Pennsylvania women, brought their knitting along. Aunt Frances was very much interested in this for she recalled how her mother used to spin and reel yarn for knitting purposes. She tried to show her daughters how it was done. The daughters were quite willing to learn. The Indian women themselves did some very fine embroidery work. They liked to weave beads and other ornaments into cloth. They had dresses richly embroidered with silver brooches. Aunt Frances had a shawl that showed much careful work. That shawl may still be seen, well preserved even to this day. She and her daughters wore much jewelry such as ear-rings, bracelets and strings of beads.

Hannah and Harriet have given us the best description of Frances that we have. She was not large nor was she much bent for one who had undergone the hardships she had known. Her hair, once auburn, was now somewhat gray. She kept it tied up neatly in club fashion. Her face was much wrinkled and long exposure to the weather made her look much like an Indian. She had a scar on her left cheek. This she had received at an Indian dance. While on this visit, Joseph arranged with the noted artist, George Winters of Logansport, to paint a picture of Frances. It was not an easy matter for Frances to give her consent for this to be done for many Indians had a prejudice against having their pictures made. But Winters in due time made the picture, a copy of which may be seen in the front of this volume.

When the time came to retire, the visitors received special attention. There were six beds in the house, made of skins, blankets and other goods of which there was a plenty. There was but one pillow which was given to Joseph because of his age. His daughters reported that they slept very well without mattress or pillow. As for Frances and her daughters they had very little use for beds such as their eastern relatives had. They could wrap up in their blankets, lie down on the floor and sleep well without mattress or pillow.

Besides the rude beds in the home, there was an ordinary dining table, cupboards for the dishes and a few splint bottom chairs. There was a looking glass of which the girls made much use. There were

many ornaments of Indian make and some Indian weapons about the walls.

The Slocums had many opportunities to observe the home and its surroundings. The house was a double log cabin, with two large rooms and a porch between. There was another small room built at the end of the house. Frances explained that she had thought of building a better house, but would have to be careful not to make her Indian friends jealous. Near by her house was a large spring from which a large stream of water flowed the year around. That spring is still flowing, and thousands of visitors have drunk from the same spring which so often quenched the thirst of Frances and her family. There were other buildings about the place, where some of the stock was kept as well as corn and hay to feed.

The two daughters of Frances owned 640 acres of land that had been given them by the government by a treaty in 1838. Hannah reported that she counted fifty or sixty ponies, one hundred head of hogs, seventeen head of cattle, and many geese and chickens. There was much corn and hay about for the feeding. Captain Brouillette was a good farmer for an Indian. He is said to have been the first Indian to tend corn with a plow. Besides food for the stock, there was a good supply of squashes, beans, pumpkins, potatoes and other food for the household. With plenty of maple sugar for the winter and plenty of wild game still in the forest, there was no danger of the Slocum Indian relatives going hungry. Many Indians did not provide ahead for winter and suffered much hunger. Out of annuities paid by the government, Frances had saved much money.

During these days Hannah and Harriet became much in love with the place. Nancy and Jane would often go with them to some of the beautiful spots. The Mississinewa River flowed right in front of the door. Just across the river was a ridge of low hills covered with trees. An early frost had caused the leaves to turn brown and golden already. The corn and pumpkins were ripening in the fields. The whole scene presented a beautiful picture, reminding them of many places they had seen in Pennsylvania. They were happy to know that their Indian relatives had such a good, pleasant home.

Joseph and Frances had many conversations by the aid of the interpreter. He did not try, as he had done on his first visit, to persuade Frances to go back east with him. She, however asked him to come and live with her. She offered him much land if he would do so. The coming of the white man had made many problems for her. But Joseph was old and had his family back east. He was satisfied to know how well his sister was being cared for out west. Captain Brouillette assured him that he would always take good care of Aunt Frances.

Frances showed her love for her home and Indian family. She went with her brother and nieces to the little hill above her house where her husband and sons were buried. She told how she expected to be buried there soon. They would raise a flag over their graves and the Great Spirit would not forget where they were buried.

When the time came for Joseph and his daughters to return home, Aunt Frances went with them as far as Peru. It was planned to make the trip on horseback. Since Frances had only one side saddle, she waded the river and walked a mile to borrow another saddle so that each of her nieces could have one. She and her daughters used men's saddles and rode astride like men. It was a pleasant trip for Hannah and Harriet to ride down the river eight miles, in single file like Indians ride. They forded the Mississinewa twice and had more opportunity to see its beauty. They also had to ford the Wabash to get into Peru.

The party spent the last night together in the Bearss Hotel. The cousins kept up their conversations as best they could through the interpreter. The Indian cousins seemed so glad that their eastern relatives had come to visit them. Joseph and Frances had some touching farewell talks for they knew they would not likely see each other again. Frances was quite different from before when her brothers and sister visited her two years earlier. Now she was cheerful and free to talk. She was so happy that her brother had come to see her again and had brought his daughters. Joseph was happy to see his sister so changed. She seemed to be recalling the days of her childhood and realized her relationship to the Slocum family. The next morning the brother and sister and the cousins gave each other an affectionate good bye.

SAD DAYS FOR FRANCES SLOCUM

During the years that followed the discovery of Frances Slocum and the visits of her relatives from the east, many sad experiences came into her life. The Indians had been completely defeated in the



FRANCES SLOCUM SEES HER INDIAN FRIENDS TAKEN WEST

wars with the white men. White settlers were coming in great numbers and were crowding the Indians back more and more. The white men brought many sorrows to a people trying to adjust themselves to new and untried ways.

Many of Frances' old friends to whom she had looked for help were dying. One of these was Chief Francis Godfroy, who died in May, 1840. He was her trusted friend and adviser. He had been elected by the local chiefs to take the place of her own husband as war chief of the Miamis. He had become a wise and powerful leader of his people. Through trade he had become quite wealthy and gave much help not only to the poor Indians but to the poor white pioneers as well. He had a big trading post on the Wabash, not far from the mouth of the Mississinewa River. He had much influence with the white men as well as the Indians and often secured advantages in treaties. His death was a great loss to Frances.

In 1841, the general chief of the Miamis, John B. Richardville, died. He was a nephew of the great Indian chief, Little Turtle, and had succeeded his uncle as general chief. He was the richest Indian in the United States and had received much land and money in the treaties between the Whites and Indians. His family had once lived at the Osage Village where Frances and her husband chief onced lived. Another good friend of hers who died about this time was Chief Metocinyah, whose village was up the river about twenty miles. The family of Metocinyah and the family of Frances were to become very closely related by marriage.

As the white settlers increased in number, many of them had no



WHAT GEORGE SLOCUM SAW AT DEAF MAN'S VILLAGE

regard whatever about the rights of the Indians. Many Indian tribes had been partly or wholly removed west of the Mississippi. They were being forced to leave their homes which they loved so well. Some were driven on foot, like so many cattle, all the way to Kansas. Some were taken on canal boats. Many of them died on the way. Many more of them died after they reached that far away land where they were strangers. Many died trying to get back home.

In 1838 one section of land was granted to the two daughters of Frances. Her name was not mentioned in the grant but it was understood that it was to be hers also. Later some cruel white men, who looked upon Frances as an Indian, wanted to make her go too. This stirred up her friends and many more. They petitioned the United States Congress at Washington to permit Frances to remain in Indiana as long as she lived. It is said that John Quincy Adams, former president of the United States, but then a congressman, spoke in favor of it. This was granted and her home was safe for the future.

As more white settlers came, Frances had more troubles. Many white settlers were good men and made friends with the Indians. But others were not so friendly. They did not think the Indians had any rights in the country. They looked upon Frances as an Indian. They would steal her ponies and her cattle and annoy her in many ways.

Frances had wanted her brother, Joseph, to come to Indiana and live with her. Then she wanted her brother, Isaac, in Ohio to come and live with her. But her brothers, like herself, were too old to change their places of living. In 1845, a son of Isaac, George Slocum, visited his aunt and her family in Indiana. He liked his aunt and his cousins too. He was a young man of good education. He was a Christian, too, and sometimes did preaching. He was interested in helping his Indian relatives become Christians. Aunt Frances asked him if he would come and live with her. He consented to do so.

GEORGE SLOCUM MOVES TO INDIANA

George Slocum with his young wife and two small daughters arrived at the Deaf Mans Village November 20, 1846. Their trip from Bellevue, Ohio, over pioneer roads was not an easy one, made all the more difficult because George had brought farm implements and supplies to enable him to begin farming in this frontier land. Aunt Frances and her family were very glad to see George and his family. They had not yet learned to talk English, so George and his family would have to learn to talk Miami. Captain Brouillette had learned to talk English so he acted as interpreter and teacher. Every one at Deaf Man's Village welcomed them, for their problems in dealing with the white men were becoming greater.

George had to learn many new lessons about living among the Indians. His young wife had much to learn, too. She had to do quite differently from her habits in her comfortable home in Northern Ohio. But she always got along with the Indians. The two little girls of Mr. and Mrs. George Slocum attracted much attention. Their names

were Marian and Cordelia. Aunt Frances and her daughters were quick to notice the auburn hair of Cordelia and the light brown spot on her forehead. She looked like Aunt Frances must have looked at her age. She plainly resembled her now. She was the only one around there who did. This gave Aunt Frances and her daughters much joy. They now knew that when Aunt Frances left them there would be one who resembled her and would cause the people to remember her. Cordelia now became a favorite with all her Indian relatives.

George had much to learn in dealing with the Indians and the pioneer white men. He found a ready helper in Captain Brouillette. He was an intelligent, fine-spirited Indian. He welcomed George, for he would give much help in dealing with the white men.

Another person had now come into the family of Frances Slocum. His Indian name was Waw-pop-e-taw. His English name was Peter Bundy. He had become the fifth husband of O-zah-shin-quah. She had been married four times but none of these husbands amounted to much. She had four daughters by these husbands. These too had known much sorrow. For the fifth time she tried a husband and this time it was a success. Waw-pop-e-taw proved to be a good husband and a good father to her children. Like Brouillette, he was of French and Indian blood. His father was a French trader; his mother was a Miami woman.

There were two others who gave Aunt Frances and her family much help and who were now much help to George. A young man, Jephthah Long, and his wife had been in the neighborhood for two years. He had been working for Frances and Brouillette. He knew how to get along well with both the white men and Indians. He was a friend to both. George sought his advice and help.

After living for a short time with the family of Aunt Frances, George purchased a farm about two miles up the river. There he began the long hard work of building up a home in the wilderness. Their first house was only a cabin but they looked forward to something better. They had a fine location near the beautiful Mississinewa.

George Slocum and his wife both had a good education for that day. Both of them were Christians. They had been raised in the very best Christian homes. They were now on the frontier where they would have many opportunities to do good. They were cheered by the thought of the good they might do for their relatives and other Indians and for the white pioneers too. While George was not a preacher, he had done some teaching and was known as a preacher. He identified himself with the Baptist church which was doing work there among the Indians. Soon there was a small group that held regular services in the neighborhood for both whites and Indians.

George had many conferences with Frances and Brouillette about the management of the farm. Captain Brouillette was a good student. He was said to be the first Indian to cultivate corn with a plow. Most Indians let the squaws raise the corn with a hoe. Jephthah Long helped him to adopt better methods of farming. Frances' home was

a busy place where extensive farming and stock raising were carried on. George had many opportunities to teach the Indians how to act. He also had many opportunities to advise the white men to be patient with the Indians, for they were not far removed from a savage state and had difficulty in trying to live like white men.

Intemperance was the great evil of the day. The Indians would drink of the liquor that the white men sold to them. Many Indians could not resist their appetite for drink. George Slocum used his influence to keep the Indians from drinking. He tried to get the white men not to sell the Indian whiskey.

George was disturbed about the little regard the people had for Sunday. Frances and her family knew nothing about Sunday. The Indian religion did not have such a day. Many of the pioneers seemed to have forgotten all about it. Many Sunday afternoons at the Deaf Man's Village there were large gatherings of whites and Indians. Horse racing, wrestling, horse-shoe pitching and gambling were engaged in freely.

But in spite of these things, there were many happy days for George and his family. They were often down to visit with Aunt Frances and her family. He liked to ask her about her life among the Indians. In the course of time she gave a rather complete story of those interesting years, when her brothers were searching for her and when she knew nothing of what was going on among her friends.



THEY RAISE THE WHITE FLAG FOR FRANCES SLOCUM

THE LAST DAYS OF FRANCES SLOCUM

In the summer before George came to live with Frances, she had built herself a new house. It was higher up the hill and farther from the river. While it was a kind of log house, still it was much better than most of the Indians had. This caused some of them to be jealous of her. And this caused her sadness. She had worked hard and had saved money out of annuities that had been paid to her, so she could pay for it. But she knew that she could not live long.

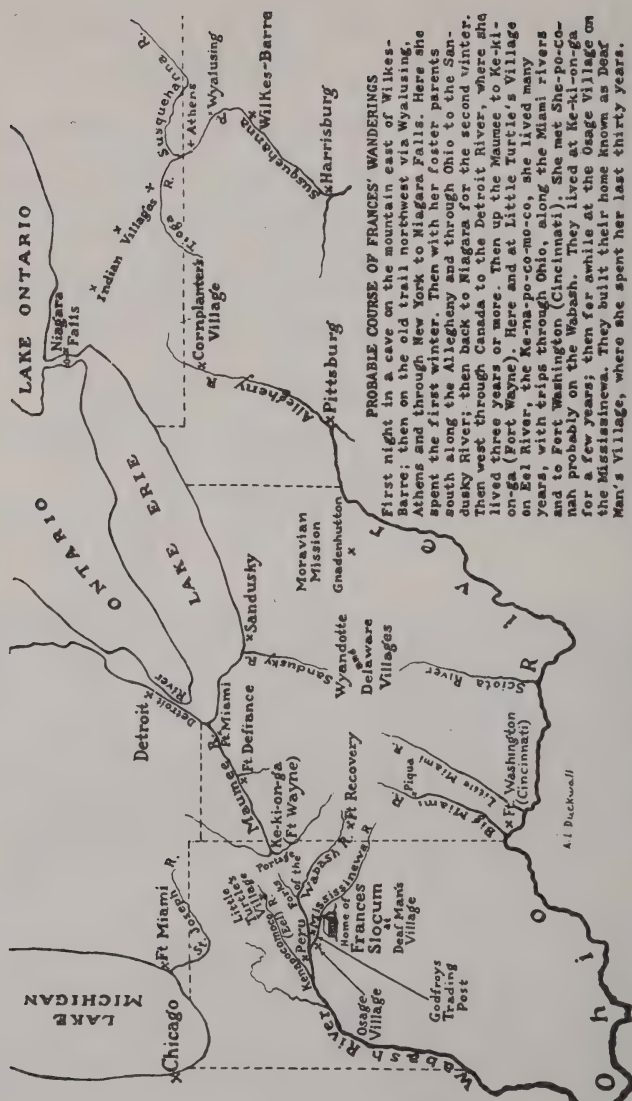
George was very much interested in the spiritual welfare of his aunt and cousins. He was a devout Christian and hoped that they would become Christians too. He read to Aunt Frances from the Bible. She seemed interested and realized the benefits of the Christian religion. But it would be difficult for her to accept the Christian religion as old as she was. She had forgotten the religion of her parents. She had been taught the religion of the Indian. Most of the troubles of the Indians had come from white men. She could not understand this.

George had talked to Frances about her future life. She believed in the future life just as the Indian did. They looked forward to a spirit world where the good would be happy. It would be a world where their greatest joy would be fulfilled in having hunting ground where they could hunt always. And recently they thought of it as a place where the white man could not molest them.

Frances believed in a Great Spirit who would give them blessings while they lived and reward them when they went to the happy hunting ground. The Indian was very devoted to the Great Spirit. They had a number of Thanksgiving events to express their devotion. This expression was generally in the form of joyful music and dancing. In all there were six of these events: When the sugar water began to flow; when the ground and the weather were fit to plant corn; when the berries were ripe; when the green corn was ready to use; when the corn was ready to harvest; and when the New Year came in.

At these Thanksgiving times the Indians had great gatherings. While they expressed their Thanksgiving in dancing, they did not dance as the white people danced. They did not dance in couples but singly. Usually only the men danced while the squaws looked on. But sometimes the squaws did take part. These dances often continued all night. This was accompanied by a kind of singing, such as the Indian knew. While it was quite different from that of the white man, it was a joyful noise to the Great Spirit. They would pound on a rude drum and make a kind of rhythmic noise. The dancing, yelling or singing, and the pounding did make a great and joyful noise.

In the spring of 1847, only about four months after George arrived with his family, the Indians held a Thanksgiving dance at the Deaf Man's Village. The winter had been severe, and now that spring had come they were very happy. Aunt Frances attended the ceremonies. She seemed to be very happy and grateful to the Great Spirit. She took an active part in the dance. She seemed to forget that she



THE LONG TRAIL THROUGH THE WILDERNESS

was no longer young. She became so enthusiastic that she danced nearly all night with the Indians.

The exertion of the dance, the cold and dampness of the early spring, were too much for her, strong though she was. The next day she had a fever. She continued to get worse. Her family and friends became alarmed about her. They sent for George and his wife. They tried to help her all they could. Aunt Frances would not receive help. She said that since most of her family were gone, she did not want to live longer. She talked to George about going to the Spirit world and seemed resigned and happy. She talked to Ozahshinqua about her property and made some requests of her. Her oldest daughter was very sick and could not talk to her. Frances died on March 9, 1847 at the age of seventy-four.

Frances Slocum had a Christian funeral. Her family was willing that George should give direction in this. Joseph Davis and James Babcock, two local Baptist preachers, conducted the funeral with brief and simple services. There was something of the Indian custom followed too. So her daughter would have a brass kettle and a cream pitcher placed in the foot of the coffin. The Indians generally buried some utensils with their dead, something they thought their friends might use in the other world.

According to her desire, Frances was buried on the hill, near her home. She was laid to rest beside her Indian husband and two sons. This was her request. Here they raised a pole with a white flag at the top so the Great Spirit, as she said, would know where she was.

There came nearly being a double funeral. The oldest daughter, Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah, was quite sick when her mother died. She passed away four days later. She was not buried like her mother, for she had a horror of being placed under the ground. She was placed in a box which was left sitting on the ground, not far away from her mother's grave. There it remained for many years until friends buried the remains.

MEMORIALS FOR FRANCES SLOCUM

No marker was placed at her grave at that time, except the slender pole with the white flag at the top. That was all that Frances had desired. The Indian did not care to have his history in print or his memory preserved in stone. So her grave remained unmarked for many years and became almost unknown. More than fifty years later, through the efforts of Hon. James F. Stutsman of Peru, Indiana, and members of the Slocum family, a substantial monument was unveiled May 17, 1900.

In her native city of Willkes-Barre, at the place where she was captured there is a Frances Slocum playground for the children. Near by, on a school house, there is a tablet, with this inscription: "Frances Slocum, Ma-con-a-quah, was captured near this spot by the Delaware Indians, November 2, 1778.

Many books and sketches have been written about her; Charles

Miner, in the History of Wyoming, 1845; George Peck in his book, Wyoming, 1858; almost every book or booklet on Willkes-Barre or the Wyoming Valley for the last hundred years has had its chapter or paragraph about Frances Slocum. The best book in the last century was written by John F. Meginness who visited Indiana before writing his book entitled "Frances Slocum, the Lost Sister of the Wyoming." Martha Bennett Phelps, granddaughter of Joseph Slocum, wrote another biography in 1905. This book is valuable because of the traditions and private information of the Slocum family. In mentioning memorials, we must not overlook the painting of Frances by George Winters in 1839 at the request and arrangement of Joseph, brother of Frances. All these books are now out of print. So is the "Lost Sister Among the Miamis," published by the author of this book in 1936.



In October, 1943, much interest was aroused and revived in the story of Frances Slocum by a visit to Indiana of a Miss Frances Slocum of Nicholson, Pa., a name sake and a great-great-great grand niece of Maconaquah. Her visit to Indiana was arranged by Omer Holman of the Peru Republican paper, who introduced her to the governor of the state, who gave her a hearty welcome. She is shown in the above picture with Omer Holman (left) and Gov. Henry Schricker (right). She was received by the mayor of Peru, who welcomed her by giving her the key to the city. She was the guest of honor at many civic and social clubs. She was introduced to the Manchester College chapel by the former president of the college, Otho Winger.

PART II

THE FRANCES SLOCUM TRAIL

In the short time that George Slocum lived near his Aunt Frances before her death he had many conversations with her and learned much about her long life among the Indians. Whole sections of her life had dropped completely from her memory, but in general her wanderings could be traced through the wilderness. This trail may be traced on the map on page twenty-four, stretching for a thousand miles through the wilderness from her childhood home in Wilkes-Barre to her Indian home on the Mississinewa.

Generations before the white man came there was an old Indian trail, from what is now Cincinnati northwest to Lake Michigan. A part of this trail became the pioneer Marion-Peru Pike. This has become known as the Frances Slocum Trail, for two reasons: It passed by the old home of Frances Slocum; and over this trail she often went from her home and the Indian settlements near Peru to the Meshingomesia settlements farther up the river near Marion.

Speaking of this trail, Hon. Hal Phelps, judge of Miami Circuit Court has said: "There is no place in the Old North West Territory where you can travel twenty-five miles on a public highway along which there has been more history, romance and tragedy than on the Frances Slocum Trail between Peru and Marion. The Story of Frances Slocum, the Lost Sister of the Wyoming, and how she was found by her brothers and sister after a search for nearly sixty years, rivals in interest the story of Joseph and his brethren. This trail was once the very center of the Miami Nation of Indians. The valleys of the Wabash, Mississinewa and Eel River made an ideal home for them. The country was healthy. The waters abounded in fish and the forests with game. The rich valleys made it easy to raise plenty to eat and avoid famine. Here



THE BEARSS HOTEL IN PERU

they had permanent homes and developed much civilization generations before the white man came. Along this trail happened many events that had much to do with American History." It will be interesting and instructive to travel this trail today. We will begin our journey at Peru.

This is one of the most noted pioneer towns in the state. It was once known as Miamisport. Many Miami Indians and their most noted chiefs lived here. We will begin our journey at the Bearss Hotel, the same hotel where Frances Slocum met her brothers and sister and visited with them for three days. The building and management have changed but the name persists and the present building stands on the same lot as it did one hundred years ago.

The first visit should be made to the Museum of the Miami County Historical Association, housed in a building adjacent to the Peru City Library and in the upper story of the Miami County Court House. This is one of the finest county museums in the United States. It was made possible by a generous provision in the will of Mrs. Caroline Puterbaugh, the widow of Moses Puterbaugh, a successful merchant of Peru. The money from her bequest provided most of what was needed to erect the Library Annex and a good sized endowment fund for support. Hon. Hal Phelps, now judge of Miami Circuit Court, spent much time and successful effort in collecting relics of pioneer life from all over the county. Others who were much interested in the museum were Roscoe Coomler, for many years president of the Historical Society, Frank Lamson, formerly secretary of the society, G. W. Youngblood, former superintendent of Peru City School, C. Y. Andrews, who for many years has been an active civic leader in the county and Joseph Bergman, custodian of the museum. Omer Holman, owner and editor of the Peru Republican has taken an active interest in all of these projects.

In the Library Annex is a large collection of pictures pertaining to the life of Frances Slocum. The visitor should take special



SITE OF THE OSAGE VILLAGE ON THE PEFFERMAN FARM

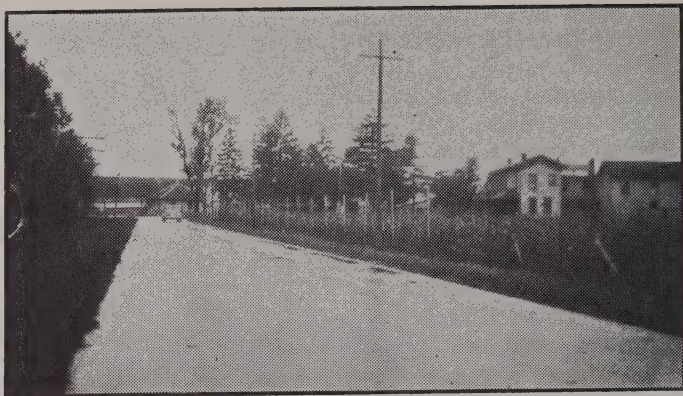
notice of these as a preparation for the trip over the trail. Also before leaving Peru the visitor should make a trip to the Ma-con-a-quah Park on the south side of the river. It is a beautiful city park of two hundred acres, named after Frances Slocum, and made possible by the energetic citizens of Peru, led by C. Y. Andrews. Here in 1916 was given a magnificent pageant portraying events of Indian days and the life of Ma-con-a-quah, Frances Slocum. The pageant was written and directed by C. Y. Andrews. Some three hundred persons took part in it. So successful was it that it was repeated ten years later in 1926. The prologue of that pageant makes the Miami Indians say:

"We are gone down into the vastness of the past
Crushed by civilization's onward march;
With folded wigwams towards the setting sun, we have gone.
Time has made us poor to make you rich,
And naught remains of us but name and memory.
But we have left a story rich in romance;
The story of Ma con a quah
You call her Frances Slocum; We, the White Rose;
And in her story shall be reflected
The history of your beginnings."

We will now begin our trip over the trail along the south side of the river. We pass along the cement wall built by the city after the disastrous flood of 1913. Here, too, one may see why the Miamis called this place "Ik-ke-pis-sin-noong" or straight place, for the river along here is quite straight for about two miles. Passing through the viaduct of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, the trail leads along the wide rich corn fields that stretch down to the Mississinewa and the Wabash. Just before crossing the river bridge over the Missinewa, look to the south and east along the river. Here once was located the Osage Indian Village said to be the largest Indian town in Indiana. This was the family residence of the ancestors of Chief John B. Richardville. It was later given to him by the treaty. For a time Frances Slocum and her husband chief lived here. It was a large town then, but when her relatives passed this way in 1837 to visit her the town was dilapidated and almost without inhabitants.

THE CIRCUS HEADQUARTERS

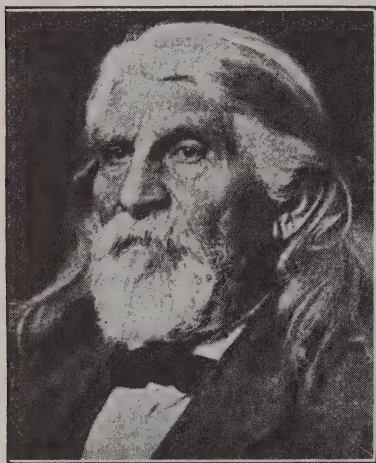
We cross the bridge and pass by the circus headquarters, at one time said to be the largest in the world. Various shows at different times had their winter quarters here. In the broad river bottom lands much grain is raised to feed the animals. In these broad stretches of what was then prairie lands, the Miami warriors once waged bloody battles with the Iroquois from the far east. Mr. James Wallace began the show business back in the eighties. Later other familiar names of shows were associated with this place: Hagenbach, Sells, Forepaugh and Ringling. The flood waters of 1913 did great damage to the buildings and destroyed many animals. Some of the companies have moved their winter quarters to the milder climates of Florida.



THE CIRCUS WINTER HEADQUARTERS

The Gabriel Godfroy Mansion in the Foreground

The picture shows the circus headquarters, looking from the east. The brick house was built by Gabriel Godfroy in the days of his prosperity. Here for many years he lived like a prince, as indeed he was, the son and heir of a great chief, Francis Godfroy. Here he entertained his relatives and many white men who would come to him to get information about the Indians. East of here a short distance is another set of farm buildings. The barn is said to cover the grave of old Chief Whitewolf. While the old chief did not have too favorable reputation, his wife, Betsy Whitewolf, part white, part Indian was well known and favorably known to both pioneer whites and Indians.



GABRIEL GODFROY AND HIS SECOND WIFE, ELIZABETH
She was a Granddaughter of Frances Slocum



BETSY WHITEWOLF

THE GODFROY CEMETERY

On the first road to the east, go half a mile to the Godfroy Cemetery. Here Francis Godfroy, his son, Gabriel, and many of the family are buried. The picture shows Dr. Ross Lockridge, standing at the grave of the old chief, addressing a large crowd assembled. Perhaps he is reciting the funeral oration by Waw-paw-pin-chaw, made here at the burial of Chief Francis Godfroy, on May 7, 1840. It is a masterpiece of Indian oratory:

"Brothers, the Great Spirit has taken to himself another of our once powerful and happy, but now declining, nation. The time was when these forests were densely populated by the red men; but the same hand whose blighting touch has withered the majestic frame that lies before us and caused the noble spirit that animated his body to seek another abode, has in like manner dealt with his father and with ours. And so he will deal with us. Death, of late has been common among us. So much so that scenes like this are scarcely noticed. But when the brave and generous are blasted, then it is that our tears of sorrow flow freely. Such is now the case.

"Our brother was brave and generous and as a tribute to his merit and a reward to his goodness, the tears, not only of his own people, but of many white people, who are assembled here to witness this ceremony, flow freely. At this scene the poor will weep, because at his



Above — DR. ROSS LOCKRIDGE
AT THE GRAVE OF CHIEF
FRANCIS GODFREY.



Left—CHIEF FRANCIS GODFREY

table they were wont to feast and rejoice. The weak will mourn at his death because his power was ever directed to their protection. But he has left this earth, the place of vexation and sorrow, and is now enjoying with Pocahontas and with Logan the things that the Great Spirit has prepared for those who do well and faithfully their duties

here. Brothers, let us emulate his example and practice his virtues."

Before leaving the cemetery, you will want to read the inscription on the stone just inside the cemetery gate. It tells about a meeting that Tecumseh had here with representatives of twelve Indian tribes of the North West Territory in May 1812. Here this famous chief tried to persuade these tribes to form a confederacy against the Americans. Chief Little Turtle of the Miamis could not attend this meeting because of sickness but he had advised his people to have nothing to do with Tecumseh's plans. This was an important event in American history. Many other important events happened here.

Across the road from the cemetery is the site of the Mount Pleasant Trading Post of Chief Francis Godfroy. The barn as seen in the picture and other farm buildings were erected on this site by Gabriel Godfroy, son of the great chief. The Mount Pleasant Trading Post was known throughout Northern Indiana. Here the Indians and the white pioneers would bring their furs and other articles to exchange for food and other things they might need. He would ship the furs to New York City. When he died the merchants of New York City owed him \$15,000 for merchandise purchased. He was a shrewd trader and a capable business man. In various treaties with the government he had received many sections of land and many thousands of dollars for signing these treaties and also for getting the Indians to sign these treaties. He was a most generous host and many people, both whites and Indians, were fed at his tables. He was a most trusted friend of Frances Slocum and to this place she often came to get his advice.

Looking east from here the road divides. The left fork runs close to the range hills along the south side of the prairie stretching seven miles to the east. Where now there are large farms, the Indians one time roamed in search of game. The right fork of the road was once a part of the Godfroy Trace, running from the Mount Pleasant Trading Post to the Godfroy Reserve and Trading Post seven miles southeast of Montpelier in Blackford County.

COLE PORTER

We will now return to the main trail of the river. Following the trail up the right side of the Mississinewa, we pass some very prominent homes. The first is the Cole farm, once owned by J. Omer Cole, at that time said to be one of the wealthiest men in northern Indiana. His daughter, Kate Cole, married Samuel F. Porter, son of a prosperous merchant in Peru. The next farm is the Porter homestead. Here they developed a very large orchard, but a disease of the trees made it necessary to destroy it.

Samuel F. and Kate Cole Porter were the parents of Cole Porter, internationally known for his popular music. Here he was born in 1893 and here he spent his early life, receiving his elementary education in the Peru public schools. Here he received his inspiration to write that very popular song, "The Old Fashioned Garden." Millions have heard these lines:

"It was an old fashioned garden
 Just an old fashioned garden
 But it carried me back to that dear little shack
 In the land of long ago.
 I saw an old fashioned missus
 Getting old fashioned kisses
 In that old fashioned garden
 From an old fashioned beau."



COLE PORTER

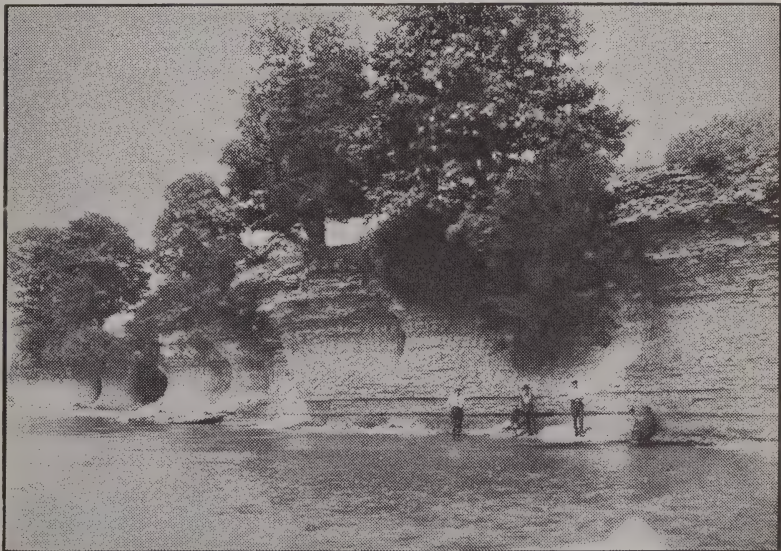
After study in various schools in the east, Cole Porter went to France where he studied in various schools, joined the French army, married and settled in Paris. He has traveled widely and now divides his time between New York and Hollywood. He has written music extensively. His songs have been quite popular and some of them have brought immense financial returns.

East of the Porter Homestead is the house which he called the "dear little Shack." Recently it has been rebuilt and enlarged but we are told that the old log house is still retained in the new structure. In the picture of the new home, you will also see Mr. Anthony Goodboo, who has been keeper of the place for many years. He lives in the old school-house just to the east. He is the oldest Indian left in this community. He is a nephew of Francis Godfroy.



THE DEAR LITTLE SHACK AND ANTHONY GOODBOO
THE SEVEN PILLARS

Just beyond the old school house on the right bank of the river are the famous Seven Pillars. The visitor is likely to pass by them on the Trail without knowing they are there. To see them you must drive by to a narrow lane leading down to the river on the right. Leave your car at the entrance of the lane and walk down to the river. There you will see one of the beautiful works of nature. The dashing waters of the Mississinewa have worn away the soft lime stone of the right bank of the river forming a number of pillar-like formations. This was an attractive place to the Indians. It is said that the ground



THE SEVEN PILLARS OF THE MISSISSINEWA

just above the Seven Pillars was a favorite meeting place for their councils and that there they put prisoners to death.

The Iddings home just across the road from the entrance to the lane is one of the large farms along the Trail. Crossing the river bridge, to the right was the Sulphur Springs Park, where for years the



ON THE TRAIL JUST OVER THE SEVEN PILLARS

Indians put on special programs and shows. At the top of the hill, on the left, is the old reservation given to Chief Tah-ko-nong by treaty. Farther on are the farms of Mr. James Long. He is the oldest resident in this community. His father, Jephthah Long, worked three years for Frances Slocum. Mr. Long learned many things about the Lost Sister from his father. For more than forty years he kept store at Peoria and was intimately acquainted with the Indians of the last generation. Peoria, though it is today a small country village that has lost its importance because of the auto and rural mail delivery, was once a scene of much activity. The post office was called Reserve, because so many Indians once lived on reserves near by. Today it is becoming well known again because it is the gateway to the Frances Slocum State Forest.

FRANCES SLOCUM FOREST

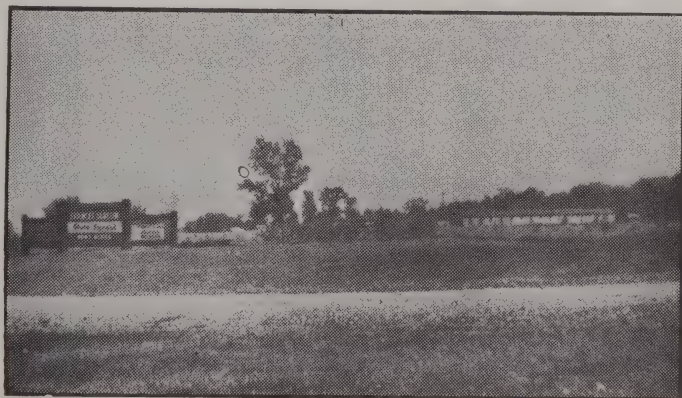
Crossing the bridge and driving to the top of the hill, the visitor is at the entrance of the park. The history of the origin of this park is interesting enough to tell something about how it came to be.

About 1930 a group of individuals very much interested in the Frances Slocum history and the Mississinewa country organized a Frances Slocum Trail Association. The officers were Omer Holman, president, James A. Long and Arthur Shellhamer, vice presidents, Hal C. Phelps, secretary and A. A. Malsbury, treasurer. This organization secured additional members and with funds marked the trail from Peru to Marion with Frances Slocum Trail signs, (F. S. T.). While much interest was aroused, the association discontinued its work.



LOOKING AT PEORIA FROM THE BRIDGE

In February, 1933, Jess Adkins, then superintendent of the Circus Winter Headquarters called a meeting at the show grounds for the purpose of reviving interest in the Frances Slocum Trail and in a larger program of securing a state park along the Mississinewa. Twelve directors were chosen; From Miami county: Roscoe Coomler, C. Y. Andrews and Will Ditzler; from Grant county: Henry Erlewine, Elsworth Harvey and Edward Warfel, secretary of the Marion Chamber of Commerce; O. M. Drischel later took his place. From Wabash County: Louis Wolfe, Charles Bradley, A. A. Malsbury, Vic Fierstos, and Otho Winger. Charles Bradley died and Asher Gray took his place. The directors organized by electing Otho Winger, president and Louis Wolfe, secretary. The directors had occasional meetings to discuss and learn what could be done to interest conservation authorities in the proposed park. Some public meetings were held. One such meeting held at Somerset brought a large crowd. At that meeting Hon. Clifford Townsend, then Lieutenant Governor of



ENTRANCE TO THE FRANCES SLOCUM STATE FOREST

Indiana, spoke and gave the project much encouragement. Since his home was at Marion he was much interested. He was made an honorary member of the board of directors.

The most important public meeting was held on the hillside just west of the Slocum Cemetery on Sept. 21, 1937, just one hundred years after the Slocum brothers and sister found their long lost sister at this place. Manchester College students from Marion, Wabash and Peru presented the story of the life of Frances Slocum in a pageant called "The White Rose of the Miamis." These students were assisted by some of her descendants, Frank Godfroy of Peru, a great-grandson being the honored guest of the occasion. A large audience, seated on the hill side saw the performance. The papers gave good accounts of the pageant. All this added interest on the part of the public in the project.

About this time some state and federal officials visited the land along the Mississinewa across from the Slocum cemetery and were much impressed with its suitability for a park ground. In the spring of 1938 Governor Clifford Townsend and Virgil Simmons, Director of the State Department of Conservation, met the Park Association directors in a meeting at the Indiana Hotel in Wabash. There was much enthusiasm for the project. With advice of the Governor and Mr. Simmons, John Bossard of Peru was asked to secure options on land suitable for the park. He did his work well and before long state and federal authorities began buying land along the right bank of the river. Some difficulties were encountered from a few who would charge more for their land than it was worth. But in comparatively short time contracts were made for a tract of 1075 acres stretching for about three miles along the right bank of the Mississinewa.

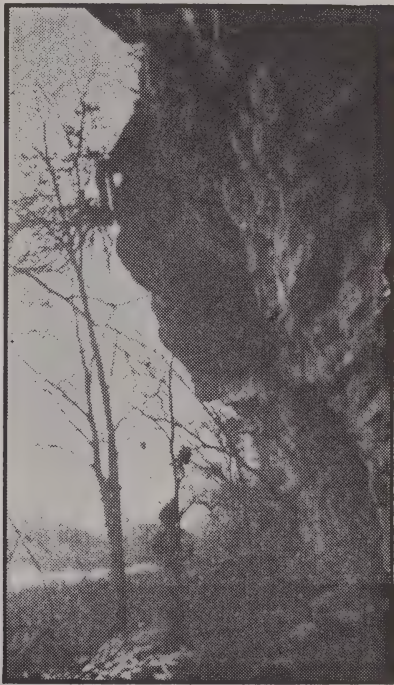
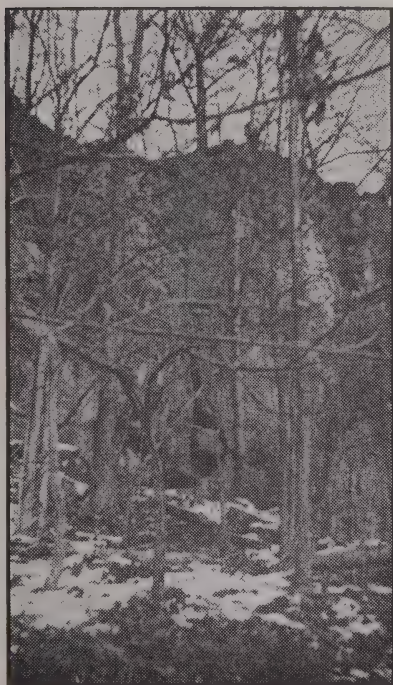
Work was begun and continued now and then since. About two miles of road have been completed over some of the most scenic parts. A large shelter house has been built and will accommodate a large crowd in case of rain or storm. Around have been provided



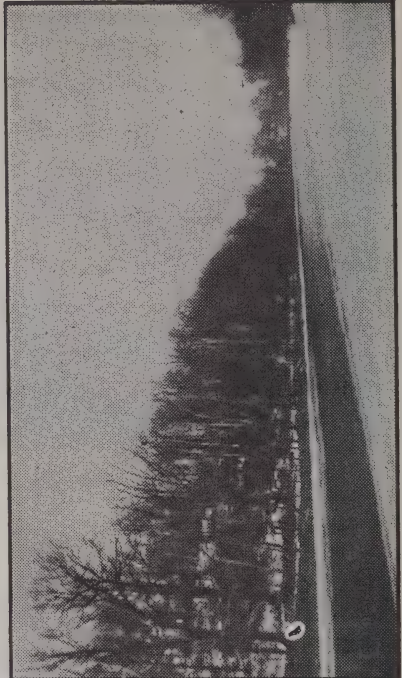
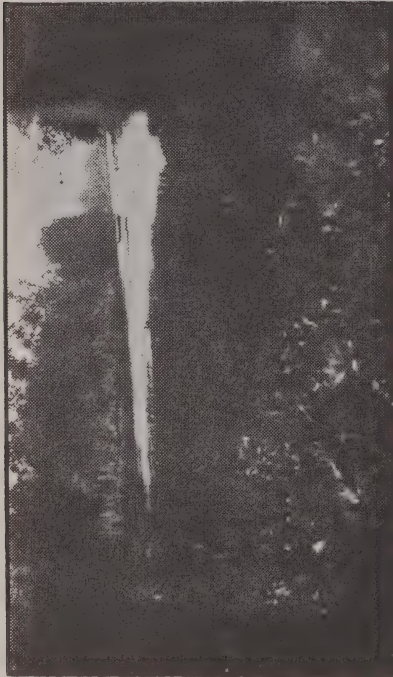
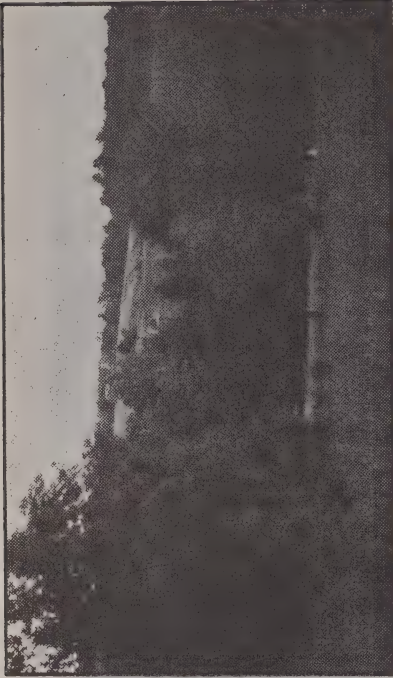
PICNICKERS TABLE AND FURNACE IN THE FOREST



THE FRANCES SLOCUM TRAIL EAST OF PEORIA



OVERHANGING CLIFFS ALONG THE MISSISSINEWA IN THE FRANCES SLOCUM STATE FOREST, OLD RATTLE SNAKE DENS.



SCENES IN THE FRANCES SLOCUM STATE PARK

many ovens and tables for small parties to hold gatherings and dinners. Perhaps no other place in northern Indiana is so well equipped for outing parties as the Frances Slocum State Forest. Recently new paths have been provided from the shelter house down the steep ravines that lead to the river and to the overhanging rocks that were familiar to Frances Slocum. There is much more work to be done and in time it will become one of the most beautiful of state parks and will be one of the greatest of the many memorials to the Lost Sister.

Returning to Peoria, we continue on the trail. The next mile follows the river closely. About half way on the south side there is an evergreen tree that about locates the first trading post in Miami County conducted by Julius Falk, later one of the prominent merchants of Peru. At the first road to the left we turn into the monument Springs farm. Less than half a mile we come to the cemetery and the site of the old home of Frances Slocum.

FRANCES SLOCUM MONUMENT

First of all we are interested in the monument of the Lost Sister. Here she was buried on March 10, 1847. Here she lay with very little marking for her grave for more than half a century. In 1899 Hon. James F. Stutesman of Peru, wrote to many of the Slocums in the United States urging them to erect a marker to their famous relative. A monument committee was soon formed and contributions solicited. On this committee were many prominent men and women of the Slocum family from many places throughout the United States—Detroit, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Wilkes-Barre. A number of local towns were represented on the committee. A thousand dollars was raised, sufficient to erect a substantial monument and enclose the cemetery with an iron fence.



CAMILLUS BUNDY AT THE GRAVE OF HIS GRAND-MOTHER, FRANCES SLOCUM

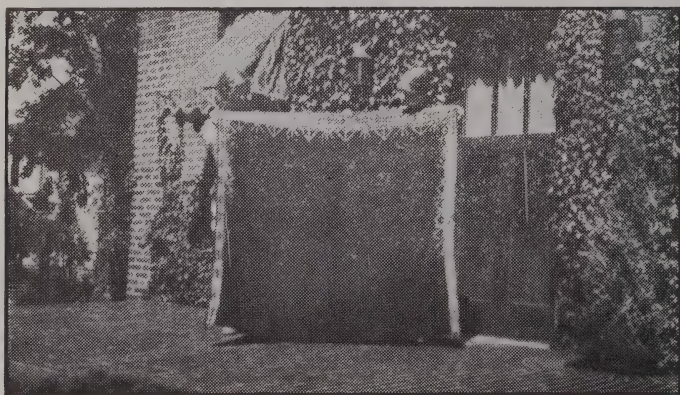
The inscriptions on this monument give the visitor some principal facts and indicate what the Slocums would have told about their distinguished relative and her family.

On the east side of the monument are these words: "Frances Slocum, a child of English descent, was born in Warrick, R. I., March 4, 1773, was carried into captivity from her father's house at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Nov. 2, 1778, by Delaware Indians, soon after the Wyoming massacre. Her brothers gave persistent search, but did not find her until September 21, 1837."



SOME DESCENDANTS OF FRANCES SLOCUM AT HER GRAVE,
SEPT. 15, 1935.

On the north side: "When inclined by a published letter describing an aged white woman in the Indian Village here, two brothers and a sister visited this place; they identified her. She lived here about 32 years with the Indian name 'Maconaquah.' She died on this ridge March 9, 1847, and was given a Christian burial."



SHAWL WORN BY FRANCES SLOCUM
Now in Possession of Mrs. Leroy Dennis, Wabash, Indiana



KE-KE-NOK-ESHA-WA AND O-ZAH-SHIN-QUAH,
Nancy and Jane, Daughters of Frances Slocum



TAH-QUAH-KE-AH AND WAW-POP-E-TAH,
J. B. Brouillette and Peter Bundy, Sons-in-law of Frances Slocum

On the south side: "She-po-co-nah, a Miami Indian Chief, husband of Frances Slocum, Ma-con-a-quah, died here in 1833 (?) at an advanced age. Their adult children were 'Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah, wife of Rev. Jean Baptiste Brouillette, died March 13, 1947, aged 47 years,

leaving no children. 'O-zah-shin-quah' or Jane, wife of Rev. Peter Bonda, died January 25, 1877, aged 62 years, leaving a husband and nine children."



FRANCES SLOCUM POSED FOR A PICTURE BY GEORGE WINTERS, 1839

One the west side: "Frances Slocum became a stranger to her mother tongue. She became a stranger to her brethren and an alien to her mother's children through her captivity (See Psalms LXIX, 8.) This monument was erected by the Slocums and others who deemed it a pleasure to contribute and was unveiled by them with public ceremonies May 17, 1900."

It was a small crowd of friends who laid Frances to rest on March 10, 1847. In harmony with her wish they raised the white flag on a pole to mark her grave. That was the only marker she ever expected. It was a large crowd of two thousand people who gathered on the spot, May 17, 1900, to unveil this beautiful monument to one they delighted to honor. Prominent men and women all over the nation took part in the ceremonies. Since then multiplied thousands of people have visited this grave and read the inscriptions on the monument.

This cemetery is filled with graves, although few of them are marked with tomb stones. Near by are the graves of her two sons-in-law, J. B. Brouillette and Peter Bonda, or "Bundy" as he was familiarly known. The plot of ground just east of the cemetery is probably well filled with unmarked graves too.



ROSS BUNDY (*left*) AND CLARENCE GODFROY
Performing at a foot-ball game at Manchester College. They
are great great-grandsons of Frances Slocum



Two Detroit sisters visit the monument
and listen to the remarkable story of
Her Life



FRANK GODFROY AND CLARENCE GODFROY

We have no picture of Chief She-poc-o-nah, but we perhaps have his resemblance in his great grandson, Frank Godfroy, (*right*) and his great-great grandson, Clarence Godfroy.

To the east of the cemetery, the Mississinewa Park Association made a big change in the short time it was at work. In former years the road leading to the cemetery continued on east towards the river and crossed at a shallow place known as Broad Riffle. Some years ago this road was closed by the county commissioners who ended it just east of the cemetery. When large crowds gathered here, it was often difficult for autos to turn and get out. On appeal by the directors of the association, the Wabash County highway department improved the road leading in from the main highway to the cemetery. A big dip just west of the cemetery was filled, a cement bridge replaced a rickety wooden culvert and the whole road was repaired. The Association purchased some land of James Long who contributed some more. Now there is a fine parking lot where visitors may park their cars and not be blocked when they want to get out. The Association then deeded the lot to the Wabash County Commissioners and the whole now belongs to the county.

After viewing the cemetery, and reading the inscriptions on the monument the visitor most likely will want to visit the mammoth spring under the spring house just back of the country dwelling. This spring is what attracted Frances Slocum and her husband chief to locate their home here. From this spring she drank hundreds of times and thousands have drunk here during the century since then. Near this spring stood the first home of Ma-con-a-quah where her brothers found her. A few years before her death, she built a new home up on the hill. It stood about where the fence now is on the west side of the parking lot. She lived here only two or three years before her death. It continued to be used by her family until it burned in 1882. The present house was erected shortly after by her oldest grandson, Judson Bundy. These buildings and the surrounding land is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. James Long.



THE MONUMENT SPRINGS FARM

Before leaving the place, the visitor should walk to the east end of the main drive and view the hills across the river. These are beautiful. Some of them are high for Indiana hills, and certain knobs have been given mountain names by farmers round about. All of these are now included in the park and some day will be accessible for autos and foot travelers. Just across the river are over-hanging cliffs. In Frances Slocum's day these rocks were the nest of many rattle snakes. It was good Sunday sport to go over there and shoot the snakes as they crawled out "to sun" themselves. These cliffs are now easily reached by well made paths from the shelter house in the park. Some day, no doubt, the park will be connected with the cemetery by a hanging bridge across the Mississinewa. This scenery about here delighted the brother and nieces of Frances Slocum on their visit in 1839 for it reminded them of beautiful Pennsylvania.

Returning now to the main trail, we continue on our sight seeing trip. In the days of Frances Slocum, the Indian Trail crossed the river at Broad Riffle and led to the Indian settlement above on the



JUDSON BUNDY AND DAUGHTER
He Built the Monument Springs Farm Buildings

north side of the Mississinewa. The old trail and the Broad Riffle ford are both closed and the trail is on the south side of the river. At places beautiful views may be had from the trail, of the hills on the right side of the river. The first road leading east from the trail, marked the south boundary of Frances Slocum's land. Here the Baptists once conducted a mission school, whose aim was to educate and Christianize the Indians.

GEORGE SLOCUM

The second road leading to the east from the trail, goes by the old home of George Slocum. Here he settled with his family in the fall of 1846. His aim was to develop a good farm home while helping his



THE OLD HOME OF MR. AND MRS. GEORGE SLOCUM ON THE
FRANCES SLOCUM TRAIL

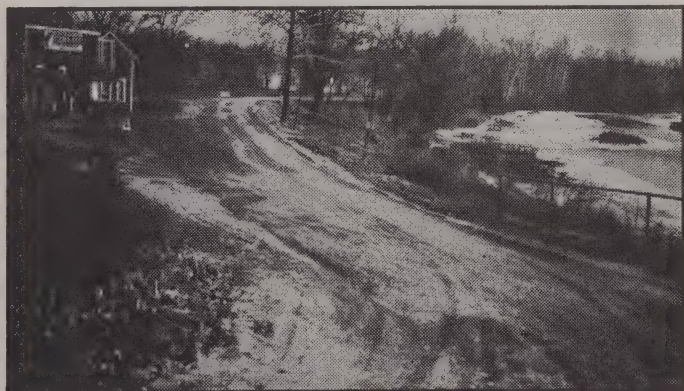


MR. AND MRS. GEORGE SLOCUM

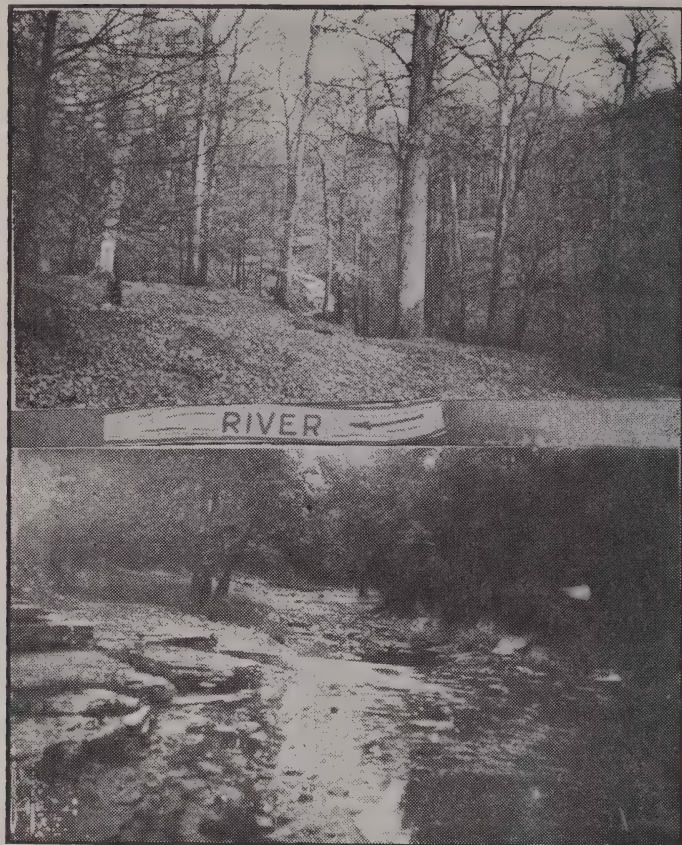
Aunt Frances with her problems. But she died the next spring. He continued his farming, and did all he could to help both the Indians and white settlers of this community. He built the barn, now standing, before the Civil War. But George did not live long. He died in January, 1861. His widow bravely continued their work. She had two daughters, Cordelia and Marian. Since educational advantages were so few here in the wilderness, she decided to do the unusual for pioneers. She sold a portion of her land and with the money sent her daughters to a good school in Indianapolis. Cordelia married a Mr. Murphy and Marian married a Mr. Litzenberger. Both have descendants today.

LISTON GLEN FALLS

Continuing on the trail, the next place of interest will be the Liston Glen Falls. This is a beautiful spot on Liston Creek near the river. It is under private management. A small entrance fee is charged, but it is well worth the fee and the time to make the visit. Here small cliffs, bluffs and waterfalls as well as stretches of grass with abundant



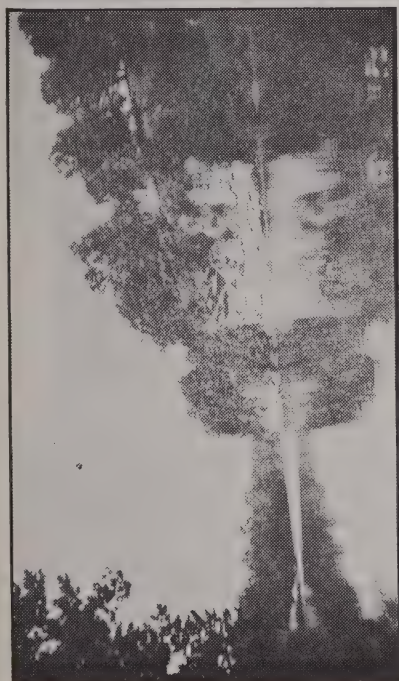
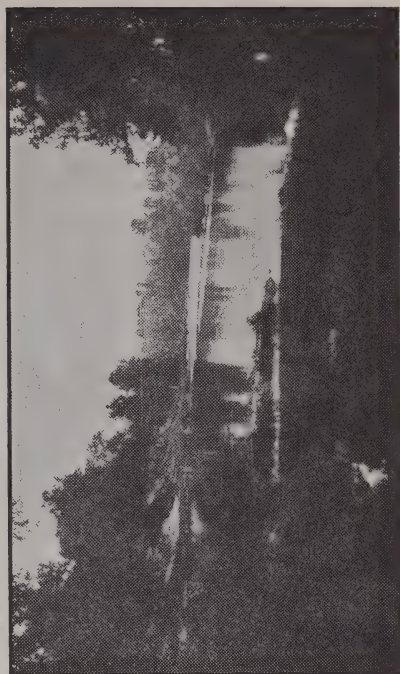
RED BRIDGE ON THE MISSISSINewa



SCENE IN LISTON GLEN PARK (*Below*)
 Across the River in the Elmer Bowman Woods. Native
 Timber.

shade combine to make it a beautiful scene. In these recesses, it is said that O-zah-shin-quah, the youngest much-married daughter of Frances Slocum, sought refuge from one of her angry husbands. Across the river is the Bowman's woods, one of the few stretches of native timber yet to be found in this part of Indiana.

Continuing on the trail, the first road to the left from the entrance to Liston Creek Park leads north to Red Bridge. Here west of the bridge has been developed a cluster of summer houses. With a high bluff of rocks and the clear sparkling river in the rear, the place is beautiful. So is the scenery up the river from the bridge where a number of dwellings have been built. The scenery from Red Bridge up the river to Somerset is beautiful but inaccessible, except by canoe or on foot. The Morgan Cliff, Smuck Cliff, Double Cliffs and smaller ones form many beautiful scenes.



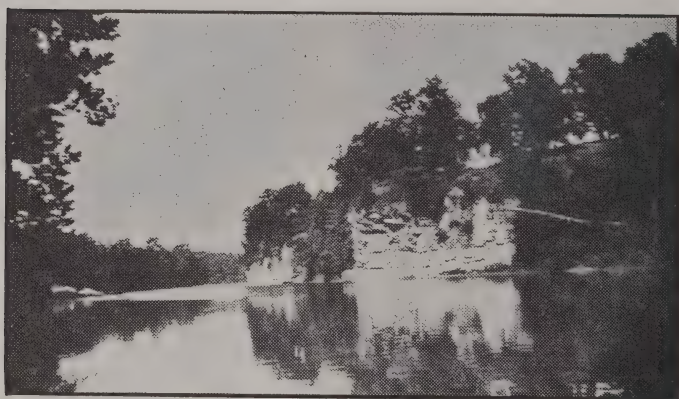
RIVER SCENES BETWEEN RED BRIDGE AND SOMERSET

ON TO SOMERSET

Returning to the main trail, we continue the trip at some distance from the river. The first road to the left leads closer to the river, but too far away to see its beauty. The second road to the north leads to a stone bridge across the river. Above this bridge is the Pleasant Grove park, where many gatherings are held. Below the bridge, on the right bank of the river is Riverside Park, where there are many summer residences, with arrangements for summer entertainments. The en-



THE STONE BRIDGE BELOW SOMERSET



DOUBLE CLIFF BELOW SOMERSET

trance may be reached by a road leading down the right bank of the river. In the neighborhood of this bridge there was once a very heroic effort to establish a grist mill by Mr. John Ferree and an associate, Mr. Albaugh. They built a mill on the left side of the river. It had not stood there long until it was destroyed by fire. They built another, but it too soon burned mysteriously. Not to be defeated they built another. This time it was made practically of stone and a guard kept to



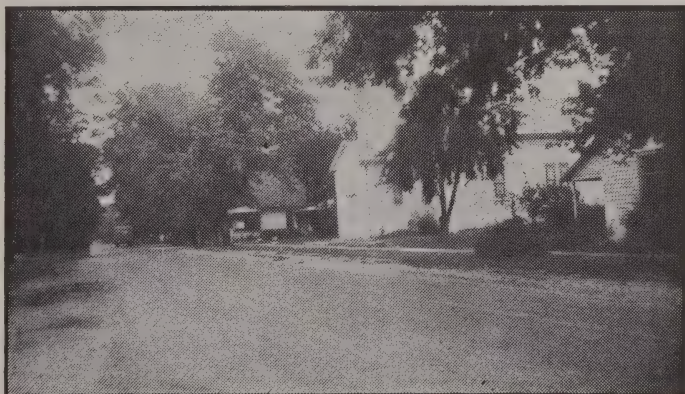
THE STONE HOUSE BELOW SOMERSET

watch. However, fire was some how kindled by an enemy and the inside of the mill destroyed in 1882. It was never rebuilt.

Returning to the main trail continuing towards the east, one passes an old stone house and back of it the walls of another stone building. This was a woolen mill erected by Jacob Ullery about 1860 and operated for eight or ten years, mostly in the seventies. It was then abandoned and the machinery moved elsewhere. This region west of Somerset did not seem to be a very good section for mills.

SOMERSET

Somerset is an inland town that somehow has managed to survive the changes of time for many years. Here near the old Marion-Peru pike, about half way between those two pioneer towns a Frenchman by name of Krutzan who had married an Indian squaw, conducted a tavern. This was patronized by teamsters who found the distance too great to make the journey in one day. Tradition says that Mrs.



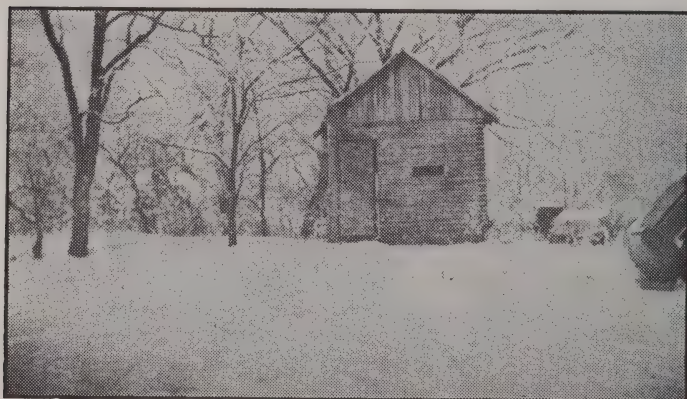
COMING INTO SOMERSET FROM THE WEST



THE FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE IN SOMERSET



THE KRUTZAN HOTEL IN SOMERSET (*Reweatherboarded*)

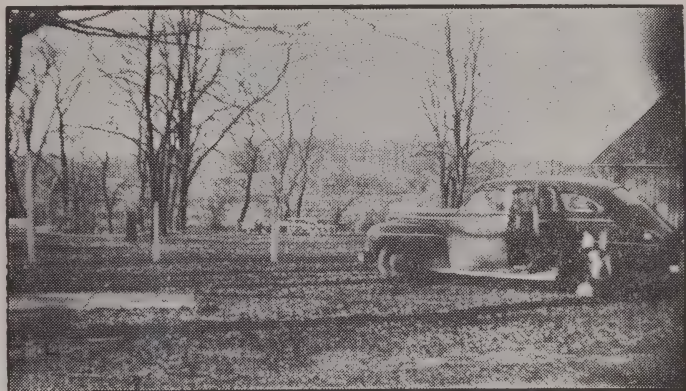


THE OLD JAIL IN SOMERSET

Krutzan was a good looking Indian woman and a good cook. Somerset from an early day had a good variety of stores to meet the needs of the pioneer white people and the Indians as well. Some good small industries flourished for a while. The little town has always boasted that it had as good schools as other towns, if not better. The picture shown is of the school house erected about 1860.

JAMES W. RILEY IN SOMERSET AND WABASH COUNTY

One of the most interesting parts of Somerset history is the fact that in the early seventies, Jim Riley, later known to the world as our great Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, loafed in Somerset, more or less, and painted signs over Wabash County. The place must have made an impression on the future poet for one of his early poems is entitled "Hills of Somerset." It is well known fact that Riley and his partner, McClanahan, painted signs along the Mississinewa river, following no doubt the old Marion-Peru pike, now our Frances Slocum



LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER FROM THE SOMERSET PARK
TO THE HILLS OF SOMERSET

Trail. One reason why he was fond of the Mississinewa was because his mother's girlhood home was on the banks of the Old Mississinewa, in Randolph county, Indiana, west of Ridgeville. As that older country became settled the forests and many of the beautiful scenes of nature disappeared. Riley was so disappointed that he did not care to roam along the upper course of the Mississinewa, but found much pleasure along the stirring scenery of Somerset and the lower course of the river.

While in Wabash county Riley formed a friendship with Frank Blount of Wabash. Together they painted signs all over the county. One story of their work together persists. Mr. Blount's father, Dr. R. F. Blount, a noted physician of that day, took over an old drug store in a business deal. Some one slightly referred to it as a "one horse drug store." That gave an idea to Jim Riley and Frank Blount. So here and there over the county, these two painted signs of a horse representing and suggesting The One Horse Drug Store. It brought much business to the Blount Brothers Drug Store.



MRS. DELLA BLOUNT
GARDNER

Who remembers Jim Riley
in Wabash County

One incident is good enough to repeat. Perhaps the only person living now 70 years later, who really remembers Jim Riley in Wabash county is Mrs. M. R. Gardner of North Manchester. Her maiden name was Della Blount, daughter of Dr. R. F. Blount and a sister to Frank Blount. She was somewhat envious of Frank and Jim having so much fun riding over the country in an old fashioned buckboard. So she kept teasing at her brother to let her ride. One day he told her to "hop in," and she did, proud to get the ride she wanted. Her hair was arranged in two long braids. As she sat down she tossed these braids back of the seat. They fell down and dipped in Jim Riley's paint bucket. So when she got out of the buckboard to go home, she carried with her some of Jim Riley's paint. Mrs. Gardner has vivid memories of Riley, now seventy years after these events.



LOCUST LODGE. The Caylor Cottage in Somerset
THE CAYLORS

Somerset can point with pride to a great many men and women who were born, raised or schooled in Somerset. One of these men is Dr. Charles Caylor, head of the Bluffton Clinic and Hospital. Dr. Caylor was the son of Dr. David Caylor who lived north of Vernon, himself a doctor and a minister of the Church of the Brethren. Young Charles took his high school course at Somerset. His high school sweetheart was Miss Bessie Ferree, daughter of John Ferree, who had the misfortune of having grist mills to burn. They married after Dr. Caylor completed his medical course and was ready for his long and successful career. Though the Caylors have a beautiful home in Bluffton, Indiana, and a winter home in Sebring, Florida, they also have a cozy summer home on the banks of the Mississinewa in Somerset. Here they spend many summer days, especially Sundays. When here, they take an active interest in the work and programs of the Methodist church. Here in Somerset now is a little park, made possible largely by Dr. Caylor's generosity.



THE CAYLOR WINTER HOME IN SEBRING, FLORIDA



THE MAIN STREET OF SOMERSET—LOOKING WEST

Everyone who comes to Somerset admires the hills which are prominent no matter from what direction you come. The view looking northward across the river from the park shows the beautiful Mississinewa and the hills beyond. It is said that this view inspired Riley to write his poem, "The Hills of Somerset" which is reproduced here by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

THE HILLS OF SOMERSET

By James Whitcomb Riley

'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset
 Wisht I was a-roamin yet!
 My feet won't get usen to
 These low lands I'm trompin through
 Wisht I could go back there, and
 Stroke the long grass with my hand,
 Kinda' like my sweetheart's hair
 Smoothed out underneath it there!
 Wisht I could set my eyes once more
 On our shadders, on before,
 Climbin', in the airly dawn,
 Up the slopes 'at love growed on
 Natchural as the violet
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How't 'ud rest a man like me
 Jest fer 'bout an hour to be
 Up there where the morning air
 Could reach out and ketch me there!--
 Snatch my breath away, and then
 Rensh and give it back again
 Fresh as dew, and smellin' of

The old pinks I ust to love,
 And a-flavor'n ever' breeze
 With mixt hints o' mulberries
 And May-apples from the crick
 Where the fish bit dry er wet,
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
 All comes back; the bluebird swings
 In the maple, tongue and bill
 Trillin glory fit to kill!!
 In the orchard jay and bee
 Ripens the first pears fer me,
 And the "Prince's Harvest" they
 Tumble to me where I lay
 In the clover, provin still
 "A boy's will is the wind's will."
 Clean fergot is time, and care,
 And thick hearin' and gray hair--
 But they's nothin' I ferget
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged to be egzact,
 Very middle-aged, in fact,--
 Yet a-thingin' back to then,
 I'm the same wild boy again!
 There's the dear old home once more,
 And there's Mother at the door--
 Dead, I know for thirty year'
 Yet she's singin', and I hear;
 And there's Jo, and Mary Jane,
 And Pap, comin' up the lane!
 Dusk's a-fallin'; and the dew,
 'Pears-like it's a fallin too--
 Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Another artist, Homer G. Davisson, of Fort Wayne, has been much impressed with the beauties of Somerset and the Mississinewa. For many summers Dr. and Mrs. Davisson have had their summer home here. For a part of these summers he has conducted art classes in and around Somerset. If his studio should happen to be open the visitor will want to see his paintings.

Still another poet has given expression of his feelings about Somerset and the Mississinewa. The Rev. Frank C. Huston of Jacksonville, Florida, spent several years as pastor of one of the Somerset churches. His poem on "Somerset" would do justice even to a Riley, while his song: "On the Banks of the Old Mississinewa" is one of the most beautiful state songs ever written. It expresses the feelings of many a native of this section. It is reproduced here with full permission of the author:

ON THE BANKS OF THE OLD MISSISSINEWA

Frank C. Huston

"You may travel every country, you may sail on every sea,
 You may search the wide world over, for a better place to be;
 You may sing of California, and of Dixie's sunny skies;
 But there's just one place that's best, North, South, East or West
 My Hoosier Paradise.

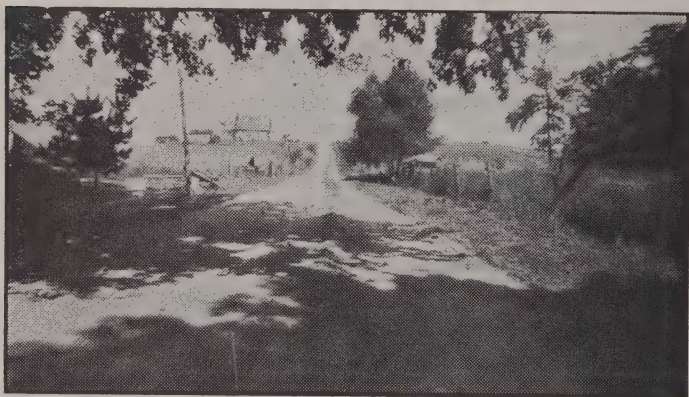
Chorus:

On the banks of the Old Mississinewa,
 There its waters roll along,
 And the little laughing rills winding down the hills
 Sing a cheery little song;
 There's no spot on earth that's so dear to me,
 For no matter where I roam,
 'Tis the banks of old Mississinewa
 Calls me back to Home Sweet Home.

Oh, those dear old days of childhood, how they live in mem'ry still,
 Once again, I see my mother, in the old home on the hill,
 And I see those friends of school days, as we met in days of yore,
 And this hungry heart of mine, ne'er shall cease to pine,
 Till I get home once more.

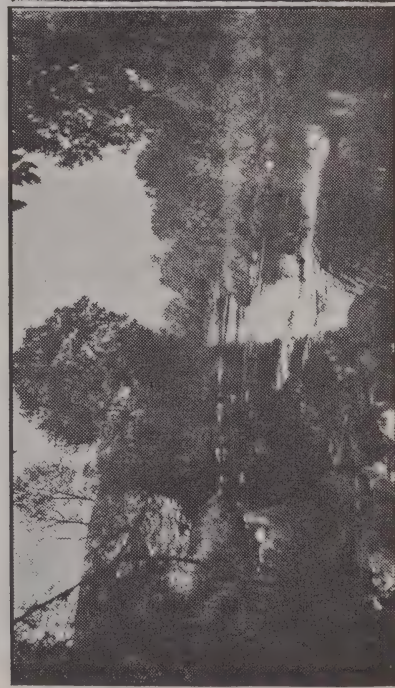
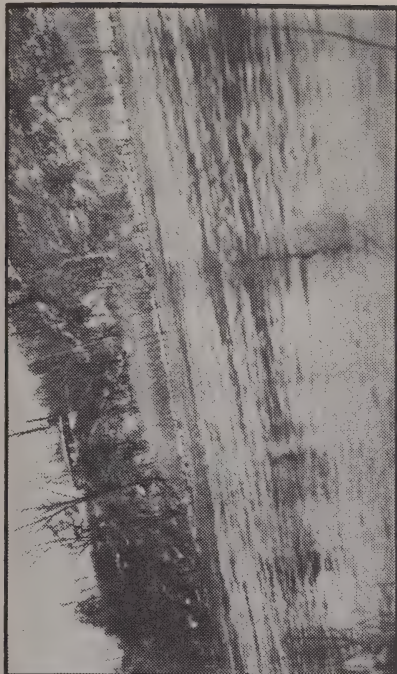
Chorus:

On the banks of the old Mississinewa, etc"



THE OLD MARION PERU PIKE GOING EAST OUT OF SOMERSET

We are now ready to leave Somerset and move farther up the trail. We wish we might follow the route of the Marion-Peru pike instead of the present pavement on the section line where there is so little to see. Along the old route there were a number of farm homes. There are a number of beautiful views, showing the deep gorge of the river with bluffs and cliffs. At one place two grist mills could have been seen, one on either side of the river. The one on the north was known as the Crumrine Mill. It was erected by John



SCENES ALONG THE MISSISSINEWA, BETWEEN SOMERSET AND VERNON AS SEEN FROM THE OLD MARION-PERU PIKE

Crumrine about 1850. The one on the south side was known as the Bloomer Mill, so named because Joseph Bloomer was one of the best known owners of the mill. Both mills were served by one dam. There were steep roads leading down to them. Both have ceased to be long ago.

VERNON

The views shown here are of the old road leaving Somerset and where it entered Vernon. A part of the house of the Church of the Brethren at Vernon is shown. It was erected in 1874 and served a good sized congregation for more than forty years. It was abandoned because houses built later in other locations could serve the membership better. But this old house was the scene of many big meetings, especially the



THE OLD MARION-PERU PIKE AS IT CAME INTO VERNON
FROM THE WEST



THE WHITENECK HOMESTEAD

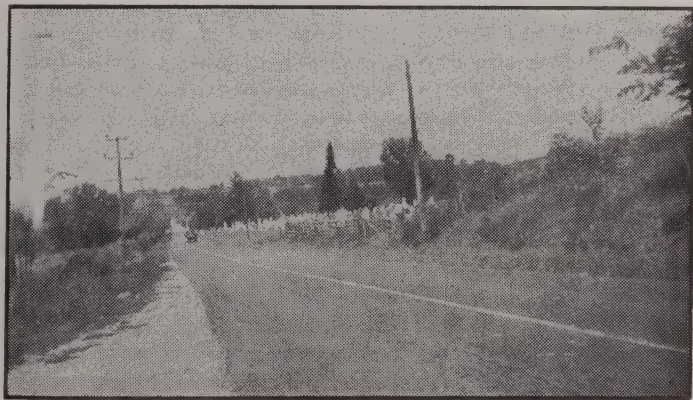
annual communion meetings, often referred to by out-siders as "soup meetings." On those occasions Vernon was alive with visitors who came from far and near to attend the services, which often began on Saturday forenoon and lasted until Sunday after dinner. Free meals were served to all who attended.

Vernon is about as old as Somerset and was once a rival of that picturesque old town down the river. At one time there was a school, a hotel, two stores, and unfortunately a saloon. A saw mill did business here for many years.

The Frances Slocum Trail as marked today follows the old Marion Peru pike southeast from Vernon to Jalapa, five miles. On this route may be seen today the stately homes of some old pioneers who were leading citizens of their day. Of these we may mention William Stambaugh, Thomas Garst, Peter Neff, John Whiteneck, John Neff, Joseph Bloomer and Stephen Snider. Some of these pioneers settled on what was known as the Woods land, a large stretch of fine timbered land which a John Woods purchased of the Richardville reserve, land that the government had granted to that old Indian chief shortly before his death in 1841. Some early settlers began as renters of the Woods land but later came to own large farms here.

JOHN WHITENECK AND OTHER NOTED PIONEERS

One of the most noted of these early settlers was John Whiteneck. He came from Union county in 1847 and in time came to own hundreds of acres of this fine land. He built what in that day was considered a fine house and barn, which are still in a fair state of preservation. He was a pioneer preacher of the Dunker church. For many years before his death in 1868, his barn was used as a meeting place, for the Vernon church had not yet been built. Though he had but little school education, he was vigorous preacher and soon gathered about him a large body of members. He was very generous to his poor neighbors and spent much time and money in their interests. He was known as one of the strongest men that ever attended the log rollings of those days. He was held in high esteem by all his neighbors and friends.



THE VERNON CEMETERY

Returning now to Vernon we cross the Mississinewa. Just south of the bridge is the Vernon cemetery where many of the old pioneers are buried. Just north of the bridge at the top of the hill a road turns to the east. In other years the road turned right at the bridge and followed the river bank closely. About eighty rods east is the site of the old Fisher mill, one that served the people many years. It is now well known as Pearsons Mill, named after the last owner of the mill. The old mill went down the river years ago during a big flood, but the grounds have become a favorite meeting place for large public assemblies.



THE FISHER MILL

We are now going eastward on what might be called The Frances Slocum Trail, for this is the trail mainly used by the Indians from their homes around Peoria below to the Meshingomesia settlement above. As we leave the Pearson's Mill and round the bend of the river, there is a small creek entering the river. It is known as Forked Creek and is mentioned in two United States Treaties. Here the Indian Reservation began. A line extending due north two miles marked the western boundary of the reserve. The river was the southern line for a distance of about ten miles southeast. For forty years this land belonged to the Indians after all surrounding land has been settled by white people. In the memory of many older people this was "Indian Land" and many Indian people lived here.

INDIAN LAND

The first place of much interest to the traveler today is the old home of John Newman, the oldest Indian in Indiana when he died in 1939. Turn north at the first road to the little church, then east half a mile. Over in the field to the north you can see the log cabin in which



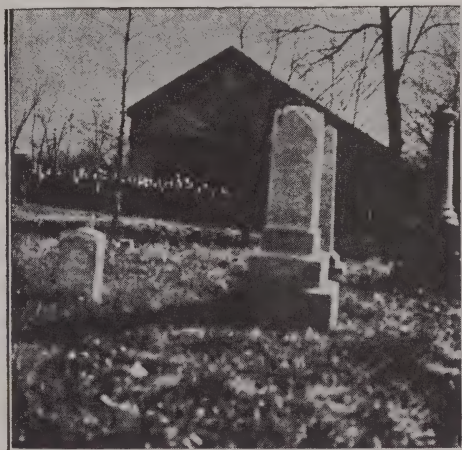
JOHN AND WALTER NEWMAN ON THE STEPS OF THEIR
NEW HOME
The Old Cabin Seen at the Left

he lived for nearly seventy years, until some neighbors and friends built a one-room frame house for him and his son, Walter. While not very large it was warmer than the log cabin. John Newman was of the Delaware tribe. He was born in Virginia about 1845. He came to Indiana and married Jane, widow of Coon Bunday. She was a Miami and a cousin to Chief Me-shin-go-me-sia. She had three children by her first husband. Their names were George, William and Mary. She had four children by John Newman. Their names were Benjamin, Martha, Eliza and Walter. The last two are still living, but were not born until after the reservation was divided among the Indians in 1873. Since he was not a Miami, John Newman did not get any land in the divide of 1873, but his wife and each of her five children received farms of about eighty acres each. These farms lay on either side of the road as you go east. Then come the farms allotted to Waucoon and his children, five daughters and one son.

WAUCOON

This old Indian was a most interesting character. He was one of the Potawatomi tribe but married a Miami woman, a cousin of Me-shin-go-me-sia, who took a liking to him and adopted him into the Miami tribe. He built a home near where Grant Creek empties into the Mississinewa. He had a two story log cabin. It was much better than most of the Indian cabins, or even better than most of the white settlers had. Many stories are told of the roughness of this old Indian. But many of these are traditional referring to the days when he was raw savage and before he tried to become a Christian. His rough language and conduct have been emphasized and little has been said about his good qualities. As he gained light and knowledge he tried to make it real. He sent his daughters to Wabash to take music lessons. His was one of the few homes of that day where there was an organ. At times he had a teacher come to his home to give his children the beginnings of an education. It is said that he was the main one to urge the building of the pike from his home to Treaty, three miles north.

He furnished the gravel. He had a large orchard of good bearing fruit trees. He took much interest in the church and endeavored to be a preacher. Many of his white neighbors were as rough as he was. They used vulgar and profane words whose meaning he did not know and often repeated them, even in his preaching. He solicited money and built a church, providing most of the money himself. That church is still standing, and in one of the doors may be seen a bullet hole where a white rough-neck shot at him through the door while he was preaching. Most of his daughters married white men who wanted the land they got from the government, but these marriages did not turn out well, for such white men are not much good, not nearly as good as the Indian women they married. There are very few descendants of the Waucoon family today. A fine set of farm buildings have replaced Waucoon's buildings. The old church still stands, being used as a machine shop by the owner of the farm. Near by is the Waucoon cemetery where he and his wife and some of their children are buried.



THE WAUCOON CHURCH AND
CEMETERY

THE HOG-BACK

About forty rods east of the Waucoon Village is the "hog back" of the Mississinewa. Here the river makes a sharp bend to the south, and after enclosing a large area of land swings back to within a short distance of the steep bluff along Grant Creek. The river on one side and the creek basin come so close together that the ridge thus formed was very narrow and high, seventy feet or more down to the river on one side and more than forty feet down to the Grant Creek valley on the other. The high narrow ridge was an unusual scene. But when it became too narrow for teams to cross with safety, it was cut down by machinery. This helped the farming but destroyed one of the beautiful works of nature.

HANNAH THORPE

Just across from the "hog back" there lived a white woman who had a most interesting history and a tragic end. In the early days of the past century, there lived in Southern Indiana, along White Water River a pioneer by the name of Thorpe. Some say his name was Moses Thorpe; others say it was Boaz Thorpe. He lived on the banks of the White Water near what is now Connersville. He had three small daughters. One Saturday evening he was entertaining in his cabin home the Methodist preacher who had come a long distance through the forest from Ohio to visit the scattered members in the wilderness. The three little girls were playing along the banks of the river. Two of them came running into the house, saying their sister had been taken by the Indians. Mr. Thorpe ran out to find that it was true. Now and then he could hear the voice of his daughter, but it became fainter and fainter. It was getting dark and impossible to follow the fleeing Indians through the forest. The next morning a posse of pioneers followed the trail to Muncietown, where the Indian villages were many. There they gave up pursuit. This was in the spring of 1813. The war of 1812 was on and most of the Indians were hostile to the Americans. Mr. Thorpe had to give up and leave his daughter in the hands of the Indians.

After this war was over, he renewed his search for her. He finally found her at an Indian Village on the Mississinewa River about a mile up the river from this place. It was the village of old Chief Me-to-cin-yah, father of Me-shin-go-me-sia. There she grew to young womanhood when she was married to one of the chief's sons, Me-tack-ke-quah. He became known to the early whites as Captain Dixon. He and his stolen white bride made their home near the "hog back." They had two children, Charles and Hannah. The white woman was willing to stay with her Indian husband. For the most part he was a very good Indian, but a devil when drunk. And it was not difficult to get drunk at Ashland, now Lafontaine, three miles to the east. When drunk he was mean to his wife. She did the best she could for many years. When Jacob Sailors taught the first country school near here, Hannah Thorpe Dixon would send her children to school. Thus she endured her lot for several years until it became too much. One morning she went down to the river near her home, and turning once more to view her home, the place of her sorrow and suffering, she plunged into the water and drowned her sorrows beneath the waves of this beautiful river.

The husband soon after met his end in a tragic way. One day at Ashland while in a drunken condition, he got into a fight with another Indian who hit him on the head with a hoe, and cut a gash into the skull, even exposing the brain. Dr. Mauzy, a pioneer doctor, dressed the wound and said he should not be moved for 24 hours. But next morning the Indians came and insisted on taking him home. It was a cold winter day, and the sled was rough riding over the frozen roads. When they got him home he was dead.



CHARLES MARKS

Standing near the place along White River near
Connersville where his grandmother was stolen by
Indians 125 years before

The two children of Hannah grew to maturity and raised children. One son, Charles Dixon, named after his father, and three of his daughters received land in the divide of 1873. Hannah had two children, one of whom died years ago. Another son, whose father was Abe Marks, is still living in western part of Wabash County, near the Miami County line southwest of Rich Valley. He has a large family. A few years ago the writer took Mr. Marks to Connersville. There under the direction of the local historian, we went to the site of the old home of Boaz Thorpe and there on the place where his grandmother was stolen, one hundred twenty-four years before, Charles Marks had the accompanying picture taken. The story of Hannah Thorpe is much like that of Frances Slocum, except that hers had a most tragic ending.

From the Hog Back, there was once a road leading through the forest to the Indian settlements above. There was also a ford across the river. But these have now been closed and the visitor must go east to Lafontaine. This town was formerly called Ashland, but was changed to Lafontaine in honor of the last general chief of the Miamis. He never lived here but his home was near Huntington. Lafontaine was the best trading point for the Indians who lived on the Mississinewa Reservation. There were many thrilling experiences with the Indians here.

ME-TO-CIN-YAH VILLAGE

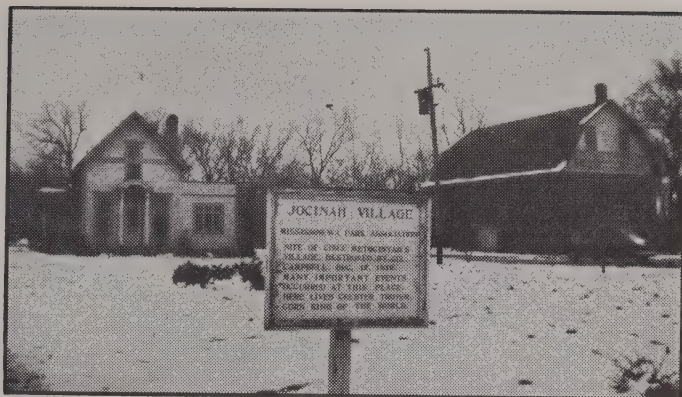
Going south and west of Lafontaine three miles, the visitor comes to the farms of Chester Troyer, who for four different years has been given the honor as being the Corn King of the World. His farm buildings stand on the site of the old Indian Village of Me-to-cin-yah, father of Me-shin-go-me-sia and many other children. It was to this village that Hannah Thorpe was brought when she was stolen. It had been destroyed by an army of white men the winter before but had

been rebuilt. It is said to have been the largest Indian village in Wabash County. Me-to-cin-yah had the largest Indian family of any chief that was granted annuities in that day. The annuities were paid according to the size of the families. Each chief reported the number of persons in his family eligible for an annuity. Since the Indian did not deal in figures nor letters, he made up a bundle of sticks, each person of his family being represented by a stick. At the Forks of the Wabash, west of Huntington, where annuities were paid for many years, Me-to-cin-yah, often presented to the government agents forty or more sticks, while the nearest number presented by other chiefs or heads of families did not often number more than twenty. This was perhaps the reason why the government in 1838 gave to Me-to-cin-yah this reservation of ten sections for his family, while most other Indian families were exiled west of the Mississippi.



CHESTER TROYER
Corn King of the World

Tradition says that the great grandfather of Me-to-cin-yah, whose name was Osandiah, once lived in the neighborhood of Fort Wayne, perhaps in the days of the great chief, A-que-nack-que, father of Little Turtle. He took his family to the Big Miami River in Ohio, where he became a prominent chief. He is said to have been murdered by other Indians who were jealous of his popularity with the Americans. His son, Aw-taw-waw-taw lived on the Miami River many years, but his son, Me-to-cin-yah, brought his family back to Indiana, making a permanent home on the Mississinewa. Here Me-shin-go-me-sia was born about 1796. Of him we will hear more soon. Jocinah Creek which empties into the Mississinewa just above the iron bridge, is

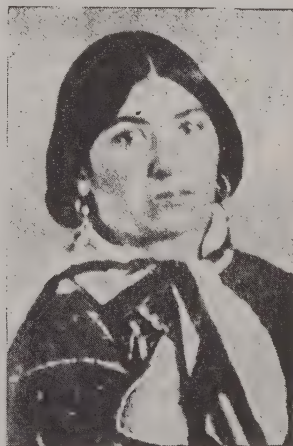
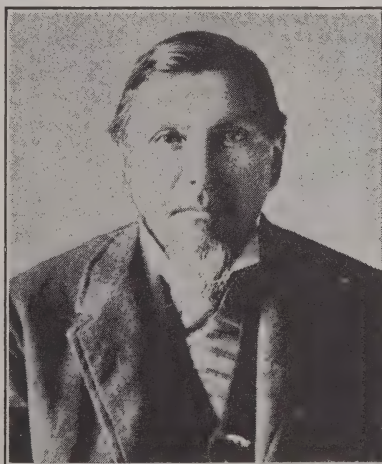


THE HOME OF CHESTER TROYER
on the site of the old Me-to-cin-yah Village

really Me-to-cin-yah Creek, the word being abbreviated to Jocinah. Along this creek many Indians had their cabins. Below the iron bridge on the right side of the river is a large Indian burying ground. Since the days of the white man, many skeletons have been washed out by rains and high waters. The home of Chester Troyer was built by Marshall Kilsosa, a grandson of the old chief, Me-to-cin-yah.

WILLIAM PECONGAH

Leaving the Me-toc-in-yah neighborhood, we follow our trail southward. Where the road makes a sharp jog we enter that part of the reservation in Grant County. The first house to the left is the old home of William Peconga. He was the oldest grandson of Chief



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM PECONGA



THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM PECONGA

Meshingomesia, and had the Indians kept up their tribal organization, he would have been chief. His Indian name was Chin-qua-saw, meaning "Young Thunder."

His wife's name was Wah-pe-nock-she-ne-quah. Her English name was Frances, known to her neighbors as Frances Peconga. She was one of the oldest granddaughters of Frances Slocum and was no doubt named after her grandmother. William Peconga attended college when he was young and secured some education. For that reason many Indians entrusted to him their money to invest. He was honest but often the white man took advantage of him. The author one time stayed all night with William Peconga and his wife, Frances. They were very hospitable and expressed every courtesy possible to the visitor. Frances would not talk English but her husband acted as interpreter. She was a good cook and a good housekeeper. She was quite free to show the Indian relics they had. We talked about her family history and about the Indian history in general. Mr. Peconga summed up the whole thing when he said to me, "Bad thing Indian got to be citizen. Indian can't trade with white man."

What he said might be illustrated by a story told to me by David Line. Few white men had more, and closer, relationship with the Indians than Mr. Line. His story was like this: That in the early eighties, about the time the Indians secured the right to sell their lands, the father of David Line died. He, David Line, was appointed administrator. In course of his appointed duties, he had some litigation pending. He went to Marion to get an attorney and approached Judge Vandeventer, father of Willis Vandeventer, long associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. Judge Vandeventer had one time been judge and still retained the name of "judge" after his term of office expired. Said Mr. Line, "while we were talking, Bill Peconga came in, telling the judge he would like to see him. The two went into another room, leaving the door partly open. Mr. Peconga said to Vandeventer "Judge, I have a few thousand dollars to invest. I



THE HOME AND FAMILY OF ROBERT PECONGA

Mrs. Peconga was a granddaughter of Frances Slocum

Rev. Peter Bundy, her stepfather in the rear

can place it one, two or three. What is your advice?" Without much hesitation, the judge gave him his opinion. They were in conversation some six or seven minutes. As Peconga left the room, he asked the judge his charge for this advice. "Fifty dollars, Bill," was the reply. Peconga took out of his pocket a big roll of bills and paid him. When Vandeventer returned, Mr. Line said to him "Judge, I just heard what you charged Bill Peconga. Now I am not able to pay such charges. I might as well go." Vandeventer replied: "That wont be your charge. Bill has lots of money." The Judge took Line's case; bothered with it for more than a year, and charged him \$40.00; but charged Bill Peconga fifty dollars for seven or eight minutes of questionable advice. This is a sample of much of the white man's dealings with the Indians. William Peconga and other Indians borrowed money of white men and gave them mortgages on their land to build better buildings. Seldom were those mortgages paid; the Indians could hardly realize the significance of a mortgage until the mortgage was foreclosed and the Indian was without a home. William Peconga once had much money; he died penniless. He was a member of the Masonic order. He is buried somewhere in the western half of the Indian Village cemetery in an unmarked grave. His wife is buried in the Frances Slocum cemetery, twenty miles down the river. It is the hope that these lines will revive their memory in the minds of the few friends still living and speak to others in their behalf. They were good people; members of the Baptist church.



INDIAN VILLAGE CHURCH AND SCHOOL

THE INDIAN VILLAGE CHURCH

We continue our trip to the first road leading to the east. On the right along the river are many summer cottages. To the east almost a mile are the ruins of the Indian Village Baptist Church. It was built in the early sixties of the last century. Chief Me-shin-gomesia and other Indians as well as pioneer white people united to build it. For many years it was a prosperous congregation of the Baptist church. Chief Meshingomesia was baptized into the church on a Sunday in June, 1861. He was a very faithful attendant. Older people have told of his coming into this church for worship, followed by his wife, Ta-ke-quah, his brother's widow, Shick-away or Ke-ge-to-na-quah, (whom many people wrongly thought to be a second wife) and then other younger members of his family. A Rev. Mr. Lee of southern Grant County, was pastor of this congregation for many years. The two sons-in-law of Frances Slocum, J. B. Brouillette and Peter Bundy, often preached in this house, as well as did Waucoon, who did his best, poor though it was, to witness for Jesus Christ. Many older people remember some

big meetings held here. It is a shame that white rascals and rough necks almost demolished it, and when it was restored later, wrecked it again. When the author taught the Indian Village School, 1895-98, the whole school would often attend a meeting in this house.

In the rear of the church house is the Indian cemetery. It too is almost a ruin. But there is a certain grandeur in these ruins. It is the largest Indian cemetery in Indiana. In the center is the monument of the old chief, Me-shin-go-me-sia. It was once considered a fine monument, but some vandals almost destroyed it as well as many other stones in the cemetery. The inscription on this stone says he was about 100 years. But well known sayings of the chief as well as certain dates of other events would indicate that he could not have been much more than 85 at the time of his death. Near by is the monument of his wife, Tak-e-quah and of Ke-get-no-quah, the widow of his brother, Wah-pe-si-tah, who made her home with Meshingomesia after her husband's death. Besides there are the monuments of Pe-con-ge-ah and Aw-taw-waw-taw, the two sons of the chief, some of his grand children and many other Indians of the family. The visitor will note two things; the large number of deaths that occurred in the year 1879, the year the chief died; the chief, his wife, his two sons, and Nelson Taw-a-taw, his best known grandson. While the Indian seemed little emotional, yet his sorrow was deep, and the death of a friend often caused his death before long. The other noted thing is that after a few years, few monuments were erected. In the early eighties, the Indians by sale of lands and from annuities, had plenty of money and erected good monuments for their friends. But later they had but little money and no markers were erected. The whole western half of the cemetery is filled with graves without markers. Some large and prominent families have nothing to mark a single grave. It would seem somewhat of a sorry comment on our white communities who would permit such an historic spot as this to be in this condition.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE SCHOOL

Just east of the church-house stood the old school house, also erected in the sixties. Old Chief Meshingomesia took a great interest in this school. Though he had very little education himself, he wanted the younger Indians to have it. It is said that he often went to this school and encouraged the younger Indians to study and "get education." And indeed this school, as well as the church, had a great influence in helping these Indians, only a generation or two from savagery, to fit themselves into the white civilization of which they were to become a part. Here I began teaching in 1895 and continued three years. I have often been asked how the Indian students were to learn. The answer is: Just about like white children: some are brilliant; some were not so bright. As a rule you might say they are better in subjects that require the use of memory, such as history, spelling and reading; not quite so good where reasoning is needed more; and for deportment,



INDIAN VILLAGE SCHOOL, 1896



PICTURE OF VILLAGE CHURCH AND CEMETERY TODAY

they could make grades as good as the white students. Indian and white boys and girls could work and play together without being conscious of belonging to different races. In later years marriages between the races were not uncommon. These Indian girls could be just as charming as white girls and often made excellent housekeepers, wives and mothers.



THE HOME OF NELSON TAW-A-TAW

One family in this school and community, you will want to know, is that of Robert Peconga. He was grandson of Meshingomesia and was known as a good man, a father and a Christian, a member of the Baptist church. He died very unexpectedly, soon after I began teaching there. His wife's name was Rosa. She was a daughter of O-zah-shin-quah, and so a granddaughter of Frances Slocum. Their home was in the edge of Wabash County. The picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Peconga, her step-father, the Rev. Peter Bundy, and six of their children. Mr. Peconga built a very good house, most likely too good for Indian nature, for most of the family died of tuberculosis.

Another family should claim our special notice, that of Nelson



FOUR GENERATIONS:

Mrs. Melvina Tawataw, granddaughter of Frances Slocum, her daughter, Mrs. John Walters, Mrs. Sadie McGuire, daughter of Mrs. Walters, and her two daughters.

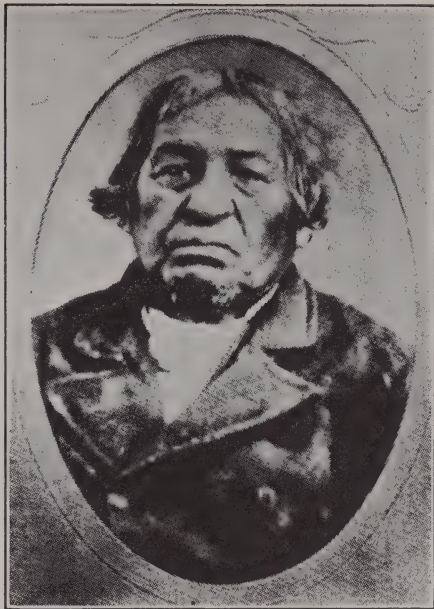
Taw-a-taw, son of Aw-taw-waw-taw, and a grandson of Meshingomesia. He married Melvina, daughter of Ozahshinqua and a granddaughter of Frances Slocum. They raised a large family and built a fine brick house just east of the Indian Village Church and school house. It was striking contrast to the Indian cabin of his grandfather, Chief Meshingomesia. Nelson Taw-a-taw was a man of fine character. The following story is one illustration. When he built his large brick house, shortly before his death in 1879, he borrowed money from a white friend. Since that was before these Indians became citizens, this friend had to depend wholly on the honesty of Mr. Taw-a-taw, for notes and mortgages given by the Indians were not yet legal. Mr. Taw-a-taw took sick of tuberculosis in the summer of 1879 and realized that he could not recover. He sent for that friend and when he came told him the he (Taw-waw-taw) was going to die; that he could not pay that debt before; but had asked the administrator of the estate to sell the hogs, when fat, and pay the debt. This friend received every dollar, when according to law he could not have collected a cent. This friend told of the crowd assembled in the sick room of Nelson Taw-waw-taw when he went to see him. There was Me-shin-go-me-sia, his two sons, Pe-conge-ah and Aw-taw-waw-taw and a number of others of the chief's family. Nearly all of them died within the next three months.

ME-SHIN-GO-ME-SIA

It may be well for us to review the life of this last tribal chief of the Miami nation of Indians. For some reason, his father, Chief Me-to-cin-yah left the Miami River settlement in Ohio and moved to the Mississinewa River in Indiana. Here Meshingomesia was born about the year 1796. Some have put the year of his birth as early as 1785. But a number of well known facts make this earlier date unlikely. His name means Burr Oak, very fitting considering his strong majestic frame. He had nine brothers and several sisters. His broth-



COTTAGE HOME AND OLD STABLE OF CHIEF MESHINGOMESIA

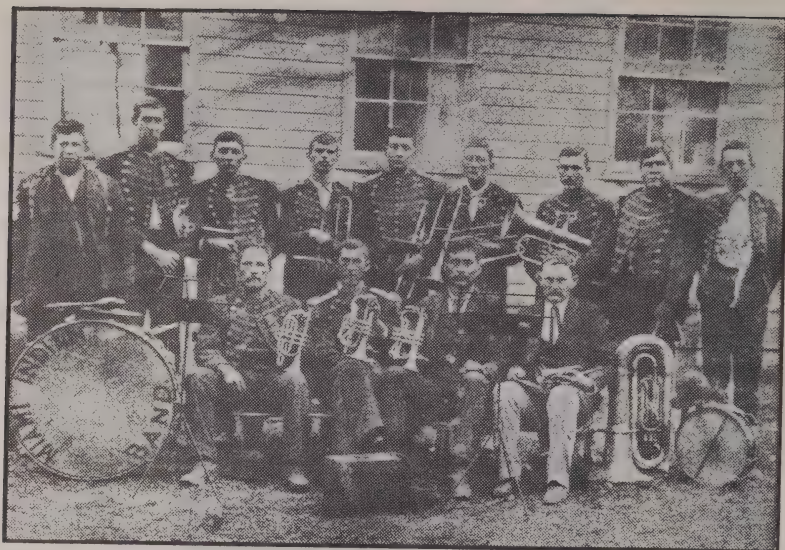


CHIEF ME-SHIN-GO-ME-SIA.

ers' names were: Ta-can-saw, Me-tak-quack-quah, Chap-on-do-ce-a, Me-quack-nung-gah, Wa-pe-si-tah, So-lin-jes-yah, Wa-ca-no-naw, Po-kun-ge-ah, and Wa-cop-me-naw. Perhaps each of these had a meaning for the Indians. We know very little about them. Wa-pe-si-tah was Meshingomesia's favorite brother. When he died, Meshingomesia attempted a funeral oration, but broke down with emotion. Meshingomesia took Wa-pe-si-tah's widow, Shick-a-way, Ke-ge-to-na-quah, into his own home. This gave to some the false impression that the chief had two squaws. Me-shin-go-me-sia married Ta-ke-no-quah, the daughter of a local chief. They had two sons, Pe-con-gah and Aw-taw-waw-taw. They also took into their home as a foster daughter a part Indian woman, Elizah, daughter of James Miller, pioneer business man of Peru and an Indian woman. She married a part Indian, Joseph Winters. They raised a large family. The Winter's home, just across the road from the Indian Village church and school, was well known to every one on the Indian land.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE BAND

For fifteen years during the eighties of the last century and the early nineties, Indian Village had one of the best bands in Indiana. Because the members were mostly Indian and because they were all skillful with some instrument, the band was popular and went far and near to play for public programs. Along with the Indians were their good friends, Nathan Lawson and his two sons, Edward and Shade.



THE INDIAN VILLAGE BAND

In the above picture, from left to right on the back row: George Godfroy, Nathan Lawson, Robert Winters, John Walters, James Winters, Frank Winters, Joe Young, Peter Peconga, Shade Lawson. Front row: Jacob Peconga, Edward Lawson, William Winters and a visitor.

THE INDIAN RESERVATION

This Indian Reserve along the Mississinewa was first granted to Chief Me-to-cin-yah and his band in 1838, perhaps because he had such a large family. The old chief died soon after and at another treaty in 1840, the same ten sections were granted to the Me-to-cin-yah's band whose chief was now Me-shin-go-me-sia. He continued as chief nearly forty years, until his death on December 16, 1879. All the Indians held this land in common. They built their cabins here and there as each liked, the chief having but little to say, except in the way of advice. These ten sections of land had a ten mile river front, so that all Indians might have as much access to the river as possible. The land was free from taxes, and Indians could not sue or be sued in courts. They were not citizens of the United States but rather wards of the government.

Through the influence of designing white men, some Indians became dissatisfied and wanted to have privileges more like white men. Some of their best white friends warned the Indians to let good enough alone. Finally Me-shin-go-me-sia yielded and consented to petition the Congress of the United States to divide the land among the Indians. Congress passed such an act in the early part of 1873 and appointed a commission of surveyors and partitioners. This committee went

over the land and considered the value as it might be determined by location and richness of soil. There were sixty-three Indians in all, young and old, male and female. Each was to receive alike. The youngest child received as much as the old chief. Women received as much as men; and any Miami who had married a member of the Me-shin-go-me-sia band was to receive a portion: also any Indian who might have been adopted into the tribe. The divisions or farms ranged from 75 to 140 acres. The following outline indicates the families who received farms and the number of farms each received:

Me-shin-go-me-sia and his wife, Me-tah-ke-quah, each 80 acres.

Pe-con-ga, wife and children, nine farms.

Aw-taw-waw-taw, wife, children and grandchildren, twelve farms.

The widow, children and grandchildren of Chapendoca, twelve farms.

The children and grandchildren of Captain Dixon, seven farms.

Waucoon and his children, eight farms.

Jane Newman and her children, six farms.

Other relatives of Me-shin-go-me-sia, seven farms.

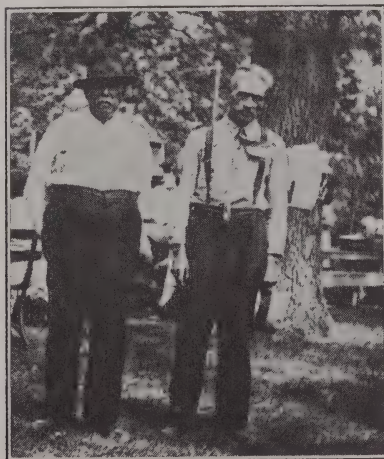
Because of our interest in the children and grandchildren of Me-shin-go-me-sia, we give their names and the size of the farm each received. Me-shin-go-me-sia and wife received their 160 acres just south of the church and school house. Their two sons and their children were located near them, mostly in Grant County, while the other Indians were located mostly in Wabash County.

Peconga, 80 acres, west of his parents.

Sock-a-chok-quah, 97 acres, north of her husband, Peconga.

Chang-shing-gah, Melvina, wife of Nelson Taw-a-taw, 80 acres.

Aw-taw-waw-taw, 77 acres, north of Melvina Tawataw.



ELIJAH AND CHARLES MARKS (*Right*)

Ching-gwa-saw, William Peconga, oldest son of Peconga, 80 acres.

Wah-pe-mung-gwah, Robert Peconga, 80 acres in Wabash Co.

Mon-gon-zah, Jacob Peconga, located in Wabash County, 80 acres.

Pe-me-se-ah, Thomas Peconga, 89 acres.

Ke-tah-ke-ming-e-quah, Mary Peconga, married George Godfroy, 86 acres.

Me-tah-quah-ke-ah, Peter Peconga, 82 acres in Wabash County.

Oc-wow-le-men-dah, John Aw-taw-waw-taw, 84 acres.

Ko-pan-o-quah, Lucy Taw-a-taw, wife of George Doles, 89 acres.

Me-tah-ke-ke-quah, wife of Aw-taw-waw-taw, 93 acres.

She-pe-ne-mah, Nelson Tawataw, 80 acres.

Tah-con-sac-quah, Frances, daughter of Nelson Taw-a-taw, 80 acres.

Me-tah-can-sac-quah, Emma, daughter of Nelson Taw-a-taw, and later wife of John Walters, 80 acres.

Me-tah-ke-quah, Ellen, daughter of Nelson Taw-a-taw, 80 acres.

Me-tah-con-saw, Camillus, son of Nelson Tawataw, 80 acres.

The above list names only twenty of the sixty-three Indians who received farms. Only two of the sixty-three are living today—Elijah Marks of Marion and Charles Marks living in the western part of Wabash County. They were children quite young at the time of division, seventy years ago. There are some descendants of these Indians but not many. Emma, daughter of Nelson and Melvina Tawataw left several children who now have children. When the younger Indians be-



THE CONNER'S MILL—A PAINTING BY H. G. DAVISSON

gan to live in houses like the white man, many contracted tuberculosis and other diseases. Most of the descendants live in Marion, Wabash and Peru, where they work in factories, etc., not at all conducive to their best health. They live very much like their white neighbors. Most of them have inter-married with the whites and have all but forgotten about their Indian ancestry.

CONNER'S MILL

We will now move our center of interest from the church and school house to the river where stood the Conner's Mill, until recent months when it was torn down. This old mill was quite a land mark and its destruction should have been prevented. It was built in 1849 by Jacob Lewis. One of the chief workmen in building the mill was



Mrs. Ann Lawson at the doorway of her home on the Mississinewa Battle Ground. She is looking at Conner's Mill

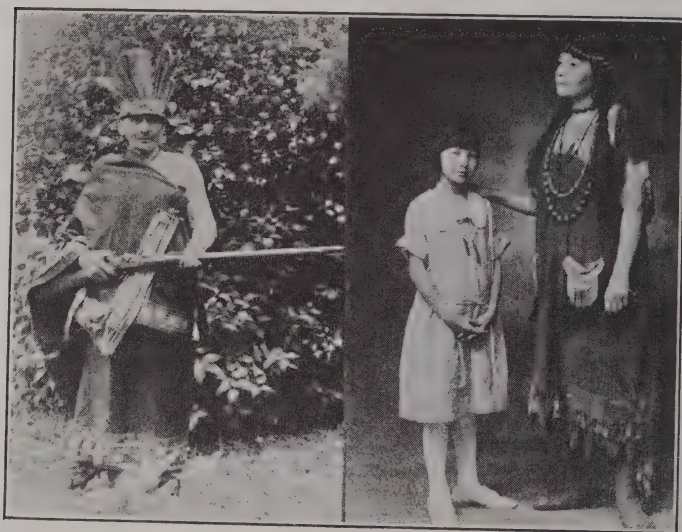


THE RIGHT BANK OF THE MISSISSINEWA ABOVE CONNER'S
MILL

The battle was fought on the higher ground on the left of
the picture



JOSEPH WINTERS AND WIFE AT THE CASKET OF THEIR DAUGHTER,
HELEN



Robert Winters, His Sister, Lilly, and her daughter, Verda.

Many of the Indians were good actors
Hulings Miller, who worked for fifty cents a day to add to the meager income of the family. He was the father of Joaquin Miller, who became world famous as a poet. While Hulings Miller worked on this mill, his future, famous son played up and down the river enjoying the beauties of the Mississinewa. This fact alone

should have spared the old mill. For more than half a century, it served both white men and Indians. If that old mill could have talked, what a history it could have given. The name "Conners Mill", was given it because of one of the later owners, Nelson Conner. He must not be confused with David Conner, one of the earliest pioneers of Grant County, who once owned a mill closer to Marion.

THE MISSISSINEWA BATTLE GROUND

Just east of the Conner's Mill, on the north side of the river is the battle ground of the Mississinewa. It was the second largest battle fought in the state of Indiana, second only to Tippecanoe. The battle was fought on the 18th of December, 1812. General Harrison had defeated the Indians at Tippecanoe, Nov. 7, 1811. Tecumseh was not in that battle but returned soon after from his trip to the south and tried to unite all the Indians against the whites. This was prevented largely by the great chief, Little Turtle, who advised his people, the Miamis, not to join Tecumseh. But Little Turtle had died in July at Fort Wayne. The Miami Indians disobeyed the advice of their great leader and joined the British and Tecumseh. Of all the Indians, none were more hostile to the Americans than these Miamis of the Mississinewa. Being more removed from the great highway of the Wabash River, they had been less influenced by the white men. They boasted that they were the pure bloods of the Miamis. In their villages the enemies of the Americans found a welcome.

General Harrison knew this and did not want to go to the relief of Fort Wayne and make his campaign against Detroit, leaving these Indians of the Mississinewa free to supply his enemies with provisions and men. So he ordered Col. John Campbell to proceed with a force from Franklinton, Ohio, (Columbus) to Dayton and Eaton, where he would get reinforcements and supplies and then with competent guides proceed against the Miami villages on the Mississinewa. His army consisted of six hundred men. They arrived near the Mississinewa and attacked the village here. They killed a number of warriors and took many prisoners. They burned the village, except some houses in which they kept the prisoners. The army proceeded down the river a few miles, burning villages, and destroying what animals or grain they might discover. As night approached they returned to the site of the burned village and encamped for the night. Early the next morning, December 18, they were attacked by a large force of Indians, estimated to be about 300. A fierce engagement followed for about an hour when the Indians broke and fled. Campbell had lost eight men killed and many wounded. The Indians, he estimated, lost about forty men killed. The following report was written by Col. Campbell to General Harrison on the morning of the battle. Imagine the situation, even though he had some six hundred men, out here in this great wilderness, with no white men closer than Fort Wayne, and only a small force there calling for help, with the Mississinewa Indians all around and the report that Chief Tecumseh himself was at the mouth of the Mississinewa, planning to march up

the river to help these Indians, with ten of his men dead, including the brave Captain Bennoni Pierce and Lieut. Daniel Waltz, with most of their horses killed and with many wounded soldiers who would have to be carried back to Greenville in bitter cold weather—such as this would call for bravery and courage of the highest order. Think of all this as you read the following letter:

“Camp on the Mississinaway two miles above Silver Heel Town, December 18, 1812.

Dear General: After a fatiguing march of three days and one night from Greenville, I arrived with the detachment under my command at a town on the Mississinaway about eight o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth undiscovered. A charge was made on the town and many fled over the river, others surrendered, those who fled made resistance, firing across the river. Thirty seven were taken prisoners, whom I shall bring with me, including men women and children. Seven warriors were killed. After disposing of the prisoners, I marched a detachment down the river, and burned three villages without resistance. I then returned and encamped on the ground where stood the first village attacked. This morning a little before daylight, my camp was attacked by a body of Indians, (the number supposed to be between two and three hundred) on my right line occupied by Major James V. Ball's squadron, who gallantly resisted them for three quarters of an hour when the Indians retreated; after being most gallantly charged by Capt. George Trotter, at the head of his troop of cavalry. We lost in the action yesterday, one killed and one wounded; and in the action this morning we have eight killed and twenty-five or thirty wounded. The Indians have lost about forty killed from discoveries made. The spies are out now ascertaining the number. I have sent to Greenville for reinforcement and send you this hasty sketch; a detailed report shall be made to you hereafter. I anticipate another attack before I reach Greenville, but rest assured my dear general, they shall be warmly received. I have a detachment composed of the bravest fellows in the world. Our return will be commenced this morning. Among our dead I have to deplore the loss of brave Captain Bennoni Pierce; also Lieut. Daniel Waltz of Captain Abraham Markle's cavalry is mortally wounded. Their gallant conduct shall be noticed hereafter.”

Yours with the greatest respect and esteem,

John B. Campbell, Lt.”

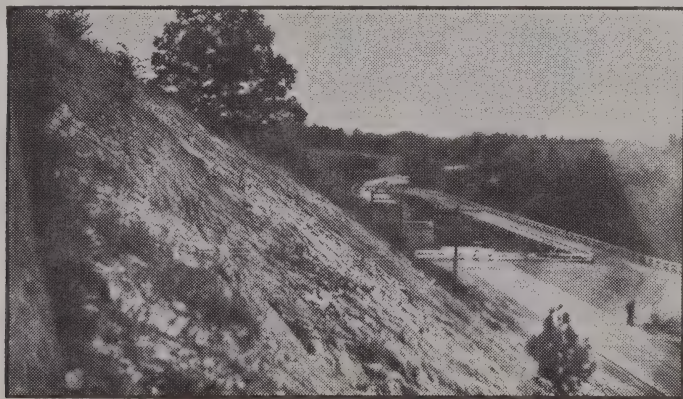
There is one thing Col. Campbell did not mention in this report; the Indian tradition of this battle emphasizes that their forces killed most of the horses of Col. Campbell's men. While some of their stories may be exaggerated, yet some things indicate some truth in their version. The early pioneers did find the bones of many horses. Campbell's retreat was hindered by a lack of horses. The fact that he did retreat caused the Indians to insist that it was an Indian victory. That view is not correct. This expedition did accomplish the purpose that Gen. Harrison had in mind for it to do. Some historians have

heaped criticism on Col. Campbell for his conduct of this expedition. But fairness would tell us that he was but doing his duty under Gen. Harrison's direction. The Mississinewa Indians played only a small part in the future of this war.

The importance of this battle has been greatly underestimated nor has the public expressed its appreciation of the sacrifice made. As long as society uses force to settle its national problems, we must show respect and appreciation to the men who give their lives in the fighting. Here on this field somewhere lie buried ten men who gave their lives in the course of duty; others died later of their wounds and suffering. No monument marks their graves nor records their accomplishments. The State of Indiana has in a wonderful way adorned the battlefield of Tippecanoe. The battle ground of the Mississinewa was but little less important than Tippecanoe.

The Mississinewa Battle Ground, the Conner's Mill and the Indian Church and Cemetery should have been taken over by the state and kept as a state possession under one management for the benefit of the public and for the education of the oncoming generations. Perhaps we may some day have a Sir Walter Scott, who will put in lasting literary form our interesting pioneer and Indian history. While Conner's Mill is gone and the old church and cemetery are very much in ruins, yet enough remains that an interested citizenship could restore much and give to Indiana one of its most interesting state parks.

With our visit to the Mississinewa Battle field, we might close our trip over the Frances Slocum Trail. It is but seven miles to Marion, and we should go over the Indian trail to that place where the red men so often went to trade. First a word about Jalapa. Conner's Mill is usually located at Jalapa, although it is half a mile east of the remains of that once flourishing place. Two generations ago it had prosperous stores, drug stores, doctors, three churches and was a thriving country village. From the battle ground we follow the trail to state



THE SUTTON FORD BRIDGE
Four Miles North of Marion

road 15. This part of the trail was once known as the "Godfroy Trace," over which Chief Godfroy often went from his trading post near the mouth of the Mississinewa to his reserve and trading post on the Salamonie in Blackford county. The Trace continued almost due east through Grant and Wells counties to the Salamonie River, then up that river to the Godfroy Reserve and Trading Post, about seven miles southeast of the present little city of Montpelier.

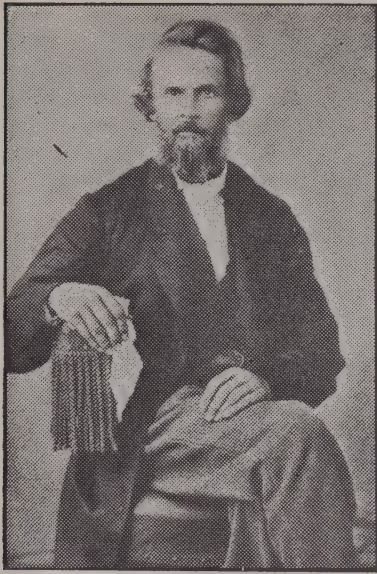
We will follow route 15 to Marion. We cross the Sutton Ford, or as it was oftē called, The Four Mile bridge, four miles north of Marion. At the first road to the east, we will visit the site of the first settlement in Grant county, made by Goldsmith Gilbert in 1823. He conducted a trading post, which was purchased by David Conner in 1825. He conducted a trading post with mostly Indian trade for a number of years. This place was the scene of many drunken Indian orgies and many tragedies, for which the white man rather than the Indian was responsible. We will now follow the river road into Marion. This leads us through the Matter Park, named after its founder, Philip Matter, one of Marion's most successful men.

From Matter's Park we can look across the river to the Me-shin-go-me-sia Country Club, named by the members in honor of the old Indian chief who lived down the river several miles.

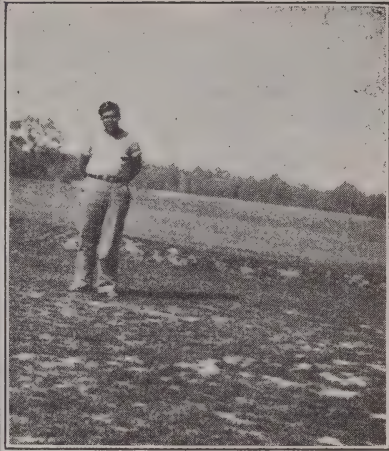


THE GRAVE OF DAVID CONNER

Marion, once the site of an Indian Village, later a great trading post for the Indians, has now become a large and prosperous city. Here are many things and places of interest, but a description of all this is beyond the bounds of this book. The Commercial Club of the city will provide information and literature for a visit to Marion. And this is the end of the Frances Slocum Trail. We do not know that



SAMUEL MCCLURE, SR.,
Pioneer Settler of Wabash
County and Father of Samuel
McClure, Jr., Pioneer Settler of
Grant County



ROBERT PECONGA, JR.,
Champion Caddy on the
Marion Golf Course



Ross Bundy and wife, Marion, Indiana, with their friends,
Hon. Hal Phelps of Peru and Charles More (*right*)
of Fort Wayne

Frances Slocum ever visited Marion. It is most likely that she did visit Chief Meshingomesia. Their families by marriage were to become very closely associated after her death. Since Chief Francis Godfroy was a very good personal friend, it is likely that she traveled with him over the Godfroy Trace. Along this trail there are names and history of the Indian, which influence us today more than we think. Every day we use words of Indian origin, that we little think of their meaning.

"You say they all have passed away
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave,
That mid the forest where they roamed
You do not hear their shout—
But their names are on your waters
And you cannot wash them out."

---Mrs. Sigourney



AT THE GRAVE OF MACONOQUAH, OCTOBER, 19, 1943

(Left) Maxine McGuire, graduate of Marion, Indiana, high school, now a student in Manchester College, a great-great-great granddaughter of Maconaquah and (Right) Miss Frances Slocum, of Nicholson, Pa., visiting in Indiana, a great-great-great granddaughter of Ebenezer Slocum, a brother of Maconaquah. See Page 26.



CLARENCE GODFROY

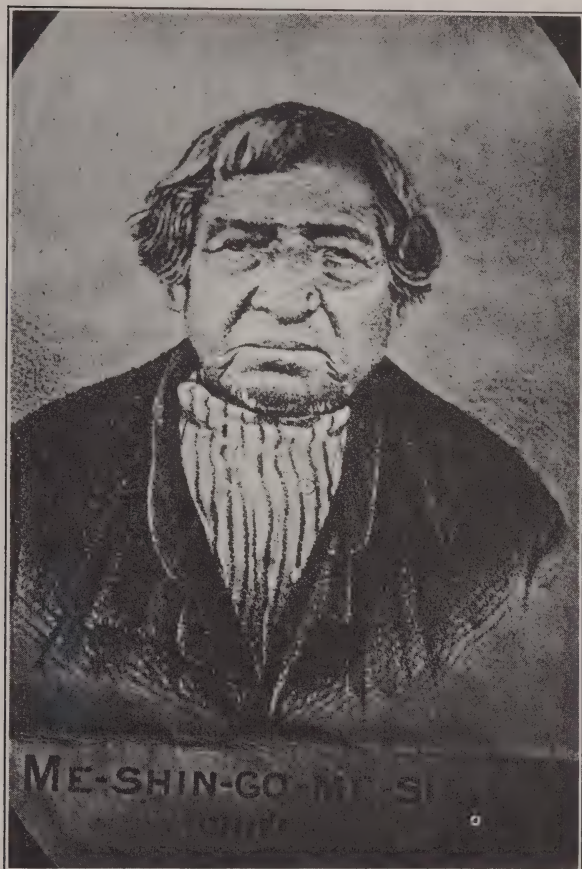
A great great grandson of Frances Slocum, a great grand son of Francis Godfroy, a grandson of Gabriel Godfroy, with the pictures of his grandfather and his great grandfather. The medal seen on the upper left hand corner of the picture of Francis Godfroy was a peace medal given to that distinguished Indian by the United States Government after a treaty in 1826. Other Indian relics are shown in the picture.

Clarence Godfroy takes much interest in the history and accomplishments of his race. He gives addresses to public meetings, writes and takes part in Indian plays and pageants and makes Indian pottery as did his ancestors. Mr. and Mrs. Godfroy live near Rich Valley, Indiana.

THE FRANCES SLOCUM TRAIL

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(SECOND PRINTING)



Me-shin-go-me-sia was the last tribal chief of the Miami Indians in Indiana. His reservation, established in Grant and Wabash counties in 1840, lasted until 1873 when it was divided among individual members of the tribe. Meshingomesia was considered chief and the leader among his people until his death in 1879. Three of his grandsons married granddaughters of Frances Slocum.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MIAMIS
(The Frances Slocum Pageant)
by Otho Winger
Scene I

An Indian home, somewhat better than the ordinary Indian cabin. An old Indian woman and a traveller, a trader, stopping for the night. The trader is Geo. Washington Ewing. For the present we will know the old woman as the White Rose of the Miamis.

Ewing- "I thank you, Indian mother, for your kindness in asking me to stay in your home tonight. It would have been difficult for me to reach Peru, or even the Godfrey trading post tonight. And now that the others are going to rest for the night, I, too, will sleep a little.

White Rose- "Stranger, I would have you wait a little. There is something that I would like to tell you. There is something that I have long wanted to tell some one. The time has come when I should tell it. Perhaps if I do not tell it to you, I may never get it told. You seem to me to be one to whom I can tell this secret.

Ewing- "I assure you, mother, that I will wait and listen to what you have to say, if you desire me to do so.

White Rose- "But wait until all the others are asleep. Is everything quiet? Is everyone asleep, do you think? I have been wanting to tell this story so long but I want only one person to know it. And before I tell it I want you to promise me that you will not tell my story until I have gone to the spirit world. That won't be long, for I am not well.

Ewing- "I do not know what you want to tell me but I shall want to do what you want me to do.

White Rose- "You have come to my home, as to an Indian home. I am known as an Indian. They call me the White Rose of the Miamis. That is because I am not an Indian. See here, (As she lifts her shawl from her arm) where the sun has not painted his richest color, the color of the proud red man, I am white. I am only a paleface, but for that.

Ewing- "I had begun to suspect as much, although you talk only the language of the Miami Indian, and as you say you have the rich color of the noble red man wherever the sun has had a chance to paint his noble colors upon you. But tell me how you came to be with the Indians and to have an Indian family.

White Rose- "That is a long story. I do not remember much about it. I was a white child stolen by the Indians. My father's name was Slocum. He was a Quaker and wore a broad brimmed hat. We lived by a big river in the east. They called it the Susquehanna. Before that we lived by the big broad water far away. My father came to the new country to get more land. But the white men were fighting and the Indians helped the British. The British and Indians came and killed many people in our valley by the big river. My father was not afraid for he was a Quaker. But one of my brothers helped fight the Indians. So for revenge the Indians came and took me away. I tried to hide under the stairway but they found me and carried me away. My mother cried. I can still see her crying as they carried me away. That was the last I ever saw of her.

Ewing- "That must have been a long time ago, for you are now old. And have you lived with the Indians all this time? Can you tell me where you lived and with what Indians you lived?

White Rose- "Three Delaware Indians took me. They hid from my father and others who were hunting me. Then they took me a long way off. The Indians were good to me. I cried much but they carried me and they gave me the best to eat. I soon liked the Indians. An old man and woman adopted me. They called me We-let-a-wash. They dressed me like an Indian. They were good to me. They moved a great deal. For awhile they lived near the great thundering waters. But the white men were at war with each other and with the Indians. We lived in Ohio. We lived near Detroit. And we lived for many years near Kekionga, which they now call Fort Wayne.

Ewing- "So you lived near Fort Wayne. Did your white folks never look for you? It is a wonder that they did not find you there.

White Rose- "I think my father must have looked for me, for often the Indians would take me away in a hurry. I think they knew my father was looking for

me. Then when I got older I did not want them to find me. I liked the Indians so well. While at Kekionga there were many Indians there and it was easy to keep away from the white men. Often too I lived out on the Kenapocomoco, where the great chief, Little Turtle, lived. There I met other white children who had been stolen. Captain Wells was then a boy and he was there. We often played together. But my Indian father and mother would not stay long at one place. We went to many places in Ohio.

Ewing- "But tell me about your marriage. You have an Indian family.

White Rose- "My Indian father was a Delaware. So he married me to a Delaware. But Delaware was no good. He abused me. My Indian father warned him and then took me from him. Delaware then went to war and I saw him no more. Then one day my Delaware father and mother and I were going down the big river in a canoe. We came to where there had been Indian fighting. There were many dead men on the ground. There we found a brave young chief. He was wounded; wounded very badly. We took him with us. I cared for him. He got better. I loved him. He hunted for us. He went far to Fort Wayne and got food for us. My Delaware father said he would give me to this young warrior because he was kind. So we were married as you call it. He was good to me. We lived at Fort Wayne or near there on the Indian side of the river, lived near Little Turtle and his white son, Captain Wells. When Little Turtle became old and died, then my husband, a brave chief, led the Indians in war. We moved down on the Mississinowa at the Osage village. There were many Indians there. My husband was a brave chief and led in the fighting. He did not get killed fighting but he became too deaf to be a chief. So the brave chief Godfrey took his place. I did not like to live with so many Indians. I knew of this great spring up the river here. So we moved here. Here we lived happy for many summers and winters. Because my husband was deaf they call this "The Deaf Man's Village."

Ewing- "But tell me about your family. You have children and grandchildren. Is your husband dead?

White Rose- "My husband is dead. Two winters ago he went to the Spirit world. He is buried up there on the hill. And near him are buried our two boys. We had hoped they would be brave chiefs, but they went before their father did. We buried them there and raised the white flag so the great spirit would know where they were. I live here with my two daughters. Ke-ke-nok-ish-wa is the oldest. Her husband is Captain Brouillette. He is good to her. But she had great sorrow. She had an only daughter. A jealous, drunken Indian lover has killed her, and now my oldest daughter has no children. But you know her husband, Captain Brouillette. He is a good Indian. He is good to me too. O-zah-shin-quah is my youngest daughter. She has been married three times. Her husbands were not good Indians. All got killed. She has three little daughters. We all live together.

Ewing- "But how do you live? The white men are coming and game is not so plenty. You do have a good house and you have much to eat.

White Rose- "I remember my white mother. She used to work very hard. I learned to work too. When I lived with the Indians I worked. All Indian women worked. Then the American government began paying the Indians money. Some Indians spent their money for drink and for foolish things. My husband and I saved our money. When we moved here, we built this house. We raised ponies. I have many ponies. We raised corn too. Captain Brouillette raises good corn. We women do not work like Indian women once did. The men are raising the corn. I like to look after the ponies. We are living happy and have plenty to eat.

Ewing- "But do none of your family know about you? Have they never heard about you?

White Rose- "That I do not know. I do not want them to know more while I live. When I am gone, then you can tell them but not before. It will not be long. I want you to promise me that you will keep my secret until I am gone. I have wanted to tell this so long. Now I feel better. Now I can depart in peace. The hour is getting late. Let us get some rest.

Scene II

At the Home of the White Rose on the Banks of the Mississinowa, Wabash County, Indiana. Some strangers are coming to visit her. Captain Brouillette and others of family are with her. The strangers are Isaac and Joseph Slocum (brothers of Frances).

Captain Brouillette- "Mother, these men are from the east. They have heard of you and have come to see whether you may not be their sister.

White Rose- "Captain, I fear these men as I have come to fear all white men. How can they be my brothers? I am now very old. Those who were younger than I would not know me. I would rather think that they are cruel white men who have been robbing the Indians and have been trying to get them all out of this country so they could have the land. I fear all white men.

Captain Brouillette- "But I will protect you, mother. I will see that they do not harm you. They say their names are Slocum and they have come to see if you are not their sister. White friends, you may speak to her. (Have the daughters and grand-daughters in this room.)

Isaac Slocum- "They tell me that you are not an Indian by blood but a white woman, stolen when a child from your home far away. We had a sister stolen by the Indians many many years ago. We have spent many years seeking for her and we have come here when we heard that you were a white woman living among the Indians. They say your name is Slocum. What is your name? Do you remember what your first name was? Was it Frances?

Frances Slocum- "Yes, Franca, Franca. Franca Slocum.

Isaac Slocum- "You have a cut finger. How did that happen?

Frances Slocum- "My brother and I were playing before I was taken by the Indians. He had a hatchet and struck my finger. He cut it off. So the Indians sometimes call me cut finger. And there is my oldest daughter. They call her Ke-ke-nok-ish-wa, daughter of cut finger.

Isaac Slocum- "Oh, my sister. You most certainly are the one we have been looking for many summers and winters. Did you ever hear that your relatives have been looking for you all these years?

Frances Slocum- "No, no one ever told me and I never heard of it. I never thought about my white relatives, unless it was awhile after I was taken. I could never forget my mother when I saw her for the last time. My father and mother must have gone long ago.

Isaac Slocum- "Your father was killed by the Indians soon after you were taken. Your mother lived many years. After the war was over she went many places to find you. We went with her and often we made long trips in the wilderness to find you. She never ceased to think that you were living and some day would be found. But she had gone long ago and we had lost hope of finding you until just recently.

Captain Brouillette- "How were you led to seek your sister out here? It has been such a long time that most folks would have thought their sister dead and ceased to search for her. How did you come so late?

Joseph Slocum- "I am the younger brother of our sister Frances. I am the one who hammered off the end of her finger when she was a child. I have with me two letters that we have received from Mr. George Ewing of Logansport. The one was written more than two years ago. The other one just recently. Perhaps if I read from these letters, you, Captain Brouillette, will know that we are relatives of your white mother. Here is the first one, written soon after Mr. Ewing says that he visited you at this place:

Logansport, Indiana, Jan. 20, 1835

"There is now living near this place an aged white woman, who a few days ago while I lodged in her tent at night, said that she was taken from her father's house on or near the Susquehanna River, when she was very young, say from five to eight years old, she thinks, by the Delaware Indians. She says her father's name was Slocum, that he was a Quaker, rather small in stature and wore a broad-brimmed hat. The Indians carried her off and she was adopted into a family of Delawares, who raised her and treated her as their own child. They died forty years ago somewhere in Ohio. She then married a Miami, by whom she had four children, two of them now living, both daughters--and she lives with them." You see, Mr. Ewing seems to be describing a visit to your place where he got these facts.

Captain Brouillette- "Yes, that letter describes his visit to our home more than two winters ago. But why did you wait so long before coming?

Joseph Slocum- "You see Mr. Ewing did not know where nor whom to write.

who will help me too. You need not fear.

Captain Brouillette- "White men are already coming in and have homes all around us. Some of them good white men. Here is John Long and his young wife. They good white folks. They work for mother and they call her by her Indian name, Maconaquah. You call her Frances, and she is also called "The White Rose of the Miamis". But Indians call her Maconaquah, or little bear woman. That is because she is so strong. When she was younger she was very strong, would ride wild ponies and do hard work like the squaws. Even now she feeds the ponies and they like to have her come among them. White man come to them, they kick.

George- "But why are other white men not good? What do they do to you? How are they unkind or dishonest?

Captain Brouillette- "You see, George, white man think only of white man. He fool Indian. He says things funny and Indian does not always understand. White man and Indian go hunt. They kill a turkey and a turkey buzzard. White man say to Indian, 'Now we will divide this game just as you like. I will take the turkey and you take the buzzard, or you take the buzzard and I take turkey.' But Indian say to white man, 'Why do you not say turkey to Indian?'

George- "That is an interesting way to say it, but I fear that is right. But tell me more of how white man acts so I will know what I will have to do.

Captain Brouillette- "We have ponies. We have many ponies. Some time pony get loose, get off our land. When he get into white man's land he never comes back. White man keep him or charge damage and keep him too. White man pony come into Indian land, white man come and take pony. Some white men steal pony. No use for Indian to try to get him back. If chief Godfrey were living, it would be different. Indian used to hunt all over this country. Now white man won't let him hunt. But if white man still find any deer, if deer come on Indian land, white man come right after him. You see white man never say 'Turkey' to Indian.

George- "I am ashamed of my white race for treating the Indian so meanly. I will do what I can to see that the Indian gets justice. But I should like to know whether you have land enough now that you cannot hunt as once you did.

Captain Brouillette- "If white man treat Indian right, we can live. Indian willing to stop hunting and farm for living. Indian can raise good corn. Indian raise better corn than white man for Indian told white man how to raise corn. Indian squaws raise good corn. But Indian now like white man do not ask squaw to raise corn. Indian raise corn. We do not use hoe as one time, but Indian use plow. I use plow. John Long use plow. We raise hogs too and chickens. Indian will have plenty and will be happy if white man leave him alone.

George- "But are there no good white men? Do you ever have good times together?

Captain Brouillette- "Oh, yes, there are some good white men. John Long good white man. There are some others. Sometimes they come on Sunday afternoon and play games with us. We ride ponies, we play ball, we run races. We have good times together till white man want what Indian has. But white man was not always so. White man once came from France. He like Indian. He trade with us but did not take our land. He let us hunt. He marry Indian squaw. My father was a white man. My mother Indian squaw. Godfrey's father a white man; his mother Indian squaw. White man and Indian then hunt together and divide turkeys fair. Then came white man wanting land. He want more land. He never satisfied. He did not think of Indian. Now he drive Indian off his land far west towards setting sun.

George- "But tell me about Godfrey. I have heard of him several times since I am here.

Captain Brouillette- "Every one knows Chief Godfrey. He very big man. He very rich man. He well known. He had trading post. He bought furs of Indians. He sell furs far east, even New York. He got lots of money. He buy goods in New York and sell them to Indians. He sell whiskey too and Indian get drunk.

George- "I am sorry to hear that he would sell the Indians whiskey. Was he your friend?

Captain Brouillette- "Indian sorry too that he ever drink whiskey. But

white man taught Indian how to drink whiskey. The great chief, Little Turtle, tried to keep Indians from drinking whiskey, but Indian like whiskey and will get it when he can. White man sell Indian whiskey. So Godfrey sell Indian whiskey too, but he don't sell Indian too much. He was a good man. He feed hungry Indians. He helped white man too. He was friend of Maconaquah. He would advise her what to do and he would help her do it. White man did not harm her while he lived. But he has gone some five or six summers ago. Did you ever hear what Geo. Hunt said at his funeral? Here is Waw-pop-e-tah. He is a good speaker. He will tell you what Geo. Hunt said:

Waw-pop-e-tah- "Brothers, the great spirit has again taken to himself another of our once happy but now rapidly declining nation. The time was when these forests were filled with red men. But the same hand whose blighting touch has withered the majestic frame that lies before us and caused the noble spirit that animated his body to see another abode, has in like manner dealt with your fathers and mine. Such occasions as this have become so common recently that we have scarcely noticed them. But when the brave and generous are blasted our tears flow freely. Our brother was brave and generous and as a tribute to his memory and a reward for his virtue, the tears not only of his own people but of many of the white men who have met to witness these ceremonies, flow freely. The poor will weep at this event for at his table were wont to feast and be happy. The weak will mourn for his power was ever directed for their protection. But he is gone from this earth of vexation and sorrow and is now enjoying with Pocahontas and with Logan the joys that the great spirit has prepared for them who do faithfully their duty. Brothers let us follow his example and emulate his virtues.

George- "That is indeed a wonderful address. I did not know that Indians could be such great orators. I have heard that they were but never heard an Indian oration before. And Wawpopetah, you are a good orator too. You will make a Christian preacher some day. You know nothing would please me more than to see some of you Indians become preachers. I preach, myself.

Wawpopetah- "Yes, we want to preach. We not always good Indian, but am now. We want to marry Ozahshinquah. We like her. We like her little girls. She has had four husbands. Bad Indians. Me better Indian. Me make her a good husband, like Captain Brouillette.

George- "I am much interested in what you say. I shall be glad if you become a preacher. But what says Ozahshinquah about Wawpopetah for a husband?

Ozahshinquah- "Me not marry again. Had enough husbands. Indian husbands bad husbands, except Captain Brouillette. Men mostly bad. Ozahshinquah had no luck with husbands, I fear them. I fear no husband be good to my four little girls. We will stay on this land if white men leave us alone.

George- "I am interested in knowing that Wawpopetah wants to be your husband and wants to be a preacher. A preacher should be a good husband. But we will hear more of this later. Now I am interested in whether any of you are Christians. Aunt Frances, all of your people back east are Christians. Now that you have heard of Christianity, would you not want to become a Christian before you leave us?

Frances- "I was too young to know much about the religion of my white people. My father was a Quaker. He wore a broad-rimmed hat. He was a friend of Indian. He would not fight. But my brother, Giles, he fought Indian and that is why they stole me. I never knew about my mother's religion. I learned the Indian religion. There is a great spirit for the Indian. He is a good Spirit that gives us all good things. There is a bad spirit too. He will hurt us if we do not keep him satisfied. The Good Spirit does us no harm. If we are good Indians the Good Spirit will take us to the Spirit World when we leave this world. There will be plenty to make us happy there. There will be plenty of hunting, so the Indian believes, squaws will not have to work so hard and white man will not run Indian off his land. I heard you talk about God and Heaven. Your religion must be somewhat like the Indian. I have lived with the Indians so long that I will keep the Indian religion. When I die they will bury me on the hill beside my husband and sons. They will raise a pole with a white flag and the great spirit will know where to find me.

George- "But do you not worship the Good Spirit? You say on Sundays you have games instead of worship. You have feasts too. What do they mean?

Kekenokishwa- "Mother is not well. It tires her to talk. I will explain. The Indian often prays to the great Spirit. He believes the great spirit gives him

all good things. So when the sugar water comes after the snows and we can have sugar and syrup, we have a dance which the Great Spirit enjoys. When we plant the corn, we have another service. And so when the first ears can be used, and when the corn and nuts are gathered in the fall. In all we have six special services which you call dances.

George- "Well, I never heard of worship by dancing.

Kekenokishwa- "Yes, the Indian dances different than white man. White man hug white squaw when he dances. Indian does not. He dances to please the Great Spirit. Indian squaw does too. Now to show you how I will have my sister, Ozahshinqua and some of our Indian men dance for you now. (Here the Indian dance is put on by Ozahshinqua and some of the Indian men present.)

George- "Well, I never heard of that way to worship. When Wawpopetah becomes a Christian preacher he will conduct services for you like the Christian. Although I do know that not all Christians worship alike. The chief thing to do is to believe sincerely and to be sincere. Did Aunt Frances ever dance like that in worship?

Kekenokishwa- "Oh, yes; Mother could dance well and she could dance all night when we worshipped all night. Mother is not well now. She does not think she will live long. She got a bad cold after our last worship when the sugar water came. She was happy again. She wanted to please the great Spirit. So she danced as when she was young and she danced all night. It was too much for her. She was worn out and she became sick. But she is happy. She wants to go to the spirit world where she can see her boys and her husband and many of her friends.

Captain Brouillette- "My wife has given you but one reason why Maconaquah is not well. She is sick at heart at what she has seen and heard. Year after year her Indian friends have been taken away by the white man. Some of her best friends have gone. You have heard how Chief Godfrey departed some six summers ago. Things have changed. And just now we hear that Chief Lafontaine has died. He seems to have been the last powerful chief of the Miamis. Hardly any use for the Indians to elect another chief. White man has all power.

George- "Yes, I have heard something of Chief Lafontaine. They were telling me about him when we came through Huntington on the canal boat. The canal boat went right by his beautiful home that he had built at the Forks of the Wabash. They told me how he had left his wife and eight small children to go with the Indians to their new home in Kansas. It is certainly too bad that he is now gone and that others will have to look after his wife and children.

Captain Brouillette- "That is a story too sad for even an Indian to tell. Time and again the white man made treaty with the Indian and promised him this land forever. But more white men came and wanted the Indian land. Then a new treaty would be made and Indian would get less land. Finally white man said all Indians could move to the setting sun beyond the great river. White man give Indian land out there and give him money. Only Meshingomesia and his family could stay and some other Indians. But the poor Indians did not know what it meant until time for them to go, to leave their homes and their forests and the graves of their fathers. Brave and strong as the Indian was he could not stand this. He cried. He ran and hid. Then came the soldiers with guns and bayonets and hunt Indian. Drive him to river and to canal boats. Indian had nothing to take except some earth from the grave of his fathers. Sometimes Indian did not find his squaw nor could squaw find her Indian. But all had to go on canal boats. They went far to the west. And now we hear that many of them have died and others are trying to find their way back home. Maconaquah and all the Indians here are very sad, and I do not think Maconaquah will live many days.

Maconaquah- "I want to go to the spirit world now. My friends have gone and I want to go too. I feel sorry for my friends who will stay. But I am glad, George, that you have come to help them. And I am glad that Corda is here. She looks like Aunt Frances. When I am gone and they see her, they will think of me. I am ready to depart for the Spirit World.

Kekenokishwa- "I am not feeling well. I do not know why. I love my mother much. And though I have a good husband, I want to go to the spirit world to be with my mother and to meet my daughter. My dear husband, I feel that I shall soon leave you after mother goes.

George- "I am glad that I came to see you and to live with you. You are my relatives as much as those back east. I have learned to love you as I loved them. I am glad that I brought my wife and little daughters with me. They can help me live with you and they can help you too. I am glad that Cordelia has given so much joy to Aunt Frances. When I hear how the white man has wronged the Indian, I feel that I should do much to help you all. I can't undo what has been done but I can help you from now on. They tell me that Wabash County has just been organized and that the white men in office are trying to treat all people right. I believe that they will treat the Indian right. I will see that the Indian gets justice. I want to settle here and become a citizen of Wabash County so I can help you. I want to tell you about the good things of the Christian religion. I hope to see the Indian quit his drinking and become Christian. I hope to see good Indians and tell not only the Indians but white men as well how to live. I look forward to the time when the white man and Indian will live together as neighbors, helping each other as brothers should do. I want to write to my relatives back east and tell them of the marvelous story of the relatives out here in Wabash County, Indiana. You live on one of the most beautiful rivers I have ever seen. You live in a good country. It will be a great country in the future. The time will come when this story of Aunt Frances will be told to the world and will be one of the most thrilling stories in literature.

A BRIEF
Centennial History
of
Wabash County
1835—1935

By
OTHO WINGER



The Indiana State Song

"ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH"

—Paul Dresser.

" 'Round my Indiana homestead wave the cornfields,
In the distance loom the woodlands clear and cool,
Often times my tho'ts revert to scenes of childhood,
Where I first received my lessons—nature's school.
But one thing there is missing in the picture,
Without her face it seems so incomplete,
I long to see my mother in the doorway,
As she stood there years ago, her boy to greet.

CHORUS

"Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay,
Through the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

"Many years have passed since I strolled by the river,
Arm in arm, with sweetheart Mary by my side,
It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,
It was there I begged of her to be my bride.
Long years have passed since I strolled thro' the churchyard.
She's sleeping there, my angel, Mary dear,
I loved her, but she thought I didn't mean it
Still I'd give my future were she only here."

A Brief Centennial History

of

Wabash County

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HANGING ROCK

On the Banks of the Wabash

Just as the poet, Paul Dresser, has made The Wabash the subject of the poem that has become our state song, so the Artist, Homer G. Davisson, has given the artistic touch to some of the many beautiful scenes along the Wabash and Mississinewa. This picture was photographed by Mr. Oliver Showalter from one of Mr. Davisson's excellent paintings. It is signi-

cant that an artist like Mr. Davisson who has painted pictures in Europe and in all parts of the United States, a member of the famous Brown County group of painters, an able teacher in a prominent art school, should choose Wabash County as the place for his work in the summer. The summer art gallery of Mr. and Mrs. Davisson in Somerset is well worth a visit to see his beautiful paintings.

The Wabash Country and Wabash County

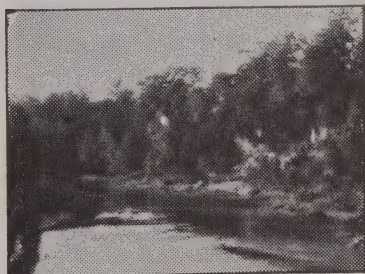
Indiana is very much a "Wabash Country". The Wabash River flows through the heart of the state. The earliest writings about our state spoke of it as the "Wabash Country". In 1765 George Croghan, an English captain, went through this country, following the Wabash River, which he spoke of as the "Ouabache". This seems to be the name by which it was known to the French. The French were the first white men to travel in the state. LaSalle frequently passed through the northwest section along the St. Joseph and Kankakee rivers. Many believe that as early as 1670 he traversed the entire length of the Wabash River from its mouth to the Maumee. He inspired other Frenchmen who came in large numbers as traders. They mingled freely with the Indians and traded with them. The Wabash River became a great highway of trade and travel for the French and Indians. George Croghan has given us a good description of life along the Wabash as he saw it. It was a great country.

When Indiana was being organized into counties, it is not strange that there should be a Wabash County. The name was suggested for a number of early counties organized. In 1820 the name "Wabash County" was given to a large part of central Indiana. This territory was later organized into a dozen or more counties without any one of them taking the name "Wabash". This name was reserved for our own county which was organized in 1835. Before this time the territory of the present Wabash County was all, or in parts, closely connected with Delaware, Grant, Huntington, and Miami counties. On January 22, 1835, the state legislature authorized the organization of Wabash County. Before making a study of this organization, we should know something of the geography and Indian history of the territory included in our county.

Rivers of Wabash County

Wabash County is well supplied with rivers. Few counties have as many as four rivers. The history of the county is closely connected with these streams. They were the first highways of travel. Many of the most interesting events have occurred along them.

The Wabash River flows through the center of the county. Not only the Indians but the French and English traders also used it for a highway. Naturally the first settlements in the county should have been made along its banks. "On the Banks of the Wabash", the state song written by Paul Dresser, should be familiar to every citizen of the state. The most scenic spot on the Wabash in this county is Hanging Rock. It is a gigantic rock rising high above the water on the south side of the river just above where the Salamonie joins the Wabash. It projects out over the water so as to form a large shelter for parties below. From the top of the rock the river is visible far to the east and west. Tradition says that the Indians would build fires on the top as a part of their system of signals.



Along the Wabash River

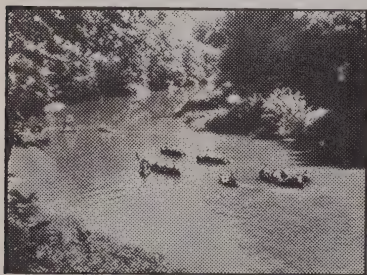
The Salamonie River flows through Wabash County a short distance before joining the Wabash at LaGro. It drains a large area to the southeast and delivers much water to the Wabash. There is



Entrance to old Covered Bridge
Over Salamonie

much beautiful scenery along this river from LaGro to Dora and New Holland. Some of the earliest settlements in this part of Indiana were made along the Salamonie. Some of the first mills in the county were built here. The old covered bridge at Dora is the only one of its kind along the river.

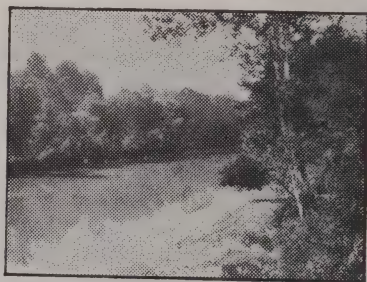
Eel River flows through the northern part of the county. The Miami Indian name for this river was the Ke-na-po-co-mo-co, meaning snake-fish, from which the white men called it Eel River. It flows through a level country and does not have much scenic beauty.



Scene on Eel River

In an early day it was a highway for hunters and fur traders. The country through which it passed abounded in game of all kinds and many fur-bearing animals. One can hardly realize today that deer, bear, beaver, wolves, and wild-cats were once so plentiful. The river has an unusual distinction of having four covered bridges in Wabash County.

The Mississinewa flows through the southern part of the county. It is not only the most beautiful, but the most historical river in the county, if not in the state. Its bluffs and cliffs and winding course among many hills form many beautiful scenes. Along the Mississinewa much Indian and pioneer history has taken place.



Scene Along the Mississinewa



The house shown in this picture, the present home of Chester Troyer, stands on the bank of Jocinah Creek close to the Mississinewa. It was built fifty years ago by Marshall Kilsosa, grandson of Metocinyah who was chief of the Indian village at this place 100 years ago.

Indian History of Wabash County

Wabash County was the center of much Indian history generations before the white man came. From time immemorial the Miami nation of Indians claimed it as a part of their great domain. Here they continued to live long after they had lost all other lands. Many of the Indians who gave so much trouble to the early white settlers in Kentucky and southern Indiana came from this part of the country. When the white man came farther north he had one of his most serious conflicts with the Indians in the territory of this county.

The Battle of the Mississinewa

The second largest battle that occurred in this state between the whites and the Indians was near the southern line of Wabash County on the Mississinewa. The largest Indian settlement within the territory of this county was Jocinah Village at the mouth of Jocinah Creek. This creek was named after the Miami Indian chief, Metocinyah. He was friendly to the whites, but when Tecumseh was stirring up the Indians to join the British against the Americans, Metocinyah could not keep his warriors quiet. When Gen. Harrison went to relieve Fort Wayne and move on to Detroit, he did not feel safe to permit these unfriendly Indians to threaten his rear. So he sent Col. John Campbell with six hundred men to destroy the Indian villages on the Mississinewa.

Col. Campbell marched from Greenville, Ohio, and arrived at the Jocinah Village on the morning of December 17, 1812. After a brief engagement with the Indians he destroyed this village and a few other small villages down the river. That night he encamped with his soldiers and Indian captives along the Mississinewa two miles above the Jocinah Village. Early the next morning he was attacked by a large force of Indians. After an hour of fierce fighting, the Indians retreated, leaving many dead on the field. Col. Campbell suffered such loss that he immediately returned

to Greenville. Neither side seemed to gain much from this battle, but it did prevent the Mississinewa Indians from attacking General Harrison on his way to Detroit.

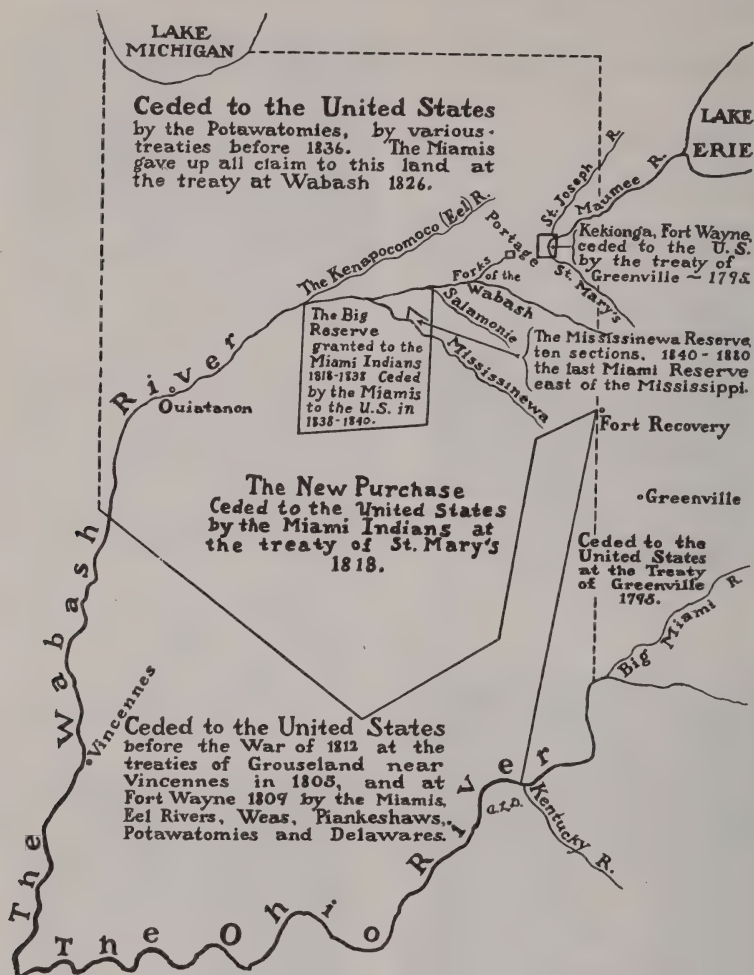
The Potawatomies

Most of the Indians in Wabash County were the Miamis who once claimed all of the state as their territory. But the Miamis had lost much of the state to various other Indian tribes who had been driven here by the pressure of the white man. From the north and west came the Potawatomies. They occupied all of north-western Indiana and threatened to wipe out the whole Miami race. However, they never got farther south than the Ke-na-po-co-mo-co, Eel River. Along this river there were many Indian conflicts between the Potawatomies who lived along the north side and the Miamis on the south side.

Two Potawatomie chiefs of importance lived in Wabash County. One mile up the river from North Manchester, on what is the old Cook farm and the Manchester College athletic field, was a Potawatomie chief named Pierish. He had an important part in the treaty of Paradise Springs at Wabash in 1826. The old chief and many of his people are buried on the site of the old village. Here Richard Helvy, the first settler of Chester Township, built his cabin in 1834.

Down the Ke-na-po-co-mo-co near the west part of the county lived a Potawatomie chief named Niconza, or Squirrel. Niconza is the Potawatomie name for squirrel. Squirrel Creek was named after him. Niconza postoffice of former days was also named after him. His village was near the Stockdale mill. Later Captain Squirrel moved to the neighborhood of Bunker Hill. He had married a Miami squaw and thus secured a tract of land in the Big Reserve of the Miamis.

After the treaty on the Tippecanoe north of Rochester in 1834 the Potawatomies gave up all claims to all their lands in Indiana.



Cessions of Land by the Indians to the United States

The Big Reserve for the Indians

Miami Reserve

After the war of 1812 the Miami Indians were completely crushed and had to accept whatever the white man was willing to give them. At the treaty of St. Mary's in 1818 the Miamis ceded all of their Indian lands south of the Wabash to the United States except

the Big Miami Reserve, as it was then called. This was a territory of nine hundred square miles lying south of the Wabash River from the mouth of the Salamonie to the mouth of Eel River. From the mouth of the Salamonie at LaGro the east line of the Big Reserve ran south for thirty miles through Wabash and Grant counties into

Madison County. From the mouth of Eel River at Logansport the west line of the Big Reserve ran thirty miles south through Cass, Howard and Carroll counties into Clinton County. Most of the south half of Wabash County lay in the Big Reserve and was not open for settlement at first. This Big Reserve granted to the Miamis in 1818 "forever" was soon decreased by grants for the Wabash Canal on the north and for the Michigan Road on the west. Special treaties in 1838 and 1840 took away from the Miamis nearly all of the Big Reserve, except the Meshingomesia Reserve and some special grants to individual Indians.

The Meshingomesia Reserve lasted from 1840 to 1880 when it was divided among the Indians at their request. It consisted of ten sections of land in the southern part of Wabash County and the northern part of Grant County. It was granted to Meshingomesia and to other members of the family of Chief Metocinyah. After the land was divided the Indians soon lost ownership of their farms and most of them moved to near-by cities. John Newman and his son, Walter, are the only Indians living on what was the Big Miami Reserve.

Miami Chiefs in Wabash County

The great chief, Metocinyah, has already been mentioned in connection with the battle of the Mississinewa and Jocinah Village. After peace was declared, Metocinyah continued to live at his old village until his death in 1839. He took part in a number of United States treaties and must have been in great favor with the American government for he alone of all the great chiefs received a reservation for his family. He had the largest family of all the great chiefs. His son, Meshingomesia, succeeded him as chief and lived on the reservation in Grant County until his death in 1879. He did, however, at times own considerable land in Wabash County. The section of land for White's Institute was secured from Meshingomesia.

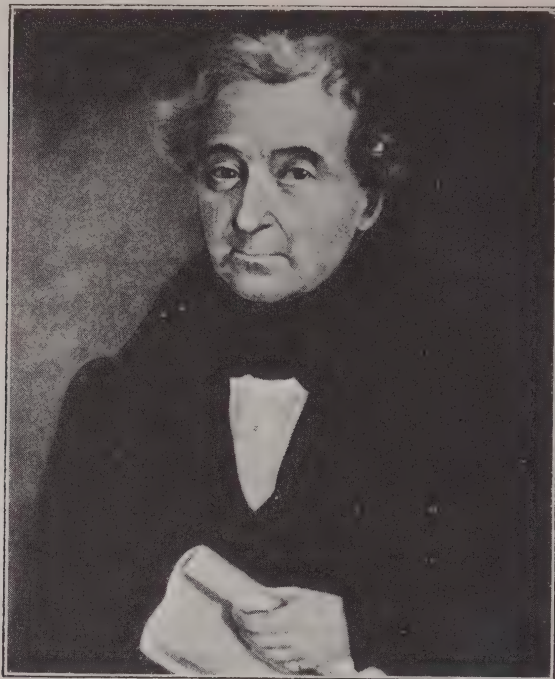
The Miami chief, John B. Richardville, received at various treaties many sections of land in Wabash County. He was the largest landowner among the Indians and was considered the richest Indian in the United States. He had sections of land at LaGro and just south of Wabash. By the treaty of 1840 he was to receive seven sections of land wherever he might choose in the Big Reserve. He died in 1841 before this land was given him, but his daughters received several sections south of the Mississinewa from Jalapa to Somerset.

LaGrosse was a noted chief who once lived at Kekionga, Fort Wayne. Later he located at the mouth of the Salamonie where the treaty of Paradise Springs at Wabash in 1826 gave him a number of sections. The government built him a good brick house, the first brick house in the county. When the old chief died in 1831 his house and lands passed into the hands of early settlers.



Brick House built by Government in 1828 for Indian Chief LaGros. It was the first home in LaGro.

Charley and his son, Little Charley, once owned the land on which the west part of Wabash is built. Charley Creek and Charley Addition, familiar names in Wabash, were both named after them. Charley took a prominent part in the second treaty of Greenville in 1814. Little Charley later received large grants of land on the Ke-na-po-co-mo-co near Adamsboro.

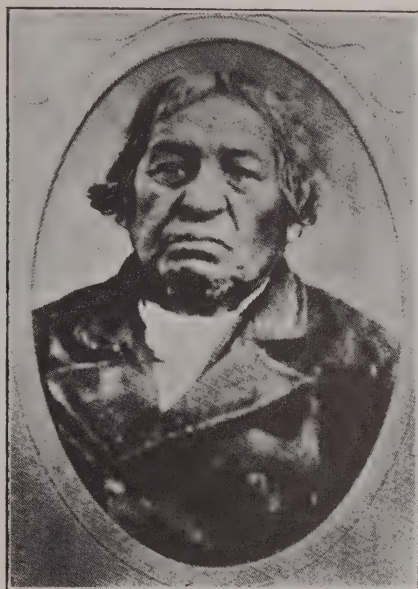


Chief John B. Richardville

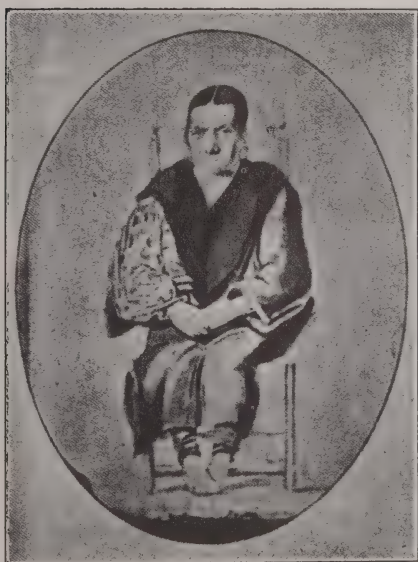
Allolah, Black Raccoon, lived near Treaty Creek, just south of Wabash. He was a large Indian of excellent character and was very friendly to the white settlers. He was known as the first sheriff of Wabash County. To him the early settlers sometimes looked for help before the county had a regular sheriff. The story is told of how he took an Irishman, accused of stealing money from a traveler, to Huntington for trial. The trip was made on foot through the forest. Not finding any officers there, Black Raccoon marched his prisoner, at the point of his rifle, through the woods to Marion where the Irishman was sentenced to prison.



Elijah Marks (left) of Marion and Chas. Marks (right) of Noble Township, both descendants of Chief Metocinyah, are the only living Indians who received farms in the division of the Meshingomesi reserve in 1873.



Me-shin-go-me-sia
The Last Tribal Chief of the Miamis



Frances Slocum
The White Rose of the Miamis

The Story of Frances Slocum

Wabash County is the scene of one of the most thrilling pioneer Indian stories in American history. Only a brief sketch can be given here of Frances Slocum, the famous white child who was stolen by the Indians from her home in the Wyoming Valley, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Nov. 2, 1778. Though her family became wealthy and spent thousands of dollars in searching for her, they did not hear from her for nearly sixty years. Then they found her living as an Indian princess in the western part of Wabash County near the Miami County line.

She was stolen by the Delaware Indians and was adopted into their tribe. Later she married a Miami chief and spent most of her life with the Miamis. She had a remarkable experience with the Indians while they were engaged in the early wars and conflicts with the white men. She had lived in many places in Pennsylvania, Canada, Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. For many years she had lived at Kekionga, the Miami capital where now Fort Wayne stands. She had spent much time at the Turtle Village on Eel River. After she married the Miami chief, She-po-co-nah, they lived for some years at the Osage village near the mouth of the Mississinewa. They then located a few miles up the river where there was a bountiful spring. Here they built up a good home and became prosperous as Indians. Because her husband had become deaf, their home came to be known as the Deaf Man's Village.

Here she was discovered late in the year 1835 by Geo. W. Ewing, a merchant of Logansport. While he lodged in her home one night she told him who she was and something of her life story. She had had four children. Her husband and two sons were dead and were buried near her home. Her two daughters were living with her. The eldest daughter, Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa, was the wife of an In-

dian chief, J. B. Brouillette. They had no children. Brouillette was her trusted helper and directed much of her business affairs. The youngest daughter, O-zah-shin-quah, had been married twice but was now a widow. She and her three children were in the home. There was much evidence of thrift and prosperity about the Deaf Man's Village.

Though Frances Slocum had begged Mr. Ewing not to reveal who she was until after her death, he felt he should notify her relatives back east. Inasmuch as she could tell him so little about her family from whom she had been separated nearly sixty years, he had great difficulty in getting the news to them. After two years the Slocums in Pennsylvania read his letter about their long lost sister. Two of her brothers and one sister visited her on the banks of the Mississinewa. They found her an Indian in appearance, thought, language and customs, thoroughly changed by her long life with the Indians. Though she received her relatives kindly she refused to return with them even for a visit. She lived ten years longer and was visited many times by various relatives from the east. She died in 1847 and was buried in what is now the Frances Slocum Cemetery one mile up the river from Peoria. Her grave is visited each year by thousands of people who come long distances to see this spot, the old home and burial place of this famous woman. Through her youngest daughter she has many descendants today.

The family of Frances Slocum became closely associated with those of prominent Miami Indians. Three of her granddaughters married grandsons of Meshingomesia. Another granddaughter became the wife of Chief Gabriel Godfroy. The pictures on the following pages show some of her family.



Daughters of Frances Slocum

Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa, wife of John B. Brouillette

O-zah-shin-quah, wife of Peter Bundy



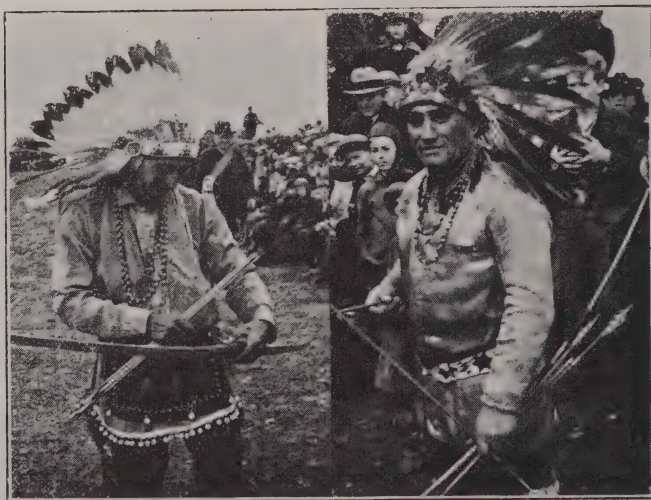
Son-in-law of Frances Slocum

J. B. Brouillette and Peter Bundy. Each became a Baptist preacher.

These pictures were taken later in life.



Camillus Bundy at the grave of his grandmother, Frances Slocum.
Mr. Bundy died January 25, 1935.



Ross Bundy and Clarence Godfroy
Great-great grandsons of Frances Slocum. Ross Bundy is a grandson
of J. B. Brouillette. Clarence Godfroy is a grandson of
Gabriel Godfroy.

The Treaty of Paradise Springs

Following the War of 1812 the United States made a number of treaties with the Miami and other Indians. These treaties have never received much attention by the general historian, and yet through them the United States received millions of acres of land. One of the most important of these treaties was held at what is now the city of Wabash, just west of the Big Four Station. It is generally referred to as the Treaty of Paradise Springs, because of the fine spring of water there at that time. It was a favorite meeting-place of the Indians who called it Tah-king-gah-me-on-gi, meaning running water. The name has been abbreviated to Kin-com-a-ong as it appears on the treaty monument to-day.

Much preparation was made for this event during the summer and fall of 1826. A road was cut through the wilderness from Marion over which goods might be transported for the needs of the white men who were engaged in making the treaty. The United States commissioners were James B. Ray, governor of Indiana, Lewis Cass, governor of Michigan Territory, and John Tipton, United States agent. The Miamis and Potawatomie Indians were there in large numbers. Captain Frederick Kintner commanded a body of soldiers who kept order. A log house was built for each of the commissioners and other houses for the troops and supplies. For many weeks Paradise Springs was a place of many people.

The Potawatomies were loud in their demands for land and threatened to wipe out the Miamis but finally agreed to accept certain gifts and retire north of Eel River. Many individual land cessions and much money and goods were granted them. The Miamis received many individual grants of land. They received many other concessions of gifts and money. They gave up all claims to Indian lands except the individual grants and the Big Reserve. The most important chiefs of that day were present and signed the treaty on October 23, 1826.



Site of Treaty between United States and Miami Indians

The Indian Mill

One important provision of the treaty of Paradise Springs was that the United States would supply the Indian chiefs with means of agriculture to take the place of hunting. A number of the chiefs received wagons and oxen, cattle and hogs, iron and steel, and some of them had houses built at the expense of the government. The Indians realized that they would have to give up the chase and depend more upon agriculture. The government was willing to help them.

At the treaty of St. Mary's in 1818 the United States government agreed to build a mill for the Indians at such a place as their chiefs might request. They chose a place on what is now known as Mill Creek, about four miles south-west of Wabash. The mill was built about 1820 and continued in operation for ten years or more. Lewis Davis was the first miller, 1820-1826. He was the first white man to live in Wabash County. He was followed by Gillas McBean, 1826-1828, and Jonathan Keller, 1828-1830. Robert Wilson was a blacksmith at the same mill. This mill may be considered the first business enterprise ever conducted by white men in Wabash County. It was rudely constructed of logs and was used mainly for cracking and grinding corn. In the early thirties it ceased operation because better mills were being constructed by the

white settlers. Follow the Mill Creek pike from South Wabash out to the bridge on Mill Creek. Just to the south stood this old mill, some timbers of which may still be found imbedded in the earth. You may stand there in that pretty little valley and contemplate the early service of this mill and the millers for the Indians. It was a place of much activity, but no doubt a lonely place for the millers and their families with no one but Indians for their neighbors. This picture was made possible by J. Fred Bippus who secured the services of an artist to draw the picture from a description of Dr. Perry Moore who had heard old settlers describe it.



Old Mill built in 1820.

The Passing of the Red Man

With the coming of the early settlers the Indians rapidly passed from the picture. The ravages of disease and intemperance caused by their contact with the white man greatly reduced their numbers. Treaty after treaty decreased their domains until only a small portion remained. By the treaty at the Tippecanoe in 1834 the Potawatomes gave up all claims to lands in Indiana. This included the northern part of Wabash County, north of Eel River. By the treaties at the Forks of the Wabash in 1838 and 1840 the Miamis gave up all of their lands in Indiana except the Meshingomesia Reserve and some individual grants.

By those treaties all Indians who did not receive special grants were to move west of the Mississippi. Many of these Indians did not have any part in making the treaties and did not realize what they meant. When the time came for them to move west many of them refused. The story of the expulsion of the Potawatomes in 1838 from their homes in northern Indiana to the west is most pathetic. It reads much like the story of the expulsion of the Acadians from their homes in Nova Scotia. The exile of the Miamis from their homes along the Wabash and the Mississinewa in 1845 was much the same. Soldiers came to force them on the canal boats or on the march overland. Many were hunted down like wild beasts. Many came bringing with them a handful of earth taken from the grave of some ancestor. The stoical Indian had been crushed and his spirit was broken. He had lost in the game of war with the white man and had to move on westward towards the setting sun.



John Newman at his Cabin

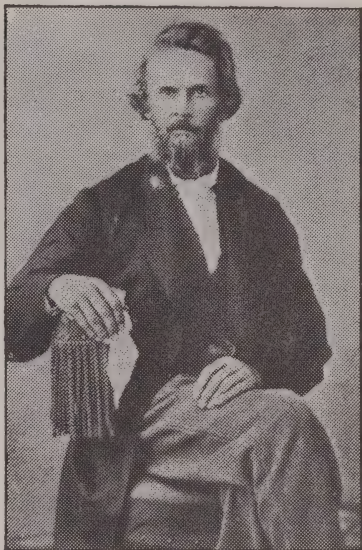
The Waucoon Church and Cemetery

The Coming of the White Settlers

The First of the White Settlers

With the exception of the men who worked at the Indian Mill there were no white settlers in Wabash County until after the treaty of Paradise Springs in 1826. Since this treaty opened up the northern part of the county to settlement, pioneers soon entered the land. In 1827 Samuel McClure came from Ohio and built a pioneer hut on the north side of the Wabash River not far west of the treaty grounds. He and his son, Samuel McClure, Jr., cleared fifteen acres of ground before they discovered that they were trespassing on land that had been given to the Indian chief, Little Charley. They went down the river about three miles and on the north side of the Wabash on a high bluff they erected the first permanent home in the county, June 10, 1827. At this place in August of the same year, Samuel McClure, Jr., opened the first store in the county. His trade was with the Indians. Farther down the river at the mouth of what is now Kintner Creek, in the fall of the same year, Frederick and James Kintner opened a harness and saddle shop for Indian trade.

In the spring of 1827 Col. David Burr came to the treaty grounds and occupied one of the houses that had been erected for treaty purposes. He soon opened a kind of hotel or stopping place for travelers. He became the first postmaster in the county. Mail was carried to this place from Marion by Jonathan Keller. At Burr's home on the treaty grounds the commissioners met to organize the county in 1835. Many early events centered about his home. Another man closely associated with Col. Burr in the early settlement of the county was Col. Hugh Hanna, who came in 1832 and opened a store in 1834. In this year three brick houses were erected in what is now the city of Wabash by Col. Hugh Hanna, Attorney Wm. Steele, and Dr. Isaac Finley. Alpheus Blackman operated the kiln that made the bricks. Other settlers were coming in rapidly, so Wabash County was soon ready for organization and the Wabash settlement was ready to be laid out as a town.



Samuel McClure, First White Settler



Mrs. Jonathan Keller
One of the First Women in the
County

The Organization of Wabash County

Wabash County was created by an act of the Indiana State Legislature January 22, 1835. The act was to be in effect after March 1. Five commissioners from older counties were appointed to locate the county seat and perform other acts necessary to get the work of the county started. Wabash town and LaGro were rivals for the county seat. David Burr and Hugh Hanna were successful in securing it for Wabash. They offered to give the new county a plot of ground for the court-house and to erect a three thousand dollar court-house within three years. They offered three hundred dollars for a county library and land for a cemetery and seminary purposes. Twelve other citizens made liberal contributions.

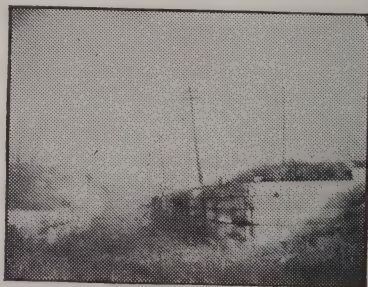
At the first county election Stearns Fisher, Alpheus Blackman, and Levi Bean were elected commissioners for the county, William Steele clerk and recorder, Josiah Wynes, sheriff, Daniel Ballenger and Daniel Jackson, associate judges. The county commissioners met on June 15 to complete the organization. They appointed Hugh Hanna, treasurer, Isaac Thomas, county agent and Isaac Fowler, assessor. The commissioners divided the county into two townships, Noble and LaGro, each eight miles wide and twenty-seven miles long. Noble Township was named after the United States senator from Indiana. LaGro township was named after the Miami Indian chief, La-Grosse. On January 1, 1836, the treasurer reported that during the year 1835 he had collected in taxes \$373.62 and had spent \$366.08.

The Wabash Canal

The early settlement of the county was greatly hindered by lack of means of travel and communications. There were no railroads anything like the modern railroad. Even gravel roads were unknown.

The only means of securing provisions or of marketing grain was by horse or wagon over very poor roads through the wilderness. The rivers were also used as much as possible. About this time, however, the era of canal building began. One of the big national events of the day was the completion of the New York and Erie canal in 1825. The popularity of this canal caused others to be built. In 1827 the United States Government made an offer to Indiana of much public land for the building of a canal connecting the Maumee and Wabash rivers and finally to be extended down the Wabash river to the Ohio. Indiana accepted the offer in 1828.

The Wabash-Erie canal was formally begun Feb. 22, 1832. The pioneers thought it a good way to celebrate the centennial birthday of the father of this country. In three years the canal was completed to Huntington. The citizens of Fort Wayne and Huntington had a great celebration on July 4, 1835, when the first boat entered Huntington from Fort Wayne by the canal. Two years later, July 4, 1837, a similar celebration was held at Wabash when the first boat entered the new town. It had been arranged that Captain Dana Columbia of the canal boat, Indiana, with a group of Huntington citizens, should be the first to enter Wabash by the canal route, but William Dale, with a little boat, the Prairie Hen, pushed in ahead by a few yards. The canal was completed to Peru in a short time. This had a wonderful effect upon the country. Settlers came in great numbers for people now had the means of trav-



Old Wabash and Erie Canal Locks

el, of securing provisions and of marketing grain and produce. The canal continued in use for more than thirty years but was finally abandoned in 1872 after railroads came into use.

The Irish War in Wabash County

Much of the early history of America has been more or less a reflex of European history. Wabash County has one good illustration of this fact.

In building the Wabash canal many Irishmen were brought in. Many of these had come from Ireland and had spent some time at work in eastern states before coming out to pioneer Indiana. These Irishmen brought from Ireland and from their associations in the east certain differences and hatreds which came to a climax here in this county. The Irish here were divided into the same parties that took part in the battle of Boyne, July 11, 1690, when the protestant followers of William II defeated the Catholic followers of James II. Other than religious differences also entered in. The Irish here were divided into what were called the Corkonians and Far Downs. The former worked above Wabash near LaGro; the latter worked below Wabash near Rich Valley.

Individual fighting among these pioneer Irishmen was common and little was thought of it. But this affair became general and whole parties committed depredations against the others. Finally it was decided that one or the other party must leave. Preparations were made for a pitched battle on the anniversary of the Battle of Boyne. Spades, shovels, pitch forks and even guns and pistols were secured by each side. Col. Burr became alarmed and sent for the militia at Fort Wayne and Logansport. Chief Godfrey of the Miami Indians offered his services to stop this Irish war. With all of this opposition confronting them the Irish dispersed, their leaders were arrested, and the whole affair was soon over.

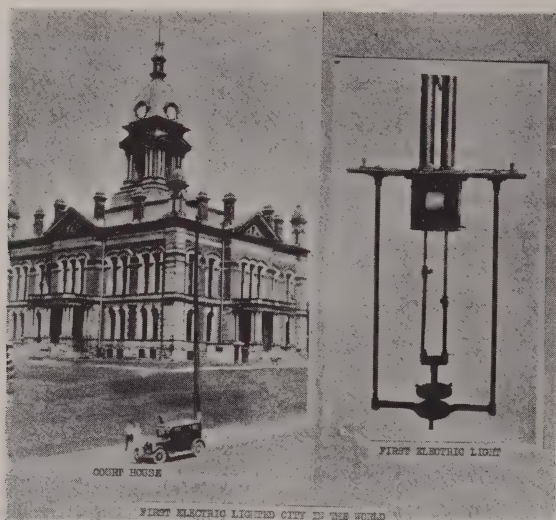
It occurred in July and August 1835.

The City of Wabash

Much of the early history of Wabash County centered about the City of Wabash. Ever since its beginning, Wabash has been known as a substantial town and city. The canal made of it a great trading point. The later railroads and electric lines increased its importance. It has been noted for its good schools and churches, prosperous merchants and successful business enterprises and for its upright citizenship. A group of enterprising, public-minded citizens have been responsible for many of the things for which the city has been noted. Built as it was along the Wabash River and on the rocky bluffs in the background, with Charley Creek running through the city, Wabash has a beautiful location. It is often referred to as the Rock City.

Many interesting things might be told about the city of Wabash, but the size of this booklet will permit the mention of only a few. Col. Burr and Col. Hanna made good their promise to build a courthouse for the county. A neat, brick structure was ready for use by 1839. This was used until April 14, 1870 when it was burned. The old Presbyterian church that stood across the street was then used for court purposes until the present courthouse was erected in 1879-1880. Wabash was incorporated as a town in 1849 when it had about 1500 inhabitants. In 1866 it was incorporated as a city with a population of 2866. Ira Burr taught the first private school in 1836-37. Miss Mary Ross was the first teacher in the first public school in 1840, in a little frame building near the present Wabash railroad depot. The first newspaper was the Upper Wabash Argus begun in 1846. It was followed soon by the Wabash Weekly Gazette and by the Plain Dealer in 1859.

While many things should be recorded that would be of interest to local people, there is one event that is of national and world-wide inter-

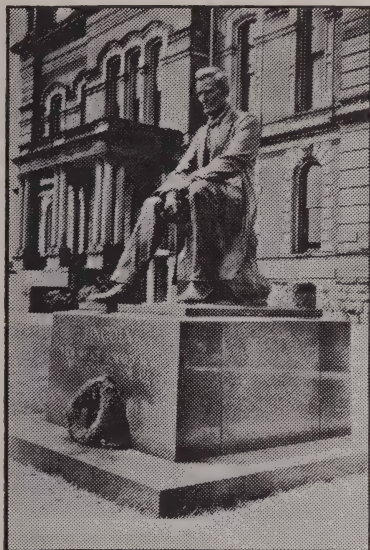


est. To the City of Wabash is given the honor and distinction of being the first city in the world to adopt the electric light as a city lighting system. During the winter of 1879-1880 the city council was considering some method of lighting the entire city. The Brush Electric Light Company of Cleveland, Ohio, was looking for some city to try out their new patent, the Brush Electric Light. The city council agreed to let them try it at Wabash. March 31, 1880, was the time set for the test.

This was a great night in Wabash. Editors of papers and business men from many cities were present to see what the new pretended light would do. The night was dark and gloomy, just right to make the test. Thousands of people were waiting in the streets. When the light flashed from the tower of the courthouse, making the immediate community almost as light as day, and providing more or less light for the entire city and for miles around, the people stood in silence and wonder. Then a great cheer went up for the new venture. The next day Wabash was on the front pages of the lead-

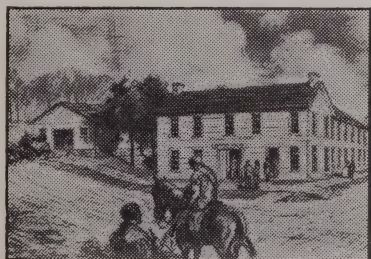
ing newspapers of the United States and even in Europe. The city council arranged to make the light permanent. Many other cities took notice. Even cities like New York and Boston heard of this little city out in Indiana that had adopted this new method of lighting an entire city by overhead electric lights. When you consider the world-wide use of electricity for lighting cities and towns, it seems no less than marvelous that our own city of Wabash should have the honor of being the first to have it.

The visitor to Wabash will want to see one of the original electric lights on exhibition on the main floor of the courthouse. In the north-east corner of the courthouse grounds is the New Memorial of Lincoln, erected by Alexander New in honor of his parents. You will want to see the Kin-com-a-ong Monument marking the site of the treaty grounds. You will want to see the city park and Charley Creek. In this park is the Lincoln cabin in front of which are the marks of the old stage coach route from Vincennes to Fort Wayne. Near by along the creek, Indian Charley had his cabin.



Alexander New, financier and philanthropist whose home was in New York City, was donor of the Lincoln Memorial, now located on the courthouse lawn and conceded to be one of the finest in the country. Mr. New was born in Wabash and spent his earlier years here. The memorial was presented in honor of his parents, Isaac and Henrietta New. It was dedicated in 1932 with appropriate ceremonies. The sculptor was Charles Keck of New York.

Mr. New's death occurred before the Memorial was finished.



Center House, Earliest Hotel
in Wabash

Noble Township

The history of Noble Township is very closely connected with that of the county and the city of Wabash. The first settlements in the county were in the territory now known as Noble Township. The old Indian Mill and the Treaty Grounds were within this territory. Around these two places the earliest events occurred. Names of the leading men have already been given. Noble Township at first included all of the west half of Wabash County. It lost Pleasant Township in 1836 and Waltz Townshiu in 1842. In 1872 it lost a strip on the north side to help form Paw Paw Township. Even now it is a good sized township with a high school on each side of the Wabash River.

Outside of the city of Wabash there has been but one town platted in the township. That is Rich Valley. This town was first known as Keller's Station. In 1828 Jonathan Keller moved his family near here from southern Indiana to take charge of the Indian Mill. They had few neighbors except the Indians. Many white men, even the pioneers, were afraid to stay. Mrs. Keller was as brave as her husband. They reared a large family which has had much to do with the history of the county. The Kellers were the first residents at what is now Rich Valley. Jonathan Keller was the first mail-carrier in the county. He died in 1848. His son, Isaac, was a lifelong and honored resident of this community. Another son, Ephraim, had a similar record at LaGro.

Rich Valley has had some interesting events. Being close to the Indian land, it had experiences with the red men long after most settlers had almost forgotten the Indian. Near here lived John Hubbard who was accused and convicted of murdering a number of persons. He was the only man ever hanged in Wabash County. Here lived Dr. Perry Moore, one of the most successful and honored physicians of the county. Rich Valley was once a good trading post, but like many pioneer towns, it has lost much of its former importance.

White's Institute

White's Manual Labor Institute, located in Noble Township, five miles southeast of Wabash, was founded in 1852 with money left by Josiah White, a Quaker of Philadelphia. Since then other members of the White family and other Friends have continued and increased the support. During the eighties many Indian children were brought from the west for education, the government bearing the expense. In later years it has become a school for both boys and girls. Recent additions have increased the size and activities of the institution. It has many buildings and more than a section of good land.

LaGro and LaGro Township

LaGro and LaGro Township were both named after the Miami Indian Chief, LaGrosse. For him the United States built a brick house on ground where LaGro now stands. The old chief died in 1831. Soon after this, white settlers began to move in. Daniel Sayer came in 1832. Lewis Rogers leased three sections of land that John Tipton had received by the will of LaGrosse. Robert McClure came in the same year and cultivated the land where once the Indian squaws raised corn for their chief. Joel, Champion and Richard Helvey came about the same time. Richard soon moved to the north part of the county and the other two brothers moved to Huntington.

The first presidential election in which Wabash County took part was in the old brick house of LaGrosse, in 1832, when 14 votes were cast for Andrew Jackson and 12 votes were cast for Henry Clay.

LaGro was the center of many early activities. Here was the mouth of the Salamonie and from here south extended the dividing line between the Big Indian Reserve and the lands that were opening for settlement. Lewis Rogers operated a ferry across the Wabash and conducted a pioneer hotel. He made a great deal of money, for many pioneers were crossing the Wabash River on their way to the lands in the north. When the Wabash Canal was built, LaGro became one of the biggest grain markets along the Wabash. Grain was hauled here from as far south as Anderson and from as far north as Elkhart. At times a hundred teams were waiting to unload. John Comstock and a Mr. English owned a large warehouse. Ephraim Keller conducted the Keller house for thirty-seven years. The Western House hotel was one of the best known hotels in northern Indiana. After years of prosperity, because of its important location on the canal, LaGro began to decline when the Wabash railroad put the canal out of business. LaGro is a town of good homes, churches, and a good school. The LaGro Press keeps its people informed about local events.

LaGro township has been well supplied with small towns. South of LaGro along the Salamonie are the towns of Dora and New Holland. Farther south is Lincolnville. In the east part of the township was the old town of Belden. Near by on the north side of the river the town of Utica was platted but never was materialized. In the northwest part of the township are Speicherville and a part of Urbana.



Log Cabin in The Narrows, south of LaGro

Hopewell

Hopewell, three miles northeast of LaGro, is one of the historical spots in Wabash County. Here was born one of the world's most popular authors and this neighborhood has been given world-wide reputation by its vivid description in one of the most popular of modern novels. Here on August 17, 1868, was born Geneva Stratton, who later became the world famous author, Gene Stratton Porter. Her famous novel, *Laddie*, is a true story of her childhood days in this community and a true description of the Hopewell church and school house. Her old home was just north of the church. The old house and barn have both been burned but the old catalpa tree in which she played, is still there. And there is the creek along which she played and fished and where she first gained her love of nature by observing the birds and flowers.

Geneva Stratton was the twelfth child of Mark and Mary Stratton. In this community she lived until she was eleven years of age, when she moved to Wabash. Here she



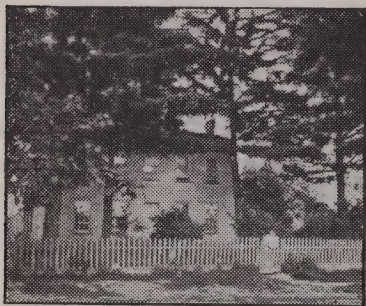
Gene Stratton Porter

graduated from high school and lived until her marriage to Charles Darwin Porter in 1886. Then she moved to Decatur and later to the little town of Geneva, Indiana, where she became known to the world as Gene Stratton Porter. Her popularity was marvelous for when she died in December, 1924, twenty-



The Catalpa Tree in which Little Sister Played. The Road Leading to the Stratton Home
Hopewell Church and School

ty-five million readers mourned her untimely death in California by auto accident. Four of her books, *Freckles*, *The Girl of the Limberlost*, *The Harvester*, and *Laddie*, have been among the most popular books of all time. 1,500,000 copies of *Laddie* were sold and many times that many people have read the book which so vividly describes this portion of Wabash County. *Laddie*, or *Leander*, lies buried in the Hopewell cemetery near by the church. Thousands of people have come from afar to see his grave, the church in which he recited his verses, the site of the old Stratton home and the old catalpa tree in which Little Sister played.

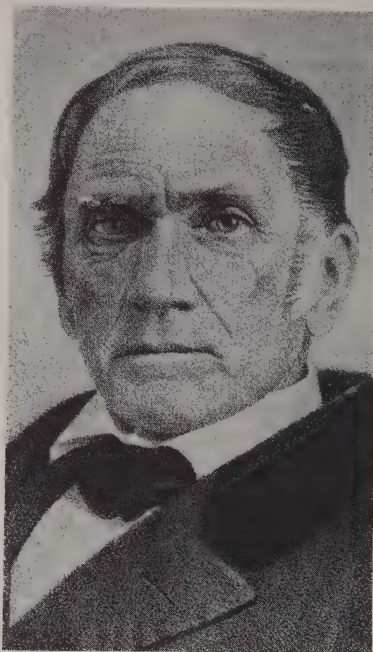


Old Stratton Home Near Hopewell where Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter was born. The house burned and another is there now.

Chester Township

A man by the name of Brewer was the first white man to live in what is now Chester Township. He came in the winter of 1833 and remained for a time in a rude hut on the present site of North Manchester. His little daughter, Bessie, died while he was here. The next spring Richard Helvey came from LaGro and settled one mile northeast of the present site of North Manchester, on the site of the old Potawatomie village. John and Peter Ogan came in 1834. The former settled on the south side of Eel River on what is now Ogan's Creek or Pony Creek. Peter settled on the north side of the river. In 1837 he and William Neff platted the town of North Manchester.

In 1836 Joseph Harter came from Ohio and engaged in the milling business.



John Comstock

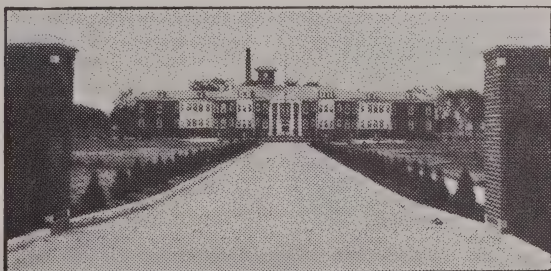
North Manchester had a rival in the town of Liberty Mills, three miles up the river. James Abbott settled near Eel River in 1835, but sold out his interests to John Comstock in 1836. John Comstock was a very energetic man and engaged in a number of enterprises. He soon had erected a saw mill, a grist mill, a distillery, a tannery and owned hundreds of acres of land. He was the first man in Wabash County to engage in the fine stock business. He laid out Liberty Mills in the same year in which North Manchester was laid out and for years the towns were rivals. Later a plank road was built connecting Liberty Mills with Huntington. Another connected it with LaGro where John Comstock engaged in grain and stock business. An early mail route between LaGro and Liberty Mills became known as the Mail Trace Road.

North Manchester

North Manchester, the second city in the county, has been the center of much activity and trade. It is located near the corners of four counties, Wabash, Huntington, Whitley, and Kosciusko. It thus draws trade from a large area outside the county. It was on the early line of travel from the south to the north and was connected with LaGro by a plank road. In time it outdistanced Liberty Mills in the race. This was due perhaps to a more far-seeing group of business men. It has never had a rapid growth, but the progress has been steady. One large newspaper described it as the town that never had a boom nor a bust. It is noted for its wide streets and shade trees. The city owes a debt of gratitude to its founder, Peter Ogan, for making the original streets so wide. Had his successors been as thoughtful the town would be even more beautiful.

North Manchester has had good schools, good churches, and good commercial enterprises to benefit her people. It is a city of good homes. It is widely known for its upright citizenship. It is the birthplace of Thomas R. Marshall, former governor of Indiana and for eight years vice-president of the United States. The Peabody School Seating Company is known the world around for its products. The Estelle Peabody Memorial Home for old people is one of the finest and best of its kind in the state. It is the gift of James B. Peabody and his son, Thomas, to the Presbyterian Church and the people of North Manchester.

The News Journal of which Mr. W. E. Billings has been the owner and editor for thirty-five years is one of the best small newspapers in the state.



Peabody Memorial Home, North Manchester

Manchester College has brought many people to North Manchester, and has centered the interest of many people here. It was moved to North Manchester from Roanoke, Indiana, in 1889. For a few years it was conducted by the United Brethren people, Dr. D. N. Howe being the president. In 1895 the Church of the Brethren secured it and has since maintained it. Its constituency, however, now numbers many thousands of people

of all classes and denominations who have been here as students or who have sent their children here. Beginning as a small Academy and Bible Institute, it has grown to a standard college of six hundred students, fully accredited by the State of Indiana and by the North Central Association of Colleges. It has brought the advantages of higher education to the people of North Manchester, Wabash County and Northern Indiana.



One hundred years ago, 1834, Richard Helvey was the first white man to make a permanent settlement near North Manchester. He made his home on the site of the old Indian village. The above picture shows the Harvey Cook homestead that stands on the same spot where the Indian and pioneer homes stood. It joins the Manchester College athletic field, a part of which is shown in the picture. Here no doubt the Indian braves of long ago held their games and athletic feats. Across the college campus grounds, Indian trails led down the Kenapocomoco. Farther north beyond the Cook homestead was the old home of Judge Comstock, one of the prominent pioneers of that day. On that ground, now owned by Charles Comstock, along the present road to Liberty Mills, Indian squaws raised the first corn in this country.

There has been a remarkable change in one hundred years from the Indian wigwam and the pioneer home to Manchester College and the beautiful little city of North Manchester.



Manchester College

Pleasant Township and Laketon

Pleasant Township is different from other townships in Wabash County because of the number of lakes that it has. In early days there was much game about these lakes. Deer, bear, beaver and wolves were very plentiful. There were both forests and prairies.

The first white settler in the township was John Anderson who came with his family up Eel River in a boat in 1835. Jesse Myers, Jacob Gill and Matthias Lukens soon followed. Bussard, Meyer, Wertenberger and Feree are among the names of the early settlers. From these pioneers have come many thrilling stories of their encounters with wild animals and with the Indians.

Laketon was laid out in 1836 by Hugh Hanna and other men from Wabash. Some say that it was the second town in the county to be platted, although LaGro claims this honor. South Laketon, or Ijamsville, became a close neighbor, if not a rival, but Laketon remains the center of township interests. On the Wabash-Fulton county line, New Harrisburg was laid out in 1856. It is now called Disko. Farther south, west of Lukens Lake, Niconza was a post office and a trading place for a number of years. On the Wabash-Kosciusko line, Rose Hill was once a post-office and gave some hopes of being a town.



Lukens Lake

Pawpaw Township, Roann, Stockdale and Urbana

The early history of Pawpaw Township is closely connected with that of Pleasant and Noble townships, for it was not organized until 1872. It was formed from territory taken from both the old townships.

Before the coming of the white man, there was a large settlement of Indians, somewhat permanent, on the north side of Eel River west of Squirrel Creek. Captain Squirrel was the English name for the Potawatomie chief, Niconza, who was an Indian of much influence and head of the village at this place. On the site of the Squirrel Village, or near by, Stockdale was begun by early settlers. Thomas Goudy built a mill there in the thirties. It became one of the most prosperous mills in northern Indiana, selling flour far and near. Stockdale became a town of much importance and trade. It continued so until Roann, south of the river, secured the advantages of the railroad. The mill, however, continues to do a good business.



Stockdale Mill

Roann was laid out by Joseph Beckner in 1853. A post-office was established in 1860 with John F. Baker as the first postmaster. When the Eel River railroad was completed in 1871, Roann grew rapidly and soon took most of the business from Stockdale. The Roann Clarion is the local newspaper.

Urbana was laid out in 1854. It is partly located in LaGro Township. It is in the center of a good farming community and its permanence was assured when the Big Four Railroad was built in 1872. It has had some good manufacturing establishments.

Liberty Township, America and LaFontaine

Three brothers, William, Daniel, and Smith Grant, made the first settlement in what is now Liberty Township. They came in 1834. Grant Creek in the southern part of the township was named after them. They were soon followed by Mahlon Pierson, Pressley Pricket, Daniel Jackson, William Hale, and many others. Daniel Jackson was an elder in the Disciple Church. He helped to organize the church two miles north of what is now LaFontaine, one of the oldest organizations in the county. It is still going. Elder Jackson was one of the two associate judges elected in the county in 1835.

America was the first town in the township. It was laid out in 1837 by Jesse Scott and Elihu Garrison. Since it was on the route from the south country to the canal at LaGro, it had a favorable location and grew rapidly. It was the favorite stopping place for farmers and teamsters on the way to and from LaGro. At one time it had two hotels, four stores, two blacksmith shops, a church, a school house, and a number of dwellings. When the railroads put the canal out of business, America had to surrender to LaFontaine. Some of the buildings remained until a few years ago, but there are none now. Truly America is the "Lost City" of Wabash County.

LaFontaine was first called Ashland because in 1845 Daniel Grant laid out the city on the site of an old ashery. The postoffice was called LaFontaine after the last general chief of the Miamis. LaFontaine was for many years the center of Indian trade since the town was only a short distance from the boundary line of the Meshingomesia Reserve. The LaFontaine Herald is the only newspaper in the south part of the county.

Jocinah Village, two miles southwest of LaFontaine, was once the largest Indian settlement in the county. It was destroyed by the troops of Col. Campbell, Dec. 17, 1812. On the site of that village

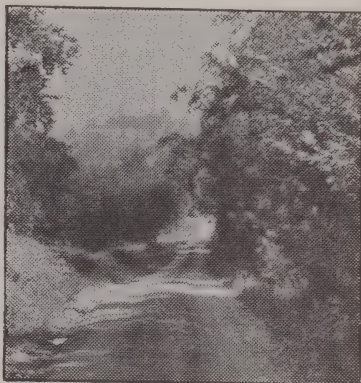


now lives Chester Troyer, corn king of the world. He raises his prize corn on the ground where once the Indian squaws raised corn for the village. The old home of the Indian Waucoon is three miles west of LaFontaine. There he reared a large family. There stands the church in which he often tried to preach. There he and members of his family are buried. Forty rods to the east is the famous "hogback" of the Mississinewa. It was a wonder of nature before much of it was destroyed by the modern steam shovel. Across the road is the site of the old home of Captain and Mrs. Dixon. Mrs. Dixon was the white girl, Hannah Thorpe, stolen from her home in southern Indiana by these Mississinewa Indians. She was raised at the Jocinah Village, married a son of the old chief, and here they lived and reared a family. Capt. Dixon was given to drinking and finally met his death in an Indian fight at LaFontaine. Mrs. Dixon drowned herself and her sorrows in the waters of the beautiful Mississinewa. Their children received land when the Meshingomesia Reserve was divided. Some of their grandchildren are living today.

Waltz Township and Somerset

Waltz Township was named after Captain Daniel Waltz who was killed in the Battle of the Mississinewa. It lay wholly within the Big Miami Reserve which was not opened to pioneers until about 1845. Most of the Indians either removed or were taken west. In the west part of the township lived a number of Indians who received special grants. Here lived Frances Slocum, the famous white woman who spent her life among the Miamis. In the east part of the township the Meshingomesia Reserve extended along the north side of the Mississinewa.

Somerset was laid out by Stephen Steenberger, Jan. 14, 1844. A part of it lay on land granted to the heirs of J. B. Richardville. A Frenchman by the name of Krutzan, whose wife was an Indian squaw, kept a tavern near Twin Springs. The town was first called Twin Springs or Springfield, but was later called Somerset. It was the midway place on the route between Marion and Peru. It thus en-



The Hills of Somerset

joyed a good trade from a wide stretch of country and even from the Indians. A number of mills were erected along the Mississinewa. Somerset is located among the hills and scenery of the beautiful Mississinewa. Its beauty once attracted the future world-famous poet, James Whitcomb Riley, who once roved along its banks and later wrote the poem, "Mongst the Hills of Somerset."

Mount Vernon, one mile up the river, was platted in 1847 by William Dayton. For some years it was a rival of Somerset, but lost out in the race.



Somerset

Industry

The Indian Mill on Mill Creek in Wabash County was one of the first industries in this part of the state. Later when the white settlers came, mills for various purposes sprang up over the county. Each of the four rivers and almost every creek of any size have sites of mills located here and there. There were corn crackers, flour mills, tanneries, woolen mills, sorghum mills, saw mills, brick kilns, and the like. There were many blacksmith shops. A foundry was started in Wabash in 1840. Then followed business enterprises of various kinds. Wabash, North Manchester and other smaller towns have all had manufacturing establishments of more or less importance. It is impossible to list all of these in a short review. The county has never been noted as being a manufacturing center, but most of the towns have had enough local enterprises to employ the people of that community. The Peabody School Manufacturing Company of North Manchester and The Wabash Cabinet Company of Wabash are examples of county enterprises that have a wide reputation and have successfully weathered the periods of depression. Most of the county was once covered with virgin timber. So the lumber business was quite large, but there is little left of it now. Agriculture was the leading occupation almost from the start, and continues to hold first place.

Roads and Transportation

Wabash County has experienced the usual history of other sections in the development of its roads and highways. The early pioneers had the advantages of rivers and Indian trails, for both were found here more than in most sections. The Wabash-Erie Canal going through the very center of the county gave an advantage that many sections of the state did not have.

The pictures shown in this book represent three modes of pioneer travel. Here is the canal boat, Silver Bell, one of the fast passenger boats that carried some of the most famous men of the nation. Here is the first passenger train on the Wabash Railroad in 1856. The railroad put the canal out of business. Here is the old stage coach that carried passengers from Fort Wayne to Logansport and on to Vincennes and Evansville. Each picture represents a different season of the year. These pictures have been made possible by J. Fred Bippus of Huntington.

Country dirt roads were laid out in all directions on section lines. The fifties were years when plank roads were built and operated for a time. The first in the county was the Rochester road from Wabash to Roann. Other plank roads were built from Liberty Mills to Huntington, from North Manchester to LaGro and on south to Marion. These were a great improvement but expensive and short-lived. In the seventies the gravel roads began to be popular. They began for the most part as toll roads. The old toll gate where toll was collected was well-known to the people of that day. Soon, however, all roads were built at county expense. Today there is scarcely a dirt road in the county. Wabash County has a good share of paved and hard surfaced roads built at county or state expense. The U. S. route 24 extends through the county. State routes 13 and 15 are being improved by pavement or hard surface.

The Wabash railroad built in 1856 put the canal out of business, but has been a great highway of trade and travel. The Vandalia railroad along Eel River, The Big Four Route running north and south through the county, and the Erie Route running east and west through the northern townships have brought to Wabash County all the advantages of railroads. The Union traction line from Wabash south was put in operation in 1900. The Wabash Valley line was built in 1901. The former has ceased to operate, but the latter continues in service.



"THE STAGE COACH"

THE CANAL BOAT "SILVER BELL"





"THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE WABASH RAILROAD"

In the western part of the county, on the Wabash-Miami county line, may be seen an unusual display of ways of travel. Within a distance of three hundred feet you

may cross the Wabash railroad, U. S. pavement 24, the Wabash Valley interurban, the routes of the old canal and Indian trail and come to the Wabash River, while overhead the airplane is often seen.



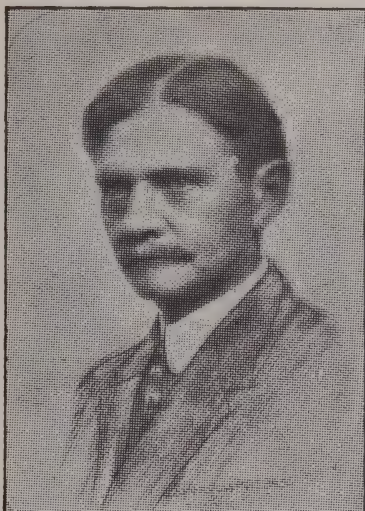
National Service

Wabash County has been active in the field of national service. Some of the Revolutionary patriots were among her first settlers. Waltz Township was named after Daniel Waltz who fell in the battle of the Mississinewa. The county had representatives in the War of 1812, the Black Hawk War, and the Mexican War. During the Civil War, Wabash County furnished an unusually large number of soldiers. The records show that some 2500 enlisted and that three hundred died in service. Three hundred young men enlisted in the Spanish-American War. Eleven hundred ninety-six men went forth to service in the World War. Nineteen of these did not return. For all of this sacrifice the citizens of the county have erected the Memorial Hall in Wabash as a tribute to her soldiers.

One of the sons of Wabash County has rendered a very valuable service of which we know too little. John Kissinger of Liberty Mills, enlisted in the Spanish-American War. After his term of service expired he re-enlisted. He volunteered to assist the well-known Walter Reed in his famous experiments concerning yellow fever. It was an act as brave as it was dangerous. He contracted yel-

low fever, but he helped Dr. Reed discover the cause of yellow fever. This discovery has been of untold benefit to the health of the nation and of the world. Mr. Kissinger recovered from the fever and after he was discharged from service located near Huntington where he still resides.

Wabash County is the birth place of a governor of the state and a vice-president of the United States. Thomas R. Marshall was born in North Manchester. After graduating from Wabash College at Crawfordsville he practiced law for many years in Columbia City. In 1908 he was elected governor of Indiana and served four years. In 1912 he was elected vice-president of the United States with Woodrow Wilson as president. He was re-elected with his chief in 1917. He was vice-president of the United States eight years, 1913-1921. For many months during the serious illness of President Wilson he was near being president of the United States. After retirement from his national service he became a popular lecturer. It is significant that the last public address of his life was given in the town of his birth, the commencement address



Thomas R. Marshall

at Manchester College in 1925. Ten days later he died in Washington.

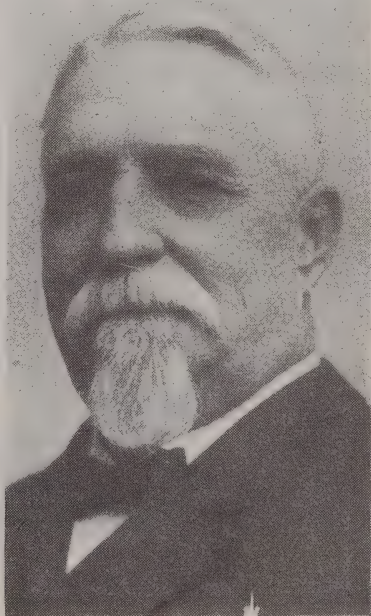
Religion

Religion has contributed much to the life and character of the people of Wabash County. Along with the establishment of the first homes and the first improvements of any kind, churches were established. It is significant that when the founders of the county were offering inducements for the county seat to be located at Wabash, they offered help for churches and for education.

Catholics, Protestants, and Jews have churches in the county today. There is evidence that Catholic missionaries passed along the Wabash River at an early date and held services for the Indians at La-Gro. Later Catholic churches developed there and at Wabash. The Jewish people have a synagogue and a cemetery at Wabash. The leading Protestant churches, as well as smaller ones, are located through the county, but are grouped more or less in certain communities. A census of churches in 1870 showed 78 churches, 53 church houses, and about 19,000 members. The Methodist, Baptist, and Christian churches led in number of members. Presbyterians, United Brethren,

Friends, Lutheran, Evangelical, Brethren, and a few smaller bodies are represented. There is an African M. E. church in Wabash, though there are but few colored people living in the county. The Missionary Baptists did much work among the Indians. The Church of the Brethren, formerly known as the German Baptists or Dunkers, have developed a large congregation at North Manchester, where they now have more than a thousand members. The Sunday School Association of the county includes all Protestant churches. At present there are 70 Sunday Schools in the county and ten thousand enrolled students.

Many able men and women in the church history of Wabash County should be mentioned but space prevents. Mention, however, should be made of the Rev. Charles Little who served the Presbyterian church in Wabash for fifty years, 1872-1921. All churches unite to give him the honor due for his long service for the Kingdom of God.



Rev. Chas. Little

Education

The people of Wabash County have been much interested in education. The first school houses were built soon after the first homes were erected. The first school teacher in the county was Ira Burr who taught a subscription school in Wabash in 1836. Other teachers followed in order—Sarah Blackman, Emma Swift, and Mrs. Daniel Richardson. These schools were conducted in various buildings fitted temporarily for use. The first school house in Wabash was built in the spring of 1840. Miss Mary Ross was our first public school teacher.

America and Liberty Township claim to have been ahead of Wabash in erecting a school house. In 1837 a hewn log building was erected in the growing town of America. Geo. W. Smith was the first teacher. Pawpaw Township also lays claim to early interest in education. A log school house was built on Eel River in 1838. Daniel Showalter was the first public school teacher, though there had been some private schools before. By 1840 most of the townships had made a beginning of public schools.

The first central school house was built in Wabash in 1850. This brick building with some modification served as the first high school building until the beautiful new Bedford stone structure was erected in 1894. This was one of the finest school buildings in northern Indiana in its day and is now the junior high school. The new senior high school in north Wabash is built after a new plan for school buildings, and gives to the city the very best advantage in secondary education. In 1875 North Manchester built a good central school which served until the present central building was erected in 1921. By 1877 there were one hundred thirty one one-room schools in the county, three two-room schools, and four-room schools at Somerset, LaGro, Liberty Mills, and Laketon. Wabash had thirteen teachers and North Manchester had seven.

Some of the first school houses were built of hewn logs. The seats and furniture were of the rudest

kind. Some of the first buildings were frame. These were soon replaced by the little red school house. The illustration shows these types. The frame building was the first school building erected at the Bloomer's school in Liberty township. Ellis Bloomer, who is still living, attended his first year of school here the first year this building was used in 1861. His last year in school was in 1871 when John M. Winger, father of the writer, taught his first term of school in this building. Mr. Bloomer is shown in the picture beside the building where he attended school seventy-five years ago. This frame building was replaced by the little red school house in 1890, which in turn gave way to the consolidated school at LaFontaine.

In the early years there was little county supervision. Local school directors and county examiners did this work. Since 1873 there has been a county superintendent in charge of the township schools.





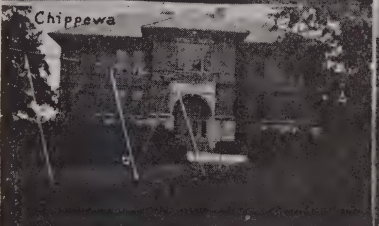
Laketown



Chester



Urbana



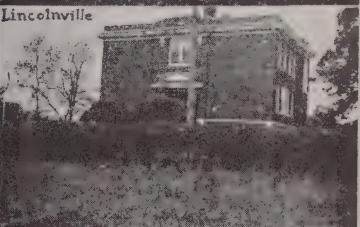
Chippewa



Lagro



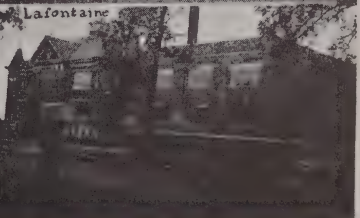
Linlawn



Lincolnville



Somerset



Lafontaine

THE TEN TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOLS



WABASH CITY HIGH SCHOOL



NORTH MANCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL

The following have served as our county superintendents: Irvin Stratton, Isaac Good, George Herrick, Harvey Hutchins, John N. Myers, Avery Williams, Lincoln O. Dale, John W. Lewis, Robert Devricks, Howard Williams, and Neil Good. The schools of Wabash and North Manchester have been under the direction of a city superintendent for many years. O. J. Neighbours and Chas. E. Cook have held the superintendency of these schools for a long time. Each school has produced some very efficient educators. Of these at least one should be mentioned. Miss Adelaide Baylor, superintendent of the Wabash City schools, 1903-1911, is said to have been the first woman in the state to hold such a position. She gained a wide reputation as teacher and principal of the Wabash High School, as institute lecturer, as assistant state superintendent, and now for many years has been connected with the federal department of education in Washington, D. C.

The schools of the county constitute the biggest business of the county. There are twelve high schools, some of which have grade work as well, and ten grade buildings. The value of the land, buildings and equipment is estimated at \$1,659,093. There are 200 teachers and more than 5000 students. If in addition you consider the parochial schools of Wabash and LaGro, White's Institute and Manchester College, the investment for education in Wabash County is quite large.

The Professions

No county history would be even a review if we did not speak of the work of the so-called professional men and women of the county. Law, medicine and the ministry are the time honored professions, but to these must be added the profession of the educator. Preceding sections in this booklet tell of the work and influence of religion and education. In these activities Wabash County has been a leader and has produced men and women of much merit and strength. Only the brevity of this work prevents mention of many of them.

In the medical profession there have been many faithful servants. A few of the many who should be mentioned would be Doctors Isaac Finley, James Ford, and John DePuy of Wabash, Thomas Hamilton of Lagro, James Dicken of LaFontaine, Laughlin O'Neal of Somerset, Perry G. Moore, of Rich Valley, and M. O. Lower of North Manchester. The physicians and surgeons of the county have maintained a good medical society for many years. There is a good county hospital at Wabash.

The legal profession has attracted a large number of the men of the county. The first judges of the county were not lawyers by profession. Daniel Jackson, one of the first associate judges, was a disciple preacher. Col. William Steele was the first man to be admitted to the bar in the county. A large number of men have been admitted to practice law during the century. Only a few can be mentioned: William H. Coombs, Calvin Cowgill, Charles S. Parrish, Benjamin Wilson, Meredith Kidd, Carey Cowgill, Warren G. Sayre, H. B. Shively, O. B. Pettit, Warren Bigler, N. G. Hunter, Clarkson Weesner, A. H. Plummer, etc. The most famous trial ever held in the county was that of John Hubbard and his wife, accused of the murder of the French family of seven persons. This was in 1855. Both of the accused were found guilty. Hubbard was hanged on the court house yard, the only man to suffer the death penalty in the history of the county. His wife was sent to the penitentiary for life.

The county judges for the last sixty years have been: John W. Pettit, 1873-1879; Lyman Walker, 1879-1885; James D. Connor, 1885-1891; Harvey B. Shively, 1891-1903; Alfred H. Plummer, 1903-1915; Nelson G. Hunter, 1915-1921; Frank O. Switzer, 1921-1935; Byron C. Kennedy, 1935 to the present. Judge Kennedy is the youngest judge that ever served in the county, the youngest judge in the state at present, and one of the youngest men to serve in this capacity in the United States.

The County Museum

Wabash County has a good museum located in the basement of the courthouse. It had its beginning in 1924 when Dr. Perry Moore gave much of his private collection to the county. With him became associated Dr. J. T. Biggerstaff and Mrs. Leola Hockett. These have been instrumental in collecting hundreds of old relics, pictures and papers that tell much about the history of the county. Dr. Moore was president of the Historical association until his death in 1931. Since then Dr. Biggerstaff has been president. Mrs. Hockett has spent more time at this work than any other. She has been the curator since 1924 and for the most of the time has served without pay. She should have more support from the people of the county in collecting materials and there should be some payment by the county for her time that she may continue her valuable services in this work.

The Centennial Celebration

Centennial celebrations have become popular in recent years. It is but fitting that each county should review its first century of history. Since Wabash County has had such a wealth of history it is all the more fitting that it should celebrate.

Public-spirited citizens of Wabash and other parts of the county associated and worked together to make this celebration possible. The City Council of Wabash and the Wabash County Council each contributed three hundred dollars. This made it possible to put on the celebration exercises without charge. These were held in the city park at Wabash July 24-28. The bigness of the celebration and the large crowds that attended were much more than had been anticipated. Much pioneer history as well as the progress of the county were illustrated in pageants that were given on two successive evenings to large crowds.

During the celebration days the windows of the Wabash city stores were turned into a great museum, for hundreds of old relics were brought from homes over the county and placed on exhibition. A



An Evening Meeting at the Centennial

great street parade was held in which most of the towns and communities took part. The governor of the state was present. The celebration closed on Sunday with all day religious exercises in which all churches participated.

In the planning and putting on of this celebration many persons took part. Their names and the work they did would be mentioned but for lack of space. Special recognition was given to Mr. Cecil Mills of the Wabash schools, who spent much time and hard work in preparing the grounds and stage for the pageant.

Wabash County Centennial History

This booklet is a brief review of a century of Wabash County History. The author has found such a study interesting, and believes that others will be interested. Following a series of articles written for the Wabash Plain Dealer, there have been many requests that the information given be put in permanent form.

For this information I am much indebted to many who have collected material and have written of the past. The first written history of the county in permanent form was the Wabash County Atlas, published in 1875. It gives some valuable information of early days. Its series of township maps are very valuable for this study. In 1884 there appeared a much larger county history written by T. B. Helm. It included about all of

the information that could be collected at that time. Its history of the different tribes of American Indians is one of the very best accounts in print. Every high school library in the county should have copies of these two books. They can be secured only from the private library of some older person or from their children.

The most complete history of the county was published in 1914 by Clarkson Weesner. Having long been a leading citizen of the county and for many years the president of the pioneer society, he had much valuable information at hand. He did a great work for the county in putting all this in permanent form. Every student of our county schools should read some in one or more of these books. Local history is not only interesting but very important.

The committee having in charge the County Centennial Celebration published a very appropriate little booklet that gives much county history and many illustrations. Miss Katherine Ramsey was editor. The size and purpose of that booklet prevented the inclusion of much history. For that reason this little booklet is published. I want to express my thanks to all those who contributed to the centennial booklet, to the authors of our larger county histories, and to many others who have given valuable information. It is my hope that many may be inspired and helped to study our local history and visit many places of interest in our county.

Pilgrimages to Important Historical Sites

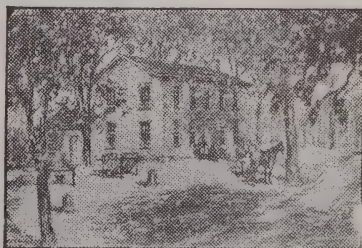
During the recent centennial celebration much interest was aroused in visiting the many places of historical interest in the county. These pilgrimages may be directed to follow the rivers of the county, for along these routes the earlier settlements were made. You will see the sites of many important places, and many scenic views. Most of these places have been described in his booklet.

Along the Wabash the visitor might begin at LaGro. Almost any citizen there can tell you the site

of the old houses of interest, such as the Western House, Keller House, the brick house of Chief LaGrosse, the grain elevator, etc. In the east part of the town the old Humbolt house is still standing and at the edge of town may be seen the remains of the old canal locks. North-east of LaGro four miles is the Gene Stratton neighborhood. South of LaGro, across the Wabash and the Salamonie, is Hanging Rock. Continuing on up the Salamonie, keeping to the right as you come to other roads, you will come to the covered bridge at Dora. This route will show you something of the beautiful scenery of the Salamonie and one of the old towns of the county. From Dora take the Dora pike to the LaFontaine-LaGro pike and return to LaGro through the narrows.

In Wabash you will want to visit the city park where the Lincoln cabin is located. Here is Charley Creek, named after Indian Charley, and here by the railroad bridge is the site of his old home. Visit the courthouse and remember that from the steeple of this building the first electric light in the world shown forth to light a city. See one of these original lights on the main floor of the courthouse. Visit the museum in the basement and then the Alexander New Memorial Statue of Abraham Lincoln on the northeast corner of the courthouse yard.

Visit the site of the great treaty shown by the Kin-com-a-on monument. Cross the cement bridge and follow Treaty Creek to White's Institute. On the way you will pass through the old reservations of Black Raccoon and other prominent



Samuel McClure Residence, 1831

Indians. Return to South Wabash and take the Mill Creek pike to Mill Creek, the site of the Old Indian Mill. Follow the Mill Creek road to Boyd Park bridge. Stop at Rich Valley and follow U. S. 24 into Wabash. Where state route 115 leads off to the north, look to the south across the field and you will see the old McClure House, the first permanent home in the county.

Along Eel River

We will give this direction as though the visitor were beginning at Liberty Mills and going down the river. Not much is left of the old commercial buildings that promised much for Liberty Mills in an early day. The mill there at this time is of comparative recent



date. You will note the covered bridge here as well as the covered bridges at North Manchester, Laketon, and Roann. Is there another river in the United States that can show four covered bridges in one county? At North Manchester visit the Peabody Home and Manchester College. On the athletic field down by the river is the site of the old Potawatomie Village. Following down the river through Laketon by Lukens Lake and one mile farther is the site of the old village of Niconza. Going south three miles you are at the Stockdale mill and site of another Potawatomie Village whose chief was Captain Squirrel or Niconza. East of here one mile is Roann. The map will indicate the location of the towns of the county and other important places.

Along the Mississinewa

One might begin this pilgrimage at the Vernon bridge on route 13. Here you can get a good view of the beautiful cemetery on the south side of the river. Take the road going east on the north side of the river. Here is Pearson's Mill Park. As you go around the bend of the river, you cross Forked Creek, the west boundary line of the Indian reservation. You are in the land of the Meshingomesia reservation.

If you would see the old home of John Newman, take the first road leading north. Then the first road leading east will take you by the last Indian home on the reservation. East and south two miles are the Waucoon church and cemetery. East of the Waucoon place forty rods, stop and see the "Hog Back" of the Mississinewa. Remember, too, that near this place the white captive, Hannah Thorpe Dixon, lived with her Indian family, and in the river here she drowned herself. Then on to LaFontaine. If you would see the site of the once flourishing town of America, drive east of the town one mile; then one-half mile north on this road is the site of the lost city of Wabash County. You may have to ask some one to show you the exact spot.

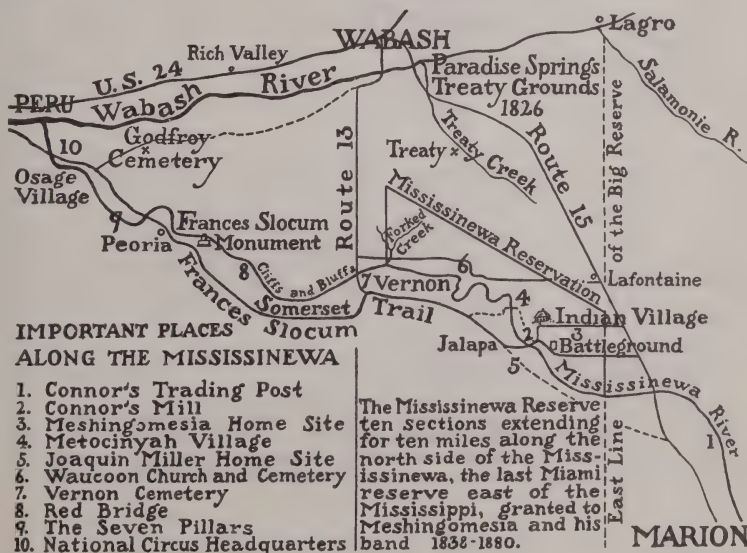
From LaFontaine take the road that leads out south and west to the Chester Troyer place. Here is

the site of the Metocinyah, or Jocinah Village, one of the most important Indian centers in the county. You will be interested to see where the finest corn in th world grows. Cross the river here and go west to the Slocum trail. On the way you will pass the old Bloomer home. You will see here the old school house of seventy-five years ago, now used as a garage, and across the field to the west is the little red Bloomer School house. Follow the Frances Slocum trail into Vernon and on to Somerset. On the way you will pass the White-neck and other pioneer homes. If the Davission Art gallery in Somerset is open, be sure to visit it. You are welcome to stop at the city park. Remember Somerset was the town where James Whitcomb Riley once loafed, and about which he wrote. It was the old half-way post on the way from Marion to Peru.

West of Somerset one mile is the old stone house, and back of it is the ruins of the old stone mill. Down the river is the old stone bridge. Following the Slocum trail two miles farther, you will cross the road leading into Red Bridge. If you have never been there it will be worth your while to drive down there and see the Mildora cottages along the beautiful

stream. If you should walk along the river, or go by canoe from Vernon to Red Bridge and farther, you will see some of the most beautiful scenes to be found along any river in the state. Following the Frances Slocum Trail farther you are at the entrance of Liston Glen Park, one of the beauty spots along the Mississinewa. Two miles farther brings you to the land once owned by Frances Slocum and her descendants. A marker will tell you where to turn east to the cemetery. There you will find one of the most interesting monuments in America. Here, after many years of wanderings, she was permitted to live for more than thirty years. Here she was found by her relatives after being lost for nearly sixty years. Here thousands of visitors come to see the grave of the Lost Sister. You may want to drink from the spring from which she drank so often.

East of the Slocum cemetery, but reached from the other side of the river, is Broad Ripple, where there are a number of summer homes. Following the Frances Slocum Trail towards Peru, you will pass through the old town of Peoria, along the seven pillars of the Mississinewa, and by the Circus Winter Quarters. But this takes us into Miami County, so here we close.



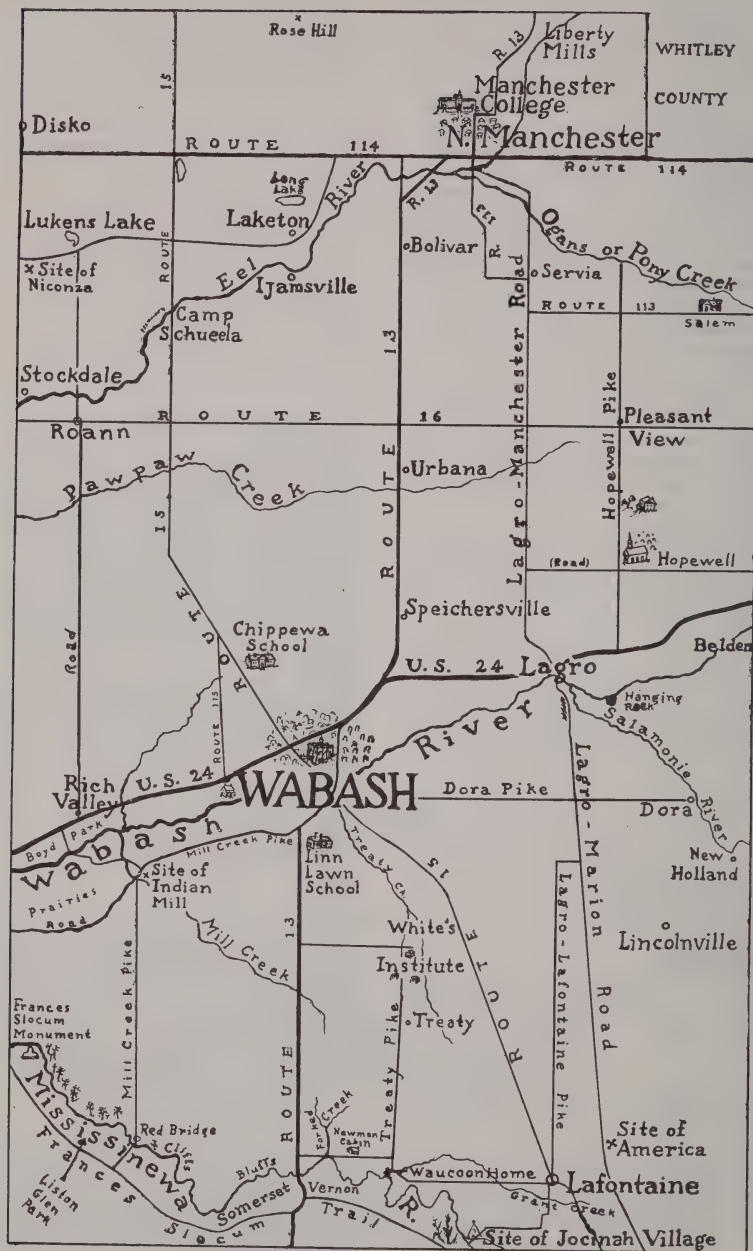


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The Hills o' Somerset

By James Whitcomb Riley

'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset
 Wisht I was a-roaming yet!
 My feet won't get usen to
 These low lands I'm trompin
 through,
 Wisht I could go back there, and
 Stroke the long grass with my
 hand,
 Kinda' like my sweetheart's hair
 Smoothed out underneath it there!
 Wisht I could set eyes once more
 On our shadders, on before,
 Climbin', in the airy dawn,
 Up the slopes 'at love growed on
 Natchurl as the violet
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
 All comes back; the bluebird
 swings

In the maple, tongue and bill
 Trillin' glory fit to kill!
 In the orchard, jay and bee
 Ripens the first pears fer me,
 And the "Prince's Harvest" they
 Tumble to me where I lay
 In the clover, provin' still
 "A boy's will is the wind's will."
 Clean fergot is time, and care,
 And thick hearin' and gray hair--
 But they's nothin' I fergot
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset

How't 'ud rest a man like me
 Jest fer 'bout an hour to be
 Up there where the morning air
 Could reach out and ketch me
 there!--

Snatch my breath away, and then
 Rensh and give it back again
 Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
 The old pinks I ust to love,
 And a-flavor'n' ever' breeze
 With mixt hints o' mulberries
 And May-apples, from the crick
 Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged--to be edzact,
 Very middle-aged, in fact,--
 Yet a-thinkin' back to then,
 I'm the same wild boy again!
 There's the dear old home once
 more,

And there's Mother at the door--
 Dead, I know, fer thirty year',
 Yet she's singin', and I hear;
 And there's Jo, and Mary Jane.
 And Pap, comin' up the lane!
 Dusk's a-fallin'; and the dew,
 'Pears-like, it's a-fallin' too--
 Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
 'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

From POEMS HERE AT HOME

By James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1893, 1921.

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On the Banks of the Mississinewa Near Somerset

On the Banks of the Old Mississinewa

Frank C. Huston.

"You may travel every country, you may sail on every sea,
You may search the wide world over, for a better place to be;
You may sing of California, and of Dixie's sunny skies;
But there's just one place that's best, North, South, East or West
My Hoosier Paradise

Chorus:

On the banks of the Old Mississinewa,
There its waters roll along,
And the little laughing rills winding down the hills
Sing a cheery little song;
There's no spot on earth that's so dear to me,
For no matter where I roam,
'Tis the banks of the old Mississinewa
Calls me back to Home Sweet Home.

Oh, those dear old days of childhood, how they live in mem'ry still,
Once again, I see my mother, in the old home on the hill,
And I see those friends of school days, as we met in days of yore,
And this hungry heart of mine, ne'er shall cease to pine,
Till I get home once more
Chorus:

On the banks of the old Mississinewa, etc."

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Copyright by Rev. Frank Huston, Knightstown, Indiana

Note—Not only are the words of this song most beautiful, but also is the music. The music edition has been exhausted. It is hoped that there will be enough interest revived in this song to encourage its author to have another music edition printed.



WABASH

THE FIRST
ELECTRICALLY
LIGHTED
CITY IN THE
WORLD



*The
Silver
Anniversary . . .*

of

Otho Winger

1877—1946



*President of
Manchester College*

1911—1941



PRESIDENT
Otho Winger
1911 - 19 -

WINGER SILVER ANNIVERSARY WEEK

- May 24, 7:30 P. M. Baccalaureate Service
Sermon by Rev. H. L. Hartsough
- May 27, 8:00 P. M. Pageant, "The Silver Book"
- May 28, 10:30 A. M.
..... Twenty-fifth Anniversary Recognition Service
Address by Dr. William Lowe Bryan,
President of Indiana University
- 1:00 P.M. Annual Alumni Business Meeting
Open to delegates only
- 2:30 to 4:30 P. M.
The College Woman's Club invites all women to a Tea
in honor of Mrs. Otho Winger in the Social Room of
Oakwood Hall.
- 5:30 P. M. Annual Alumni Banquet
- 8:00 P. M. Alumni Tribute Program
Address by Dr. W. W. Peters of the University of Illinois
- May 29, 9:00 A.M. Commencement Exercises
Address by Dr. J. O. Engleman, President of
Kent State University
-



Manchester College 1911

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES

Processional	Piano
Hymn	Audience Standing
Invocation.....	Prof. A. R. Eikenberry
Music	Madrigal Club
If Ye Love Me.....	Steane
Cast Me Not Away.....	Williams
Scripture.....	Dr. R. H. Miller
Response	Quartet
Prayer.....	Dr. R. H. Miller
Sermon—"Life to the Full".....	Rev. H. L. Hartsough
Praise the Lord, O My Soul.....	Madrigal Club
Benediction.....	Prof. A. R. Eikenberry

"LIFE TO THE FULL"

Text—I have come that they may have life . . . to the full.
Jno. 10:11 (Moffitt).

This is a simple but comprehensive explanation of the purpose of the coming of Jesus into the world.

Beyond our elementary senses there is another world, a world of beauty and power and reality.

In our restricted sense-world we exist; in this larger world we live.

Unawakened souls, in whom the spirit of adventure has long since been stifled, are content to live in their narrow circle of self-gratification.

Ignorant and cowardly souls beat their imprisoned spirits against the locked doors of their narrow world.

This larger world is not a vague mystical realm that is far away and exists only in fancy; it is a reality and is near at hand.

For centuries men have vainly tried to enrich their lives by self-indulgence acquisitiveness and by substituting bigness for depth.

Jesus opened the door into the abundant life by making us discontent with the second best, by teaching us a true sense of values and by giving us power to do as well as we know.

Jesus never meant that we should live in fractions, He came that we might have life to the full.

H. L. HARTSOUGH.

"THE SILVER BOOK"

A Pageant of Pictured Pages

The Silver Shadow Series

of

Manchester Murals

Musing

OTHO WINGER

President of Manchester College

and

The Growth of His School

during

Twenty-five Years of Service

1911-1936

Sponsored by the Silver Anniversary Committee:

C. W. Holl, Chairman

H. L. Hartsough

Sadie I. Wampler

Compiled and written by Sadie I. Wampler and her Pageantry Class, fall of 1935—Lois Brubaker, J. H. Davisson, Wilma Henney, Cletus Johnson, Evelyn Knull, Elizabeth Roney, Helen Turbeville, Marguerite Voigt.

Staged and directed by her Play Production and Pageantry Classes, spring of 1936.

Assisted by Paul Halladay and the Music Department, Sarah Mertz and the Art Department, Gertrude Radatz and the Commerce Department, Julia Vandervoort and the Home Economics Department, Charles S. Morris and the Physics Department, and Gletha Mae Noffsinger and her office force.

Finally produced by the Faculty, Alumni, and Students of Manchester College.

Dedicated to the faith of our elders, the hope of our youth, and the love of the Indwelling Eternal.

TWENTY-FIVE PAGES OF SILVER

PROLOGUE

The March of the Twenty-five Years, and Introduction

- Assistant Directors—Paul Geisenhof and Margaret Voigt
- Episode and Transition One—The Coming of President Winger.
Assistant Director—Cletus Johnson.
- Episode and Transition Two—A Greater Building Program.
Assistant Directors—Robert Beery and Grayston Gurtner.
- Episode and Transition Three—A Greater Faculty.
Assistant Directors—Elizabeth Roney and Evelyn Knull.
- Episode and Transition Four—The Coming of the Aurora.
Assistant Directors—Helen Lackey and Byron Royer.
- Episode and Transition Five—Literary Societies.
Assistant Directors—Helen Lackey and Byron Royer.
- Episode and Transition Six—Friendship with North Manchester.
Assistant Directors—Katherine Cornwell and Delores Harris.
- Episode and Transition Seven—War Stays Progress.
Assistant Director—D. Jordan.
- Episode and Transition Eight—Gifts and Memorials.
Assistant Directors—Robert Beery and Grayston Gurtner.
- Episode and Transition Nine—State and Educational Recognitions.
Assistant Directors—Louise Keim and Don Jordan.
- Episode and Transition Ten—May Day Becomes a Festival at M. C.
Assistant Directors—Lois Brubaker and Helen Turbeville.
- Episode and Transition Eleven—Trustees.
Assistant Director—Cletus Johnson.
- Episode and Transition Twelve—Picture Exhibits.
Assistant Directors—Margaret Spindler, Glenna Walters and Claire Mathias.
- Episode and Transition Thirteen—Extra-Curricular Activities.
Assistant Directors—Margaret Spindler, Glenna Walters and Claire Mathias.
- Episode and Transition Fourteen—Our Alumni.
Assistant Directors—Leonard Dilling, Claire Mathias and Frances Ailer.
- Episode and Transition Fifteen—Student Self-Government.
Assistant Directors—John Davisson and Margaret Voigt.
- Episode and Transition Sixteen—Manchester Entertains.
Assistant Directors—Winnifred Brubaker and Elizabeth Schlemmer.
- Episode and Transition Seventeen—Home-coming.
Assistant Directors—Kathryn Keller and Evelyn White.
- Episode and Transition Eighteen—President Winger Around the World.
Assistant Directors—Louise Keim and Don Jordan.
- Episode and Transition Nineteen—Saturday Nights.
Assistant Director—Winston Brembeck.
- Episode and Transition Twenty—Intramurals.
Assistant Director—Winston Brembeck.
- Episode and Transition Twenty-one—Manchester and Mt. Morris Merger.
Assistant Directors—Grayston Gurtner and Robert Beery.

Episode and Transition Twenty-two—The Blue Eagle.

Assistant Director—Cletus Johnson.

Episode and Transition Twenty-three—Publications and Hobbies
of President Winger.

Assistant Directors—John Davisson and Margaret Voigt.

Episode and Transition Twenty-four—Chapel.

Assistant Directors—John Davisson and Margaret Voigt.

Episode and Transition Twenty-five—After Twenty-five Years.

Assistant Directors—John Davisson and Margaret Voigt.

Old Father Time—The Recall—S. I. W.

My years, so beautiful in gowns aglow,
I've sent and brought you here to let you know
That backward you must turn your hurried tread—
My Five and Twenty Years! so lately led
By me, stern Father Time, adown the way
That might not be recalled again, they say.

But you have turned, (the day of miracles
Is here, perhaps.) And I release your shackles
And help you hasten out to Old M. C.
To open there *The Silver Book* of treasured memory,
With Manchester's Murals in the Shadow Series
Musing President Winger during
Twenty-Five Years of Service.

Herald's Announcement—S. I. W.

Hearken, Alumni and friends so dear
You are all assembled here
For the purpose of keeping sacred tryst
With memories out of the distant mist
Of years. Alma mater has planned
This treat for you, so while the band
Plays, may we sing, as we stand.

Manchester College.

Alma mater invites you to her studio
Where the Spirit of M. C. has painted a folio
Of murals—to the number of twenty-five,
Of our President Winger—so truly alive
(Away back yonder in the past so dim)
Alive to the trust that was given to him;
And of His Shadow School, so dear to him,
Manchester College.

Spirit of Manchester College:

"Welcome" (Aurora, 1922.) It has been a real pleasure to have had a part in portraying the influence of Manchester College with Dr. Winger as its president. With Manchester's twenty-five year journal for reference, and Christian Education for a model, I have been inspired to do my best. We hope you will be pleased with them. "Yes, I am the Spirit of M. C. From my earliest infancy, I have been a dreamer, not of the impossible but of the practical. My sacrifice has not been useless, for today hundreds of men and women are continually

dwelling under my fostering care and developing into steady and sturdy youths. They seem to share my ambitions and to partake of my spirit of service, of loyalty, and of truth. If I could not influence these lives to desire purity of heart, noble ideals and service to their God and fellowmen, I should have no purpose in my existence." May I always be found wielding the brush that with its finishing touches, brings into the highlights, Christian Education.

EPISODE ONE

The Coming of President Winger

Staff: The Shadow—Part One—S. I. W.

With buoyant step he hastens.

His form towers upward,

His shoulders lift like Atlas, the burdens of a world.

His eye is bright, expectant;

But should you see him working

At midnight or at early dawn

You'd find deep lines of fatigue furrowed there—

"I am alone; my courage seems a dream now,

I am alone, all others sleep in peace now,

I am alone, Thy will be done, on high now"

And again with buoyant step he hastens.

Alma Mater:

In 1889 the United Brethren Church founded a small college in Roanoke, Indiana. Due to the smallness of the town and its unsuitable location, the church decided to move the institution to North Manchester, Indiana, the following year. In 1895 the college property was purchased by the Church of the Brethren. Due to panic years the school went through many trials. Then in 1911 Otho Winger, a former M. C. Bible student, at the call of his church, assumed leadership of the college, which at that time was small and comparatively unknown. The school was seriously in need of buildings, equipment, endowment, students, faculty, and most of all a sympathetic constituency. The task called for heroic faith, undaunted courage, a far-seeing vision, and tireless energy. Under President Winger's direction the school has acquired adequate buildings, excellent equipment substantial endowment, a large and select student body, and a well-trained faculty.

Both because of necessity and versatility, President Winger has taught in many fields, proving himself always scholarly in his mastery of subject matter and contagious in his enthusiasm for sound scholarship. Though his present duties forbid extensive teaching, he has never lost sight of the classroom and its purpose; and if it were necessary again, President Winger could demonstrate his mastery in many fields, of which philosophy and history would probably be his favorites.

But his real achievement is more than this. He has built in the minds and hearts of thousands of people a love for, and a deep interest in Christian Education. He has sought always to keep the school in its rightful place—a servant of the Kingdom of God.

Staff: "The Lengthened Shadow"—S. I. W.

He lifted his hand

In silent command

And over the land

A long shadow ran.

While out of the gray

And into bright day,

M. C. arose. It is true, what they say:

"An institution

Is the lengthened Shadow of the Man!"

Rod:

Just look and see how our buildings have spread

I tell you, Prexy made us forge ahead.

Of course 'twas L. D. that figured out plans

And stretched the dollars for buildings and lands.

So with L. D. pulling and Prexy pushing

The buildings went up like a mighty gushing.

EPISODE TWO

A Greater Building Program

Alma Mater:

Previous to 1911 there were only four buildings—the Bible Building, Bumgardner Hall, Ladies' Home, and Men's Home. By 1920 several alterations were brought about. The student's gymnasium was moved from its place on second floor of the east end of the administration building to what is now the biology laboratory, this transition being brought about largely through the willingness of the students to donate labor on it. 1915 witnessed an enlargement to the ladies' home and the acquisition of a science hall; the accession of the mission chapel and the apartments also took place by 1920. In 1920 the administration building assumed its present form. 1926 was a momentous year, for then the present heating system was completed; the ladies' home was enlarged, and the name of Oakwood Hall was bestowed upon it; the physics department received as its realm a large part of the third floor of the administration building, and the previous science building became the library. The gymnasium-auditorium was also completed in this year. A year later a bigger and better social room was a prominent feature and by 1929 the biology department had found its permanent home. The most recent addition has been the Kenapocomoco athletic field in 1934. Thus in eighteen years the campus has been almost utterly transformed.

EPISODE THREE

The Faculty

Alma Mater:

Each year the faculty has grown in numbers as well as in scholastic attainments. In 1911 there were only 12 teachers and but three held masters' degrees. President Winger quickly enlarged the faculty in his first year to seventeen members. Now Manchester College has more than 40 full-time teachers, eight of whom hold their Doctors' degrees. Also an efficient force of trained work directors and field representatives.

Twenty-five years ago, the faculty was small, but it has grown along with the other school equipment. Under the direction of President Winger our faculty has always had an unusual human interest contact with her student body. Visitors and students have always remarked about the extremely friendly feeling existing between student and professor.

Through the untiring aid of our capable faculty are we now closing another great school year.

Spirit of Faculty: (Aurora, 1922)

"In order to serve best the truth-seeking individuals who come under my instruction, it has been necessary that I acquire the greatest degree of efficiency. I love to serve with patience, and I find delight in leading the earnest youth into fields of greater usefulness. My task is not an easy one, but it is pleasant, for I watch with interest the unfolding and development of life and the deeper self. I must always be willing to sacrifice for the good of my cause and must be an example of fitness in my profession. Indolence and sham must be known as a crime against the individual and society. Honest effort and sincerity must be the basis of all success in life and its attainments. Without attempting to give the touchstone which shall invariably and unerringly separate truth from error, let us, within that sphere where truth is clearly discernible from error and superstition, give ourselves unreservedly, without fear or favor, to the search for truth. Let us follow where it leads, and at whatever cost.

EPISODE FOUR

The Coming of the Aurora

Alma Mater:

The Aurora was first published in 1910 with Otho Winger as its faculty staff member. Each year since, he has been an enthusiastic promoter of this important publication. Each school year has been portrayed in it from that time until the present, recording in words and pictures the life and history of the school, with each edition attempting to reflect and bring back into the minds of its readers, the hopes, ambitions, and achievements of the school year which it represents.

And with them we cannot omit the chief editors of these twenty-seven precious volumes of school history.

1910	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Mark E. Studebaker
1911	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Eldon Barnhart
1912	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Herbert A. Studebaker
1913	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Vernon F. Schwalm
1914	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	E. N. Stoner
1915	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	W. W. Peters
1916	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	R. H. Miller
1917	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	L. J. Yoder
1918	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	C. C. Byerly
1919	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Emma Kessler
1920	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	William M. Beahm
1921	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Della Lehman
1922	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	J. D. Bright
1923	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	C. D. Flory
1924	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Noble R. Miller
1925	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Virgil Kindy
1926	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Floyd Denlinger
1927	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Benjamin Stoner
1928	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Glen Coconour
1929	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Jason Haynes
1930	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	J. Harmon Bjorklund
1931	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Keith M. Jones
1932	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Earl Garber
1933	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Glen Maxwell
1934	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Stewart Van Dyke
1935	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	Quentin Kintner
1936	Aurora—Editor in Chief.....	David Blickenstaff

Rod:

Eenie—meenie—minee—moe
All—the Auroras—in—a row
Each one—hollers—“let me go”
And spread—the—news—to and—fro
So that—all the—land—may—know
Manchester College—is beloved—and honored—so!

EPISODE FIVE

Societies

Alma Mater:

At the beginning of President Winger's administration, the literary activities of the college students were distributed between the Bible, Lincoln, and Adelphian societies. In 1912 there was organized the Majestic Literary Society which continued until the fall of 1919, but the number of students of college standing was so great that the society was dissolved into four societies, two for the women, Philomatheia and Philalethea, and two for the men Philophronia and Philorhetoria. These were organized for effective and social literary work, and while there is a general faculty literary com-

mittee, and each society has a faculty adviser, the organizations are primarily of, by, and for the students.

Spirit of Literary Societies: (Aurora 1922)

"We are indispensable to the growth and development of manhood and womanhood since we aim to create or develop the art of poise and freedom before an assembly of listeners. We stimulate rapid, systematic thinking and its application to clear and proper English. We cause the bashful to become bold and the timid to rely on themselves; and so a greater efficiency is reached for the individual mind and its expression, and also for his literary society. We compete for the highest intellectual attainments. We inspire originality, wit and art." If at first we don't succeed, we try and try again.

Spirit of Christian Organizations: (Aurora 1922)

We are the Christian Associations of M. C. We fill a very important place in a student's life. Through us, life must be made stronger, purer and nobler. Without us there would be no true expression of the deeper life of the individual. We try to develop appreciation for the finest thoughts and emotions of the soul. Our support is strong from M. C.'s student body and through it, we maintain the high standard of M. C. Our final field of service is the world, and no one is barred from becoming a follower of our Great Leader.

Loyalty is our watchword and training for Christian living and service is our aim.

Rod:

For you see the college boys and those of the town
Used to scrap and knock one another down
Whenever they met, and the things they did
Sometimes from their elders couldn't be hid.
One time they got in a terrible fight
With rotten eggs till they were a sight
And what is worse the awful smell
With legal words, I could never tell.

EPISODE SIX

Friendship with North Manchester

Friendship between Manchester College and the town of North Manchester was found to be very important for the benefit of all concerned so several years ago they shook hands and agreed to forget the past. Now, the cooperation is very evident in the dates scheduled for basketball games, plays, holidays, the student teacher program, civic improvement societies, church and Sunday School activities, and whatsoever is to the interest of human welfare, the college and town join hands for it.

Rod:

And it's Prexy that's done it!
Why the downtown folk, even gave him a car
(And he actually learned to run it.)
For he had traveled near and far
In his old T model Ford. So I guess
While they loved him, they pitied him and wanted, no less
To be proud of him and comfort him,
Honor him; really Buick him!
Three cheers for our friendships!
Yes! Yes! Yes!

EPISODE SEVEN

War Stays Progress

Alma Mater:

The school year of 1917 and 1918 marked the World War period. Although M. C. had no army barracks, the institution was affected not only for that one year but for several years following. The enrollment was greatly reduced, there being few women and less men students; therefore, the graduating class was exceptionally small in 1918.

Alma Mater:

Still, M. C. went through this crisis and emerged, after a few years, with her normal enrollment of approximately six hundred students.

EPISODE EIGHT

Gifts and Memorials

Alma Mater:

An appreciation for the influence of Manchester College and its faculty has manifested itself in the fact that many gifts have been bestowed upon the institution. The Goshorn Building in which the chemistry department is located was a gift of George Goshorn; the College Hospital was also a gift, but the benefactors are unknown to the general public. The greenhouse and various farms have also been gifts. External evidences of presents are noted in some of the shrubbery and trees, the cement seat, better known as the "spoon holder", in front of the Administration Building, the lily pond, fountain, sun dial, the lights at the main entrance, and the lights at the east entrance to the gymnasium, which are a memorial to John Stauffer. The chimes were donated by the Alumni Association and Mr. Aaron Ulrey. Our grand piano in the chapel, and the chapel curtains, as well as those in the gymnasium-auditorium, and a moving-picture machine were practical additions of various classes. The library has been materially benefited with gifts in the form of books, linoleum, the clock, and the second floor and new stacks in the stacks-room. At least six classes made their contribution in the form of money toward the endowment, which of necessity was increased prior to our recognition by the North Central Association. Thus, it has been possible to enjoy many features both of utilitarian nature and as a help in beautifying the campus,

much of which would never have been obtained. And with these special gifts let us note the many, many services and encouragements in various ways too numerous to specify, given by hearts that love and support dear old M. C.

EPISODE NINE

State and Education Recognition

Alma Mater:

By 1919, after quite an extensive building program, M. C. built up her endowment to \$200,000. As a result of this she became a standardized college in the state of Indiana. This marked the completion of a great epoch in her history.

Not satisfied with this, the management, the trustees, and the faculty worked steadily onward. They sought to and did improve the character and scholastic attitudes so much that on March 16, 1932, the college was taken into the membership of the North Central Association of Colleges, even though she lacked much of the million dollar endowment that would ordinarily be required of a school of her size.

EPISODE TEN

May Day Becomes a Festival at M. C.

May Day is one of the most delightful days of the year in the hearts and minds of M. C. students. The Queen of May is elected each year from the Junior class to reign supreme for the day. Review the Queens with us in all their royalty as they pass.

Rod:

To me, it seems most awfully funny
There is nothing in that book about matrimony.
Say, Alma Mater, why don't you read that in this twenty-
five year space
Hundreds of M. C. weddings have taken place
On lawn, in parlor and church too, of course,
But the greatest shock
Was when Prexy married Miller and Young on Hanging
Rock.
Yes, things like that happen still.
They always have. They always will.

EPISODE ELEVEN

Trustees

Alma Mater:

From the first purchase up to the present, there is no group of people who have made or make anymore sacrifice than our Manchester College Trustees. They are our ambassadors, our mediators, our fathers and our mothers. Without them even President Winger would be at sea. Their visits to the campus are always looked forward to as a special feature day of the year.

Rod:

Even I must bow in holy hush
To these, who in the midst of all their rush,
Without much pay and without any fuss,
Have gladly given of their best to us.

EPISODE TWELVE

Picture Exhibits

Alma Mater:

During the course of the progress of Manchester College it was found that there was need for beautifying the interior of the buildings. And although there is still much to be done, we are grateful for the means that was sought whereby pictures might be secured for the various rooms. On several occasions picture exhibits were held at the college and a nominal admission was charged. With the money that was thus cleared, it was possible to purchase many pictures. The result of these exhibitions is the placement of more than seventy-five which are now located in the classrooms, library, and corridors of the administration building.

EPISODE THIRTEEN

Extra-Curricular Activities

Alma Mater:

Every year, the school has had several deputation teams. These consist of social workers, including the F. E. R. A. workers as well as the volunteer social workers. There are also student volunteer groups and student minister organizations who also put on programs for beneficial and educational service off the campus.

There are many extra-curricular activities on the campus from which the students receive great benefit and honor both for the college and for themselves. In drama there are the plays and pageants; in journalism there is the "Aurora", an annual publication, "The Manchester Mirror", for the alumni news, "Oak Leaves", a weekly publication, and "The Acorn," a Freshman paper; in speech there are the oratorical, the men's varsity, the women's varsity, and the freshman debate groups; in music there is the band, the orchestra, the string ensemble, Madrigal Club, Cantilena Choir, and the quartets; then, too, there are the departmental clubs including the Classical, the German, the French, the Mathematics, the Home Economics, the Student Volunteers, the International, and the Science organizations.

EPISODE FOURTEEN

Alumni

Alma Mater:

Dean Holl says, "A college becomes known by the net worth of its graduates. The quality of its finished product determines its growth or decay." More than 3,000 M. C.

students have become alumni in the last 25 years. Many have put their best into college and have obtained success (while only a few have failed.)

Rod:

Some have already climbed to fame
While others need more time to make a name.

A. D. Helser, in darkest Africa, V. F. Schwalm, President of McPherson College in Kansas, A. J. Brumbaugh, Dean of Liberal Arts and Sciences in University of Chicago, W. W. Peters, at the University at Bloomington, Illinois. And the many, many others, giving light to the world around.

EPISODE FIFTEEN

Student Government

Alma Mater:

Student government in Manchester College was initiated in 1919. The avowed purpose of the council is to promote the spirit of good fellowship, to more fully cooperate with the school management, to provide for the best interests of all concerned, and to exalt the idea of self-direction. For a few years, there was an outside organization as well as one for those living inside the dormitories for both men and women, but this was dissolved into one organization for each.

In connection with a student government organization for both the men and the women, there has been a student council which governs the entire student body. Each year since 1926, there has been a president of the entire associated student body. The greatest honor that the student body can bestow upon any fellow is the election to the presidency of this organization.

EPISODE SIXTEEN

Manchester Entertains

Alma Mater:

As the college has grown larger in enrollment, as the student body has come from a greater number of states, as the college has become better known after its recognition by the North Central Association, so has the reputation of Manchester College as a pleasing hostess spread. A large invitational debate tournament, including as many as ninety different teams, has been held for the last several years. Religious conferences for young people have had their meetings here, and also ministers' conferences and forums have been held. In the spring surrounding high schools often hold their Junior-Senior receptions here, and it is quite customary for civic and state organizations to meet in the social room and dining halls for banquets.

EPISODE SEVENTEEN

Home-coming

Alma Mater:

For several years, it was felt that there should be a special day when alumni and old students might come back to their Alma Mater. In consequence of this the first home-coming was held in October, 1925. Hundreds of alumni and visitors returned that year. It was then decided that each fall there should be a Home-coming Day which would be given over to an alumni luncheon, a football game, other athletic contests, and an evening program. Besides these general features the occasion is looked forward to as a time when alumni may see former teachers, sweet hearts may meet sweethearts, and gangs may have their reunions, and class fellowships may be renewed.

Rod:

My heart twitches for joy, or is it pain?
When I think of the dear old gangs again,
Oh, if M. C.'s walls could really speak
Or, if I'd dare to tell
We'd sit here listening for many a week.
Come, Memory, ring your bell.

EPISODE EIGHTEEN

President Winger Around the World

Alma Mater:

During the fall of 1928 and the spring of 1929, President Winger had a much-needed vacation, while he and Mrs. Winger took a rambling trip around the world. Inasmuch as he is the chairman of the General Mission Board of the Church of the Brethren, he thus had an opportunity to visit many of the missionaries who are on foreign fields. When Mrs. Winger came home she had her trunks and bags filled with memoirs of her trip; when President Winger returned he had a book ready for the press.

Rod:

To most "newly marrieds" a trip comes soon
For Otho and Ida, this was a late honeymoon.
Now here's to the companion who's been faithful at home;
She's as true and as staunch as the Christians of Rome,
Standing by through all these years,
Giving him to us without selfish tears.
All hail, Mrs. Winger, let the cheers abound!
All hail, Mrs. Winger, let the echoes resound!
All hail, Mrs. Winger, three times, all around!
Mrs. Winger, Mrs. Winger, Mrs. Winger.

EPISODE NINETEEN

Saturday Night

Alma Mater:

A committee was appointed, by the administration, to plan some kind of entertainment for Saturday nights. That being

date night, and the depression coming on, there was a call for some means of keeping the student body on the campus without extra cost. Therefore, student talent programs were arranged, and sometimes the best part was picked from each Society program of the night before, and presented. These programs were helpful to the performer in a cultural way, as well as interesting to the students, from the human interest standpoint.

Out of this grew a cooperation between the Lyceum Committee and the Saturday Night Program Committee whose job was to select and secure some outstanding programs for the student body, including lectures and musical or dramatic presentations. Great care is exercised that only programs of the highest type are brought to the campus under its auspices.

EPISODE TWENTY

Intra-Murals

Alma Mater:

During the past few years, Manchester College has been steadily increasing her intra-mural activities. She has now on her campus, intra-mural debates in which teams of two from each college class participate.

Here may we mention the Intercollegiate State Contests in Oratory, in which Manchester College has carried off the laurels of the state by:

C. A. Wright—1915.

Lowell Beers—1921.

Vernon VanDyke—1933.

Winston Brembeck—1935.

There is also a great deal of intra-mural activity in the physical education field. There is basketball, baseball, wrestling, tennis, and badminton, twenty-one, and volley-ball.

Intra-mural activities are coming to take a very important part in the life of the college student.

In connection with the above intra-murals we might note physical aids to the physical needs.

In 1911 great interest in track, tennis, and baseball.

The student's gym was built.

In 1919 M. C. Athletic Association organized.

In 1922 Stauffer became basketball coach.

In 1925 Burt came.

In 1926 first football was scheduled.

In 1927 Gymnasium-Auditorium was built.

In 1926, 1929 and 1933 M. C. had the state championships.

Rod:

Look! There is another nice little item

You turned it over, skipped it on purpose.

"Freshmen Receive Impromptu Initiation."

Ah! that made a hot fire in Prexy's office,

Since that, Frosh day is advertised.

Yes, now it is quiet and legalized!

EPISODE TWENTY-ONE

Merger with Mount Morris

Alma Mater:

In 1932, it was unanimously decided to merge Mount Morris with Manchester College.

Manchester willingly agreed to establish and incorporate a brief history of Mt. Morris and its splendid services, to include the Mt. Morris alumni names with her own, to receive and preserve the grades of the students and produce records of them upon request, to grant those students entering Manchester College from there full credit for the work done, to admit students from Mt. Morris territory with the same privileges as Manchester students, and if desired, to have a trustee elected from the Mt. Morris territory.

From September, 1932, Mt. Morris College ceased to exist as a separate institution, but only as part of Manchester College, and in the memory of its alumni and its friends.

EPISODE TWENTY-TWO

The Blue Eagle

Alma Mater:

In 1934 under the National Recovery Act it became possible for Manchester College to offer more students financial aid by giving them work which would be paid for by the national government. A certain percentage of the previous year's enrollment was eligible for this help and they would be permitted fifty hours work per month at the rate of 30c an hour. At first this was under the auspices of the Civics Works Association, but last year the Federal Emergency Recovery Act was the name under which the movement was sponsored. This year the National Youth Association is responsible for this work.

President Winger, L. D. Ikenberry and others have spent a great amount of time in organizing the work here, but they finally created employment enough for the specified number of students. The two kindergartens, all the work on the stadium athletic field, and park, some of the departmental assistants, and all of the social work, including reading and group singing, are done with N. Y. A. assistance.

The college doubtless has been greatly benefitted by this work. It has thus been possible to keep the enrollment up and also the college students have received more than \$1,000 a month from the government.

EPISODE TWENTY-THREE

Publications and Hobbies of President Winger

Alma Mater:

Aside from the arduous duties as president of a great and growing institution, President Winger has been, for years, an important member of the Missionary Board of the Church

to which he has devoted his life. He has also found time to send to press the following church book manuscripts:

The Life of Elder R. H. Miller—1916.

The History of the Brethren in Indiana—1917.

The History and Doctrines of the Church of the Brethren—1919.

“Letters From Foreign Lands” was the result of the trip abroad in 1928.

He played an important part in the Wabash County Centennial Celebration last summer by writing for it “The Brief Centennial History of Wabash County. He is now president of the Wabash County Historical Society.

His chief real hobby is that of Indian research. Perhaps its origin might be traced to his childhood days when he lived as a neighbor to the Indians. Since then his interest has steadily grown. Whenever he visits these friends in southern Wabash County a smile lights their sober countenances. Just last fall he and an Indian friend made a trip to Connersville, Indiana, that they might further trace the ancestors of Frances Slocum; later he and Mrs. Winger toured the Southwest that he might study the Miami Indians who were taken west from Indiana. And more recent still was his visit to Pennsylvania to trace relatives of Frances Slocum. In unfolding the history and memory of these red people, President Winger has written and published:

The Last of the Miamis—1933.

The Frances Slocum Trail—1934.

The Kenapocomoco—1935.

And last but most important of all, just off the press—The Lost Sister Among the Miamis—1936.

Although he has not yet obtained all the information he desires, when he starts to do a thing, he will finish it.

Rod:

Yes sir, that is true, that is true, always has been.

There is nothing can taunt him,

There is nothing can daunt him,

There is nothing can haunt him,

Unless, unless it's an *Old Freight Train!*

EPISODE TWENTY-FOUR Chapel

Alma Mater:

Ask any student of these twenty-five years, with what he associates our president most closely and he will surely answer—the morning chapel. What would Manchester College be without its chapel? And what is chapel without President Winger?

(Quotations from Chapel)

“The two greatest sins of young people today are selfishness and ingratitude.”

“You cannot have love without faith.”

“The reason some folks go to the movies is because there is

no one to live with at home."

"We have lost our sense of being disturbed by sin. We have changed the word 'immorality' to 'new morality' to satisfy our conscience."

"I'm hoping that when you return after the holidays that your folks can thank God that you have been home and not give a sigh of relief that you are gone again."

"A lot of folks are good, but they aren't quite good enough."

"Sex puts men and women on their good behavior."

"No one generation has had a monopoly on scalawags and rascals."

"There aren't any new sins. Every sin that we have today existed at the time of Adam."

"It takes more faith to swallow some of these new-fangled things, than it does to swallow the entire Bible — Jonah, whale and all."

"The smaller the calibre of the mind the greater the bore of the perpetual open mouth."

"Some folks think they are in love when all they have is a dizziness in the head or a palpitation of the heart, or something else."

"The ability to carry on a good conversation provides an excellent way to get rid of energy that might get you into a lot of trouble."

"There is more fun fighting the devil than being his pal."

—*President Winger.*

EPISODE TWENTY-FIVE

After Twenty-Five Years

Alma Mater:

Manchester College is in final words the lengthened shadow of the man, President Winger. Twenty-five years ago, even the most courageous of Christian Education's friends did not anticipate that so much could be done with so little.

President Winger, as administrator, executive, teacher, and personal inspirer has now the respect and admiration of friends the world over. In spite of a wide breadth of interests, he is still unaffected and unassuming, with a personality which commands respect. Though he is such a busy man, he greets each one of us with a smile or a word of encouragement. He is sympathetic and open-minded to our problems. His enthusiasm is contagious and his sense of humor keen. Untiring labor possesses him and makes him work long over-time. His judgment is sincere and frank, although it may be severe and rash. Naturally sociable, he can converse at ease with the greatest or the least of us.

How the old folks cherish him! Because he respects their opinions.

How the young people adore him! Because they cannot out-wit him.

How the children love him! Because he first loves them.

One meeting with you is enough to stamp you on his memory, for his observation and recall are keenly alert. He is a man of convictions. And to them he is steadfast and loyal.

How gentle in the sick room!

How humble in the presence of his equals!

How stern in the face of wrong doers!

He has enough will power and determination to make him seem headstrong at times, perhaps, in spite of the fact that tolerance is something which he possesses in large quantities. This enables him, our leader, to pass through countless trials of which most of us know nothing.

Our tribute is simply:

"We love Him and aim to make our actions prove it."

Spirit of Allegiance:

Let us, then, worship with him at the Altar of truth. Holding fast to the tried and the old, let us not fear to lay hold of the good in the new. Our scholarship should climb greater heights, fathom new depths, travel untold expanse in search of this costly pearl. As Jesus, Socrates, Stephen, Polycarp and Savonarola died for the truth to which they dedicated their lives, let us with like devotion dedicate ourselves to the search of truth—and especially to the truth as it is in Him who said: "I am the way, the truth and the life."

Garlands from India:

From far away India these garlands have come
To bring to you love and best wishes from one
Who longs to be present with you here at home.
So we ask God's kind blessings be sent from above,
To rest on you gently, in peace---like a dove,
As we twine them about you and yours with her love.

OUR PRESIDENT

(Harlo E. McCall)

We sing to Manchester, our own black and gold,
We pledge ourselves to your ideals and traditions old,
We sing to our President, a friend staunch and true
Our Manchester College we hail to you!
Manchester College we hail to you!

Rod:

And now, dear artist, on you we call,
For a beautiful picture the nicest of all
The one that will really be hung on a wall,
In the front of the administration hall.

SPEECH OF PRESENTATION

Spirit of M. C.:

In honor of him who has led us so efficiently for the last quarter of a century: under whose direction our Alma Mater has developed from a small beginning to a place of recognized merit in the higher educational program of the state and

nation: By whose leadership our Alumni Association has grown from a few individuals to an organization of more than three thousand members, many of whom are now holding important positions in church and state: from whose boundless energy we have received inspiration to go out and fearlessly meet life's problems: by whose exemplary living we have had set before us a life worthy of our highest challenge:

The Alumni Association of Manchester College is honored to present to its Alma Mater this oil portrait of President Winger.

C. W. Holl

ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

Manchester College Trustee:

Dr. Holl, Manchester College is greatly honored in receiving this valued gift from the Alumni Association.

Being one of the five members that instituted the Board of Trustees who elected Otho Winger in 1911 President of Manchester College, I am honored and deem it a very great pleasure to accept, in behalf of the Board of Trustees of Manchester College, this much appreciated and highly valued gift.

As this portrait of our beloved and highly esteemed President hangs in the hall of your Alma Mater, may it be a constant inspiration and a great challenge to the alumni and the youth of the land who will yet come to clean living, true nobility, and all that is good and beautiful.

Dean Holl and Alumni, I want to assure you on the part of the management of Manchester College this gift is deeply appreciated and accepted with many thanks.

—G. A. Snider, Secretary.

THE SHADOW—PART TWO

Staff:

With bowed head he passes,
The burden of a quarter century has bent him down,
His shaggy brows press earthward,
His step is heavy.
But when his eye meets yours,
You hear, from the depth of a great calm soul
Let the forces outface, they cannot taunt me
Let the burdens oppress, they cannot haunt me,
Let the years come, they cannot daunt me,
Not while I have the faith, the faith of elders gone before me;
Not while I have the hope, the hope of youth behind me;
Not while I have the love the love of eternity within me."
So, buoyant, with bowed head he passes.

"THE SILVER BOOK"

CAST

PROLOGUE:

Aediles: Leland Blocker, Don Hay, Quentin Kintner, Lewis Deardorff, Robert Driver, Merlin Eidemiller, Ralph Allman, Robert Bell, Leicester Brown, Jess Dice, Water Fenstermaker, Lowell Hutchins, Paul Lewis, Vernon Miller, Nelson Mosher, Junior Neff, James Roop, Paul Royer, J. P. Sumpter, Dale Townsend, Paul Weimer, Bill Williams, Clayton Kiracofe, Orland Lefford, Huber Cline.

The Band—Director, Harlo E. McCall; Richard Biddle, Walter Bowers, Philip Casner, Galen Dickey, Lewis Deardorff, Walter Eberhard, Donald Frederick, Wendall Frederick, Charles Hursh, Blaine Mikesell, Gerald Miller, Robert Miller, Jason Miller, Ronald Sloffer, Wilbur Stump, Eugene Teeter.

Old Father Time—Elder J. H. Wright (86 years old).

The Years: Edward Kintner '12, Geno Beery '13, Florence B. Stover '14, Simon Irick '15, Ora L. Hoover '16, Marie K. Hoover '17, Annie Keim '18, C. H. Shanaberger '19, Arthur Mote '20, Ina Hornish '21, Marian B. Goff '22, Howard E. Nyhart '23, C. Winnie Bagwell '24, Effie B. Gump '25, Rada K. Fausch '26, William Bryan '27, Carl L. Byerly '28, Zelma S. Sonafrank '29, Louise Grossnickle '30, Wendell Jollief '31, Ralph Lawson '32, Helen Eberhart '33, Helen Adams '34, Ivan Eikenberry '35, Mabel Ridenour '36.

Heralds: Helen Turbeville, Francis Smith, Gladys Stafford.

Studio Guides: Robert Beery, Paul Geisenhof, Grayston Gurtner, Winston Brembeck, Claire Mathias, Byron Royer.

Alma Mater—Gletha Mae Noffsinger.

Christian Education—Cora W. Schultz.

Spirit of M. C.—Carl W. Holl.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Umni—Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Boyer.

Frosh—Hilda Ruth Boyer.

Staff—Helen Rae Parker.

Rod—Merlin Finnell.

EPISODE ONE—"The Shadow".

EPISODE TWO

The Builders:

Masons—Margaret Spindler, Elizabeth Schlemmer.

Carpenters—Glenwyn Walters, Delores Harris.

Painters—Katharyn Cornwall, Helen Lackey.

EPISODE THREE

Flower Carriers: Evelyn Knull, Elizabeth Roney.

Special Assistants: Leroy Fish, Gletha Mae Noffsinger, W. H. Shull. Mrs. E. E. Swihart, E. B. Bagwell, G. A. Snider, Franklin E. Jaynes, Alma Wise, M. H. Huffman, Mrs. Salome Heestand.

Critic Teachers: Kenneth Burr, Edith Drescher, Helen Forney, Ruth Barwick, Lucille Wright, L. F. Jackson, Minnie Smith, David Koile, Warner Ogden, Leigh Freed, C. W. Bagwell, L. J. Yoder, M. Louise Dingle, Emily Barracks, Ruth Brane, Mabel Wyatt.

The Faculty: Kathryn Wright, Robert Stauffer, W. A. Fox, Virginia Riggs, Sara Mertz, Murl Barnhart, Harlo McCall, Nettie Norris Leasure, Martina DeJong, Gertrude Radatz, Lloyd G. Mitten, Vernon Van Dyke, Don Martin, Oscar W. Neher, Agnes C. Kessler, Charles E. Cook, Julia A. Vandervoort, D. W. Boyer, Paul Halladay, F. Emerson Reed, Carl W. Burt, Alice A. Doner, J. Oscar Winger, M. Irene Johnson, Sadie Stutsman Wampler, R. C. Wenger, O. Stuart Hamer, Robert H. Miller, C. Ray Keim, Charles S. Morris, Lawrence W. Schultz, Lloyd M. Hoff, Fred R. Conkling, Andrew W. Cordier, J. Raymond Schutz, J. E. Dotterer, A. R. Eikenberry, M. M. Sherrick, D. C. Reber, J. G. Meyer, Cora Wise Helman, Edward Kintner, Carl W. Holl, L. D. Ikenberry.

Spirit of Faculty: Alice Doner.

EPISODE FOUR:

Carriers of Auroras: Carolyn Holl, David Barnhart, Charlotte Schutz, Merritt Kintner, Robert Conkling, Mickey Martin, Loretta Hoff, Lowell Cordier, Mary Miller, John Howard Keim, Lois Neher, Harold Schutz, Ruth Mary Halladay, Billy Reed, Joan Schrock, Irvin Hoff, Bettie Marie Shultz, Dwight Morris, Miriam Wenger, Lorin Burt, Esther Mae Helser, Charles Robert Cook, Dorothea Winger, John David Miller, Mildred Morris, John Hamer, Charlotte Meyer.

EPISODE FIVE

Letha—Winnifred Brubaker, Helen Barnhart.

Mathea—Margaret Henderson, Evelyn White.

Phronia—Virgil McCleary, Edgar Forney.

Rhetoria—Howard Winger, David Studebaker.

Quartet—Maurine Brower, Lois Favorite, Kenenth Honeyman, Rolland Plasterer.

Spirit of Society—Jeanette Jackson.

Y. W. C. A.—Mary Flora.

Y. M. C. A.—Ralph Townsend.

C. S. S.—Wilbur Landes.

M. A.—Fred Fox.

S. V.—Mildred Etter.

Spirit of Religious Organizations—Doris Erbaugh.

Pianist—Martina DeJong.

Violinist—David Blickenstaff.

EPISODE SIX

Friendship Representatives:

Business, Marion Adams, L. D. Ikenberry.

School, Superintendent Cook, Dean Meyer.

Town Board, I. B. Wright, Arthur Wagner, A. R. Eikenberry.

EPISODE SEVEN

Spirit of Flanders' Fields—Pauline Jones.

Soldiers—Waveland Snider, Earl Schubert.

Home Fire Daughter—Lois Ulmer.

EPISODE EIGHT

The Builders—as in Episode Two.

The Doners—Helen Turbeville, Kathryn Keller.

EPISODE NINE

State of Indiana—Lewis Goshorn.

North Central Association—Louise Keim.

EPISODE TEN

The Queens of May—Mabel Winger, 1920; Margery Gump, 1921; Blanche Driver, 1922; Cecile Royer, 1923; Martha Barwick, 1924; Adab Keller, 1925; Ruth Barwick, 1926; Lois Lehman, 1927; Edna Gillespie, 1928; Ruby Deardorff, 1929; Ruby Stoner, 1930; Alma Miller, 1931; Mildred Meyer, 1932; Helen Overmeyer, 1933; Helen Grace Meyer, 1934; Margaret Henderson, 1935; Ruth Hoover, 1936.

Costumes: Their queen costumes.

Singer—Marjorie Gentry.

EPISODE ELEVEN:

The Trustees: J. E. Ulery, President; T. A. Shively, Vice-President; G. A. Strausbaugh, Levi Minnich, Edward Shepfer, Ray Petersime, J. E. Frederick, J. J. Anglemeyer, Calvin Ulery, L. S. Shively, I. D. Heckman, D. W. Kurtz, W. S. Barnhart, O. D. Buck, Ida Metzger, M.D., Otho Winger, ex-officio.

Spirit of the Board of Trustees: Wilma Smith

EPISODE TWELVE

Picture Carriers: Same as aediles in Prologue.

Living Picture: Mrs. C. W. Holl, Louise Holl.

EPISODE THIRTEEN

Cantilena Choir.

EPISODE FOURTEEN

EPISODE FIFTEEN

Student Government

Student Presidents:

Harold Wolfe, '27; S. R. Mohler, '28; Ray Bigler, '29; Jason Haynes, '30; Cloyd Myers, '31; Keith Jones, '32; V. S. Van Dyke, '33; Evan Kinsley, '34; Newell Smalzried, '35; Paul Berkebile, '36; Herbert Banet, '37.

Costumes: Any suit.

EPISODE SIXTEEN

Desk Clerks—Marjorie Barnhart, Evelyn Ross.

Reception Guides—Paul Baker, Roy Low.

Guests—Buthene Sharp, Hubert Cordier, Richard Biddle, Lorrell Eikenberry, Marie Hopper, Jean Stouffer, Maxine Cripe, Dorothy Hartsough,

Robert Eckert, Beth Flora, Merlin Johnson, Frances Ninde, J. R. Schutz, Jr., Leon Bollinger, Donald Pletcher, Irene Leedy, Paul Kampmeier, Mary Jane Miller, Jacob Meyer, John Lantis, Barbara Arnold, James Weddle, Wilma Smith, Ralph Rautencrantz, Pauline Holl, Una Tomson.

EPISODE SEVENTEEN—Home Coming.

Assistant Directors—K. Keller & E. White.

Reunion of Old Gang of Boys

Reunion of Old Gang of Girls

Reunion of Class of '16

Reunion of Class of '26

Reunion of Teacher and Student:

A. R. Eikenberry and Wayne Eikenberry

A. W. Cordier and Wilbur Groff

J. R. Schutz and Paul Beahm

C. Ray Keim and Robert Holt

Fred Conkling and Shelby Stevens

D. C. Reber and Kathryn Swartz

Irene Johnson and Dane Snoke

C. S. Morris and Nevin Holl

Reunion of Sweethearts.

Singer—Cathryn Weddle.

EPISODE EIGHTEEN

Custom Inspector—Don Jordan

Custom Porter—Fred Hoover.

EPISODE NINETEEN

Chinese Boxer—Sollenberger

EPISODE TWENTY

A class in Tumbling, Spring of '36

EPISODE TWENTY-ONE

Masons—Same as Episode Two

Park Workmen—Floyd Clevenger, Kermit Lininger.

Clerks—Paul Boase, Bruce Brubaker

Graders—Marcea Friend, Pauline Ross

Kindergarten—Jane Oldfather, Betty Ramsey, and children

EPISODE TWENTY-THREE

Two Wabash Indians: Chief Bundy - (Miami) Chief Godfrey - (Miami)

EPISODE TWENTY-FOUR

Spirit of Allegiance—Gertrude Radatz.

Chapel Choir—Maurine Brower, Irma Brubaker, Anna Cottrell, Doris Davis, Lois Favorite, Margaret Hambricht, Anna Heisler, Alice Hendrix, Kenneth Honeyman, Marie Hopper, Claire Mathias, Wilson Pontius, Roland Plasterer, Byron Royer, Earl Schubert, Galen Stinebaugh, Irene Winger, Virginia Yoder.

EPISODE TWENTY-FIVE

Community Plate Twins—Carrol Dean and Carl Jean Shultz.

Quartet—Donald and Wendell Frederick, Harold Miller, Eugene Teeter.

Our Chicago Artist—Paul Trebileck.

Twenty-fifth Annual Recognition Service

for

OTHO WINGER

as

President of Manchester College

Thursday, May 28, 1936, 10:30 A.M.

Order of Exercises

Dr. D. W. Kurtz, D.D.

President of Bethany Biblical Seminary

Trustee of Manchester College

Presiding

Processional

Hymn—Faith of Our Fathers

Invocation—Rev. H. L. Hartsough

“Gloria from the Twelfth Mass”—Mozart

“Our God Our Help in Ages Past”—Watts

Combined Choirs

Appreciations from:

Faculty Dr. C. W. Holl, Dean of College

Students Mr. Herbert Banet, President of Student Body

Alumni Prof. Wilbur S. Barnhart, Alumni Trustee

Community Mr. D. Arden Strauss, Business Leader

State Mr. Floyd I. McMurray, Superintendent of
Public Instruction

Colleges . . Dr. C. C. Ellis, President General Education Board

Church Rev. Charles D. Bonsack, Secretary of Missions

Address—Dr. William Lowe Bryan.

Response—President Otho Winger.

Benediction—Dr. Alexander Sharp.

Recessional.

ACADEMIC GUESTS

ILLINOIS

Bethany Biblical Seminary

D. W. Kurtz, D.D., 3435 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill., President.

Carthage College, Carthage, Illinois

Paul Kahl, A.B., Camden, Indiana, Federal.

Lewis Institute

George Howard Ridgely, B.S., 1959 West Madison St., Chicago, Illinois, Instructor.

Loyola University

Paul Kiniery, Ph.D., 28 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill., Assistant Dean of the Graduate School.

Northwestern University

Prof. Harlo E. McCall, M. Mus. Department of Music, Manchester College.

Rockford College

Mrs. Arthur W. Parry, B.S., M.A., 2924 S. Webster St., Fort Wayne, Indiana, Alumni of Rockford College.

University of Chicago

Dean Aaron J. Brumbaugh, Ph.D., Faculty Exchange, University of Chicago, Chicago Illinois, Acting Dean of the College.

University of Illinois

Prof. Amos R. Eikenberry, A.M., North Manchester, Indiana, Professor of Psychology Manchester College, Western Illinois State Teachers College.

INDIANA

Ball State Teachers College

L. A. Pittenger, B.A., M.A., Litt.D., Muncie, Indiana, President of Ball State Teachers College.

Butler University

J. W. Putnam, Indianapolis, Indiana, President of Butler University.

DePauw University

Dean Louis Herman Dirks, A.B., A.M., Greencastle, Indiana, Dean of Men. DePauw University.

Central Normal College

Waldo E. Wood, Ph.D., Danville, Indiana, President of Central Normal.

Earlham College

Prof. Millard F. Markle, Ph.D., Richmond, Indiana, Professor of Biology.

Evansville College

Franklin College

Mr. Merle Abbett, Fort Wayne, Indiana, Superintendent of Schools.

Hanover College

Albert George Parker, Jr., B.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Hanover, Indiana, President of Hanover College.

Huntington College

President Harold G. Mason, Huntington, Indiana, President of Huntington College.

Indiana Central College

I. J. Good, A.M., LL.D., Indianapolis, Indiana, President of Indiana Central College.

Indiana State Teachers College

Kokomo Junior College

J. W. Beauchamp, A.M., Kokomo, Indiana, Dean of Kokomo Junior College.

Marion College

President Wm. F. McConn, B.D., A.B., A.M., Marion, Indiana, President of Marion College.

Purdue University

Mr. F. C. Hockema, M.S., M.E., Lafayette, Indiana, Assistant to the President.

Rose Polytechnic Institute

Donald B. Prentice, M.E., LL.D., Terre Haute, Indiana, President of Rose Polytechnic Institute.

St. Mary-of-the-Woods College

Edwin J. Bashe, Ph.D., Head of English Department, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana.

Taylor University

Robert Lee Stuart, Ph.D., D.D., Upland, Indiana, President of Taylor University.

Tri-State College

Burton Handy, A.B., A.M., Angola, Indiana, President of Tri-State College.

The University of Notre Dame

Leo F. Kuntz, B.S., M.A., Ph.D., The University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind. Head of the Department of Education.

Wabash College

Theodore Gregory Gronert, Ph.D., Hovey Cottage, Crawfordsville, Indiana, Professor of History.

MICHIGAN

Adrian College

Norman MacNaughton, M.A., D.B., Adrian, Michigan, Professor Philosophy and Psychology.

Battle Creek College

Luther S. West, B.S., Ph.D., Battle Creek, Michigan, Dean of Liberal Arts.

Emmanuel Missionary College

H. M. Tippet, M.A., Berrien Springs, Michigan, Head of English Department.

Hillsdale College

Willfred Mauck, D.B., M.A., Hillsdale, Michigan, President of Hillsdale College.

Olivet College

Robert Ramsay, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., Olivet, Michigan, Registrar.

OHIO

- Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio
- Ashland College,
Dean E. G. Mason, Dean of Arts College, Ohio State U.,
Doctor Martin Shively, D. D., Bursar of Ashland College.
- Bluffton College
President A. S. Rosenberger, A.M., B.D., Bluffton, Ohio, President of
Bluffton College
- Capital University, Columbus, Ohio
Rev. E. J. Boerger, 734 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Indiana,
Alumnus.
- The College of Wooster
Alexander E. Sharp, B.S., B.D., c/o First Pres. Ch., 7th and Franklin
Streets, Columbus, Indiana, Minister.
- Denison University, Granville, Ohio
- Findlay College
President Homer R. Dunathan, M.A., Findlay, Ohio, President of Findlay
College
- Kent State University
President James Ozro Engleman, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., Kent, Ohio,
President of Kent State University.
- Kenyon College
Rev. Robert J. Murphy, Howe School, Howe, Indiana, Alumnus.
- Marietta College
Mrs. Arthur J. Folsom, '98, 120 E. Taber St. Fort Wayne, Indiana
- Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio
Mr. Harry Orsborn, 1911, Whiting, Indiana
- Ohio Northern University
L. D. Ikenberry, Vice President and Treasurer, North Manchester. In-
diana, Manchester College
- Ohio Wesleyan University
Mr. W. D. Redrup, B.S., Huntington, Indiana, President of the Majestic
Company.
- Otterbein College
Professor J. R. Schutz, North Manchester, Indiana, Prof. of Economics
and Sociology, Manchester College.
- University of Toledo
Jesse L. Ward, Ph. D., Toledo, Ohio, Associate Professor of Secondary
Education
- Western College, Oxford, Ohio, Mrs. Grace S. Ebbinghouse, A.B., '11, North
Manchester, Indiana
- Wilberforce University
Prof. F. A. McGinnis, A.M., Wilberforce, Ohio, Vice President and Dean
of College of Liberal Arts
- Wittenberg College
The Rev. W. E. Bradley, B.D., '20, Columbia City, Indiana.
- Xavier University
Dennis F. Burns, S.J., A.M., Ph.D., S.T.D., Victory Parkway, Cincinnati,
Ohio, President of Xavier University.

PENNSYLVANIA

- Elizabethtown College,
Doctor Jacob G. Meyer, Ph. D., Dean of Education, Manchester College.

ANNUAL ALUMNI BANQUET

May 28, 5:30 P. M.

Invocation

Introduction of Toastmaster

J. W. Leonard, '16

Welcome.....O. W. Neher, '16
Response.....Winston Brembeck, '36
Tenth Anniversary Toast.....Class of '26
In Tribute to President Winger.....Paul Stone, '23
"College Mother".....A Manchester Hymn
Written by Florence T. Freed, '28, and Leigh B. Freed, '26.
(Dedicated to the one who has been so closely associated with the destinies of
Manchester College during the last quarter century—President Otho Winger.)
Presentation of alumni officers for 1936-37

ALUMNI TRIBUTE PROGRAM

May 28, 8:00 P. M.

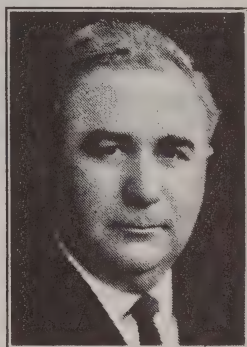
Paul Stone, '23, presiding

Invocation

MusicQuartet

Donald Frederick, Wendell Frederick
Harold Miller, Eugene Teeter

"Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"
"Come Power of God"
"Under His Wings"



W. W. Peters

The President's Favorite Scriptures.....Theodore Eley, '16

Piano Solo.....Irene Winger

"Nearer, My God, to Thee"
"What a Friend We Have in Jesus"
"My Jesus, I Love Thee"
"Rock of Ages"

MusicQuartet

"Red Wing"
"The Old Canoe"
"On the Banks of the Mississinewa"

AddressW. W. Peters, '15

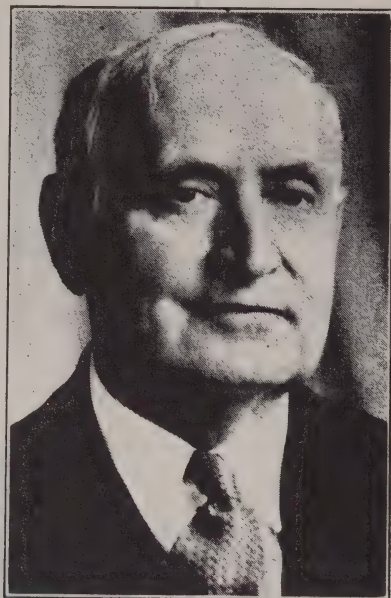
"Manchester Looks Ahead"

Benediction

The musical numbers used for this program are favorites of President Winger.

COMMENCEMENT

Gymnasium - Auditorium, May 29. 9:00 A. M.



Dr. J. O. Engleman
President, Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

Program

Processional

Song by audience

Invocation

Music Cantilena Choir

(a) The Lord is my Shepherd - Mendelssohn

(b) Ye Sons of Israel - Mendelssohn

Class Address Dr. J. O. Engleman

Music College Quartet

(a) The Cherubim Song - Tschaiowski

(b) The Human Touch - Fisher

Conferring of Degrees and Granting of Diplomas

Benediction

GRADUATES

BACHELOR OF ARTS

*Harold Anglemyer.....	Bristol, Indiana
*Robert W. Beery.....	North Manchester, Indiana
Robert R. Bell.....	Denver, Indiana
Paul Berkebile.....	Bradford, Ohio
*Leland Blocher.....	Franklin Grove, Illinois
Winston L. S. Brembeck.....	Urbana, Indiana
*Leicester H. Brown.....	Marion, Indiana
*Winnifred Brubaker.....	North Manchester, Indiana
Louise Marie Cook.....	Pandora, Ohio
Katheryn Russell Cornwell (with distinction).....	North Manchester, Indiana
Martha Darley (with distinction).....	South Whitley, Indiana
John Davisson.....	Miami, Indiana
*Jess Earl Dice.....	Peru, Indiana
Merlin S. Eidemiller.....	New Carlisle, Ohio
Mildred Etter.....	Dayton, Ohio
Paul E. Geisenhof.....	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Lewis J. Goshorn (with high distinction).....	Ladoga, Indiana
Helen Margaret Gray.....	Kokomo, Indiana
Grayston Gurtner.....	Wabash, Indiana
Dolores Harris.....	North Manchester, Indiana
Martha Jane Hartman.....	North Manchester, Indiana
Dorothy L. Hartsough.....	North Manchester, Indiana
H. Donald Hay.....	Oregon, Illinois
Fred Wayne Hoover (with distinction).....	North Manchester, Indiana
*Cletus D. Johnson.....	Huntington, Indiana
Louise Keim.....	Nampa, Idaho
Thurlow E. King.....	Constantine, Michigan
M. Quentin Kintner (with distinction).....	North Manchester, Indiana
Evelyn Knull (with distinction).....	North Manchester, Indiana
Maurice Ray Kuhn.....	Plymouth, Indiana
Wilbur C. Landes.....	Lima, Ohio
Lucille A. Lantis.....	North Manchester, Indiana
C. Raymond Law.....	Wenatchee, Washington
*J. Warner Lawson.....	Lagro, Indiana
*Orland S. Lefforge.....	Wabash, Indiana
*H. Paul Lewis.....	Hartford City, Indiana
Virgil McCleary.....	Warsaw, Indiana
Rollo Junior Neff.....	New Paris, Indiana
Mabel Ridenour.....	Flora, Indiana
James Roop.....	South Bend, Indiana
Paul Royer.....	Claypool, Indiana
Elizabeth Schlemmer.....	Wabash, Indiana
David Maurice Studebaker.....	New Carlisle, Ohio
*John Preston Sumpter.....	Somerset, Indiana
*Dale R. Townsend.....	Woodland, Michigan
Ralph H. Townsend.....	Woodland, Michigan
Paul K. Weimer (with distinction).....	Wabash, Indiana
H. B. (Bill) Williams.....	Lagro, Indiana
Howard Woodrow Winger (with high distinction).....	Marion, Indiana
*Irene Mae Youse.....	Hoagland, Indiana

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN SECONDARY EDUCATION

*Ralph Allmann	Urbana, Indiana
Harriet E. Brenneman	Warsaw, Indiana
*Edgar Lewis Deardorff	Mooreland, Indiana
Milo P. Dinius	Roanoke, Indiana
*Robert D. Driver	Bradford, Ohio
*Sarah Olive Dubois	Wabash, Indiana
*Walter W. Fenstermaker	Mentone, Indiana
Mary E. Flora (with distinction)	Dayton, Ohio
*Ruby M. Garman	Claypool, Indiana
Dorothy Helen Greenawalt	Elgin, Illinois
*Helen E. Helmke	Woodburn, Indiana
A. Lowell Hutchins	Dayton, Ohio
*James Don Jordan	South Whitley, Indiana
*Edw. D. Lippold	Bunker Hill, Indiana
*Bradford McIntosh	Waterloo, Indiana
*Alton B. Meyer	Petroleum, Indiana
Walter C. Miller	Columbus Grove, Ohio
*J. Nelson Mosher	Rochester, Indiana
Kenneth Elwood Pifer	North Judson, Indiana
*Loren E. Shearer	South Bend, Indiana
Ferne Sollenberger	Shansi, China

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN MUSIC EDUCATION

Mary Margaret Henderson	New Vienna, Ohio
E. Maxine McEntarfer	Waterloo, Indiana
*Vernon R. Miller	Tiffin, Ohio
*Bertha Rouch Pinkerton	Huntington, Indiana
Byron Paul Royer	North Manchester, Indiana
Buthene Sharp	Cutler, Indiana
Wilma A. Smith	Huntington, Indiana
Margaret Elizabeth Spindler	Woodland, Michigan

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

*Ivel Baer	Warsaw, Indiana
*Wilma Culp	Goshen, Indiana
Mabel E. Ditmer	Arcanum, Ohio
Frances Marie Flora	North Manchester, Indiana
Lucille Stoneburner	Plymouth, Indiana
Hazel M. Tillman	Huntington, Indiana
*Myron D. Weldy	Wakarusa, Indiana
Maude Wherry	Monroeville, Indiana

1936 TWO-YEAR NORMAL GRADUATES

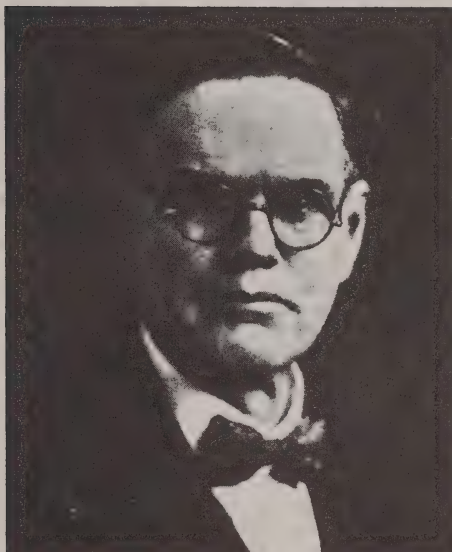
*Margaret E. Affolder	Wolcottville, Indiana
*Juanita M. Ake	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Clare F. Alexander	Columbia City, Indiana
*Dorothy F. Ames	Argos, Indiana
Dale L. Anglemyer	Wakarusa, Indiana
*Gladys Mae Bagwell	Union City, Indiana
*Neva Bailey	Warsaw, Indiana
Ruth Baughman	Albion, Indiana
Ellen Bendsen	Chicago, Illinois
*Maurine Brower	South English, Iowa
Ruth Evelyn Brown	Huntertown, Indiana
Mabel Irene Bunton	New Carlisle, Indiana
Evelyn Campbell	Butler, Indiana
*Mary Elizabeth Carver	Huntington, Indiana
*June E. Collins	Fremont, Indiana

June Coy	Milford, Indiana
Beverly Davidson	Churubusco, Indiana
Dortha J. Dull	Brookville, Ohio
Martha Jane Eaglebarger	Argos, Indiana
*Dorothy Helen Ebey	Pontiac, Michigan
Bonita M. Fansler	Garrett, Indiana
Lois Regina Favorite	Huntington, Indiana
Marian I. Fox	Akron, Indiana
*Margaret R. Franks	Albion, Indiana
*Catherine Froh	Piercetown, Indiana
Charline Fuller	Milford, Indiana
Mildred (Updike) Fulton	Huntington, Indiana
Dorothy L. Funderburg	New Carlisle, Ohio
Opal M. Funderburg	New Carlisle, Ohio
H. Elizabeth (Betty) Garrett	Liberty Center, Indiana
Albert F. Ginther	Rochester, Indiana
Jane Green	South Whitley, Indiana
Clara Grindle	Monterey, Indiana
King Wiley Groff	Huntington, Indiana
Herbert Glenn Gump	Churubusco, Indiana
Crystal L. Halleck	Wabash, Indiana
*Mary Alice Harmon	Piercetown, Indiana
Kathryn Mary Harshman	Fostoria, Ohio
*Pauline Hatfield	Ossian, Indiana
*Wanda E. Heighway	Akron, Indiana
Mary Jane Helming	Milford, Indiana
*Mabel Sprigg Henry	Silver Lake, Indiana
Charles Emmert Herr	Goshen, Indiana
*Olive Ruth Hirt	Winamac, Indiana
*Floyd Hollar	Milford, Indiana
*Ruth S. Holm	Plymouth, Indiana
Neva C. Hollinger	New Paris, Ohio
Maxine A. Hope	Piercetown, Indiana
Fern Marie Hopper	Walton, Indiana
Donald J. Hornish	Defiance, Ohio
*Julia Margaret Howard	Warsaw, Indiana
Mary Eldora Hutchison	Argos, Indiana
*Caroline Irelan	Idaville, Indiana
Pauline DeVine Jones	Cairo, Ohio
Opal L. Kampmeier	Lanark, Illinois
Mary Alice Kennedy	Huntington, Indiana
*D. Burnel Klopfenstein	North Manchester, Indiana
Rheua N. Kunkle	Peru, Indiana
Virginia G. Lake	Woodburn, Indiana
*Ruth Helen Lehman	Claypool, Indiana
Kermit B. Leininger	Akron, Indiana
*Mary E. Leisure	Urbana, Indiana
*Mary Jane Lesh	Bluffton, Indiana
Lois Jane Longanecker	Eldorado, Ohio
*Georgia Kathryn Loveday	Warsaw, Indiana
*Audna Fay Maus	Twelve Mile, Indiana
Ruth Maxton	Angola, Indiana
*Grace L. McNutt	Shannon, Illinois
Esther Jane Means	Walton, Indiana
Florence Lucille Mellinger	Syracuse, Indiana
Doris C. Mertz	Corunna, Indiana
Donna Belle Metz	Albion, Indiana
Frances Z. Miller	Fort Wayne, Indiana
*Lorraine E. Miller	Denver, Indiana

Verda Florence Miller.....	Tippecanoe City, Ohio
*Genavee Moore.....	Akron, Indiana
Evelyn A. Mow.....	Rochester, Indiana
*Marilyn Marjean Myers.....	Francesville, Indiana
Gleo E. Naragon.....	North Liberty, Indiana
Eva Neuendorf.....	Marengo, Illinois
Milda Neuendorf.....	Marengo, Illinois
Violet Victoria Oesch.....	Topeka, Indiana
Jane Oldfather.....	Roann, Indiana
Marguerite W. Oplinger.....	Wolf Lake, Indiana
*Maxine Overholser.....	Warsaw, Indiana
Kenneth Elwood Pifer.....	North Judson, Indiana
Claude Pugh.....	Francesville, Indiana
*Francis K. Reece.....	Claypool, Indiana
*Harold E. Reinoehl.....	Ashley, Indiana
*Adah Ruth Rodgers.....	New Carlisle, Indiana
Bernice Rosencrans.....	North Manchester, Indiana
Gareld Trumman Roth.....	Decatur, Indiana
*Lois M. Rupel.....	Walkerton, Indiana
Fred Sanders.....	Delphi, Indiana
Pauline K. Schmalzried.....	Andrews, Indiana
*Clarence E. Shaffer.....	Argos, Indiana
*Betty Shookman.....	Fort Wayne, Indiana
*Opal J. Shores.....	Parker City, Indiana
Lester D. Snyder.....	Tresno, Ohio
V. Ruth Stauffer.....	Paris, Missouri
Faye Eloise Steele.....	Walkerton, Indiana
*Mary Eva Steiner.....	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Charles Stouder, Jr.....	Nappanee, Indiana
*Mary Stover.....	Bradford, Ohio
Esther Studebaker.....	Springfield, Ohio
*Mildred Cleo Suver.....	New Carlisle, Ohio
Paul E. Swinger.....	Peebles, Ohio
*Hazel M. Williams.....	Wabash, Indiana
*Ivadine Williams.....	Lagro, Indiana
K. Rosalie Williams.....	Rockford, Ohio
*Elta Pauline Winger.....	Claypool, Indiana
*Madeline A. Zehner.....	Monterey, Indiana
*Work to be completed by September 1, 1936.	



Manchester College 1936



L. D. IKENBERRY

1900 - 19 -

"WHO WAS WHO"

Our previous selections for our "Who's Who" column have been living persons who have honored the Wenger Clan by their achievements. Yet, it must be remembered that many, many members of the clan are most worthy of our proud remembrance who were in the "Who's Who" of their day and have since passed on. Of course, these shall be included in our clan story because of the great heritage we have from them. One of the greatest of these is our "Who Was Who" for this issue, his biography being written by his brother-in-law, who was intimately associated with him for 50 years. As a foremost educator and churchman, he was for many years, and until the year after his death in "Who's Who in America" (Marquis Public., 1947, p. 2594). From 1943-1950 he was in "Who Was Who, Vol. II, 1943-1950" (Marquis, p. 586).

OTHO WINGER, L.L.D. K1762611

Lawrence W. Shultz, M.A.

Otho Winger was b. near Sweetser, 6 mi. w. of Marion, Grant Co., Ind., Oct. 23, 1877. Reared on a farm, he became an outstanding teacher, preacher, author, college president, and church leader; and became the "foremost leader of the Church of the Brethren in Indiana in the 20th Century."

Family Life. His father was John Martin Winger, K176261, who m. Mary Ann Smith, also from Sweetser. His brothers and sisters were: Elizabeth (Mrs. Ben Piper); Ethel (Mrs. Ed. Piper); Joseph Oscar who m. Lofa Eikenberry; Cora Leona (Mrs. Lawrence W. Shultz; John Lawrence, who m. Anna Ulrey; and Mabel (Mrs. Ira W. Moomaw) (see p. 80). July 24, 1902, he m. Ida Miller, dau. of Amos and Sarah (Cupp) Miller. There were two sons: Robert Miller Winger (see p. 45) who m. Lucile Eberwine; and Paul Miller Winger (see p. 98) who m. Esther Dohner. Each have two children.

Early Career. As a student he raced through the preparatory school and college courses of his day and, after teaching public school for several years, he took his M.A. at Indiana Univ., 1907. His education was continued by voracious reading and learning to know people. He taught his first 3 yrs. in an Indian Village school near Jalapa, Ind., that gave him an enduring interest in Indians and about them he wrote extensively later. Two years he taught High School at Sweetser, 1903-05, and two more, at Hope, Ind., 1905-1907.

Manchester College Career. In 1907 he joined the faculty of Manchester College, N. Manchester, Ind., where he had his

preparatory training, 1898-1902. Here he continued as teacher and administrator until his retirement in 1941; and until his death as President-Emeritus. One of his students wrote that his great qualities as a teacher were: — "His love for and interest in his students; his enthusiastic interest in his subject; his ability to arouse the interest of his student; and his friendly personality." He gave freely of his time to Manchester College which today stands as a fitting monument to his devotion and tireless energy. While still a student he went to the churches soliciting funds to pay off the debt owed by the college. When he became president in 1911 the outlook was not encouraging but with the help and cooperation of many coworkers he was able to bring the institution through 30 yrs. of success and growth. The enrollment in the college department grew from 47 to 638 at the time of his retirement. During these years he taught many subjects. One of his favorite remarks was that he did not occupy a chair but a whole settee. It was my privilege to have him as a teacher in Sociology; Commercial Arithmetic; English Literature — Spencer, Milton and Chaucer; and Greek, Roman and English History. His main field and the one he liked best was Philosophy.

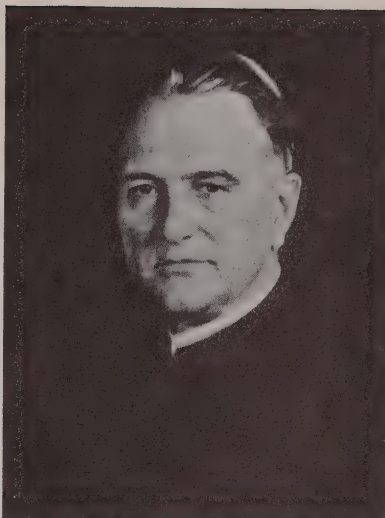
The Churchman. As a churchman in the Church of the Brethren (Dunkers), he was very busy. He served on its General Education and its Brethren Publishing House Boards, and many other Boards and Commissions for various periods; and for 30 yrs. was on its General Mission Board (1912-1942), most of that time as chairman. He was the Reading Clerk for its Annual Conference 3 times, and Moderator of that great international gathering 6 times. He was in constant demand throughout the nation as a counsellor, preacher, and lecturer, at all kinds of church gatherings, funerals, and assemblies. Mount Morris College (Ill.) recognized his churchmanship in 1918 by conferring the L.L.D. degree.

Travel and books. He traveled widely and with his wife made a tour around the world, 1927-1928. His "Letters from Foreign Lands" is an interesting account of that tour (note 1). His early interest in Indians led to research and a number of Indian stories and historical documents:

"The Lost Sister of the Miamis" (note 2); "The Last of the Miamis" (note 3); "The Frances Slocum Trail" (note 4); "Little Turtle, the Great Chief of Eel River" (note 5); "The Kenapocomoco, the Home of Little Turtle" (note 6); "The Potawatomie Indians" (note 7); "A Pioneer Experiment" (note 8); and "The White Rose of the Miamis" (note 9). These books made him an authority in circles where the history of the American Indian was concerned. One printed lecture was: "The Indians that Opposed Harmer" (note 10). He was interested in local history and wrote: "A Brief Centennial History of Wabash Co., Ind." (note 11). As President Emertius, his reminiscences resulted in: "Memories of Manchester" (note 12). He wrote noteworthy books on Brethren History: "History of the Brethren in Indiana" (note 13); "History and Doctrines of the Church of the Brethren" (note 14); "Life of Elder R. H. Miller" (note 15); "History of the North Manchester Congregation of Church of the Brethren" (note 16); and (with two others), "The Annual Conference Minutes, Revised". The joys of home life were portrayed by: "In Memory of Ida (Miller) Winger" (note 17).

A Great Man. The high esteem of Otho Winger's colleagues, students, college alumni and friends, was shown by the subscription of a thousand dollars in 1936 for the painting of his portrait as a testimonial of their affection. Paul Trebilcock, a distinguished portrait painter of Chicago, was engaged and the portrait which accompanies this life story was the result. Following his death on Aug. 13, 1946, this esteem was registered again in the raising of \$450,000 for the erection of an Arts Building in his memory, to house the Music, Art, and Home Economics Departments. This was completed in 1951 and dedicated as the "Otho Winger Memorial Building", the need for which he had raised funds as early as 1938, but could not live long enough to see the need fulfilled. The portrait, mentioned above, appropriately enough, hangs in this building. His stature beyond Manchester circles was recognized in the "School and Society Magazine" which wrote up his obituary in its Aug., 1946, issue. To close Dr. Otho's life story with my own appraisal, let me say that to me he was a great teacher, preacher, churchman, author and traveler, administrator, and friend. He was my next door neighbor for 25 yrs, my brother-in-law for 31 years, and influenced my life more than any other man except my father.

Ancestry and Wengerology. Otho Winger was the s. of John Martin Winger, K176261; s., Joseph Winger, K17626, and Mary Mag-



Otho Winger, Churchman and Scholar

dalene Dermond (m.1); s., Martin Winger (born Wenger), K1762, and Elizabeth Frantz; s., Joseph Wenger (later Winger), K176, and Katrina (Catherine) Hoover; s., Martin Wenger, K17, and Anna Gingrich; s., Hans Wenger, K1, who settled at Jones-town, Pa.; s., Hans Wenger, "K", who lived and d. a weaver in Bern Canton, Switzerland. He had Wengerology as a secondary hobby and had accumulated notes on his researches. On his death these could not be found but some of his data has been recovered from correspondence sent to his relatives.

NOTES

1. Published: Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill., 1928, 366pp, many illus.
2. Publ. Elgin Press, Elgin, Ill., 1936. Lib. of Cong. No. E87S628, 150 pp, 27 illus., reprinted by Rev. Shultz, 1960.
3. Publ., N. Manchester, Ind., 1935, 40pp, 133pp of illus., Lib. Cong. E93-M48-W55. Story of Meshingmosia, the last chief of the Miamis.
4. Publ., N. Manchester, Ind., 1943, Lib. Cong. F327-W56, 92pp, 105 illus., to be reprinted soon by Rev. Shultz.
5. Publ., News Journal, N. Manchester, Ind., 1942, 20pp, 17 illus.,
6. Publ., N. Manchester, Ind., 1934, 43pp 26 ill.
7. Publ., Elgin Press, Elgin, Ill., 1939, Lib. Cong., E93-P8-W5, 159 pp 33 ill.
8. Publ., N. Manchester, Ind., 1940, 15pp. (in Havorford Coll., Havorford, Pa.)
9. A pageant based on "Lost Sister of the Miamis", 1934, mimeographed.
10. In Ohio state archeological and historical quarterly, Columbus, O., v.1, pp 55-59. The proceedings of the Maumee Valley International Historical Convention Lib. Cong., from Ohio State Univ., F486.051-V50.
11. Publ., N. Manchester, Ind., 1935, Lib. Cong. F532-W18-W5, 44pp 68 ill.
12. Elgin Press, Elgin, Ill., 1940, 229pp 100 ill.
13. Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill., 1917, Lib. Cong. 286.5-W72h., 479pp.

14. Brethren Publ. House, Elgin, Ill., 2nd ed. 1920. 320pp. copyright 1919.

15. Brethren Publ., House, Elgin, Ill., 1910. 269 pp.

16. Pamphlet 1942, 29pp 8 ill.

17. Pamphlet 1944, 49pp, 69 ill.

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OUR CLAN BOOK CORNER

"Otho Winger — 1877 to 1946" by Vernon F. Schwalm, Ph.D., his successor as Pres. of Manchester College, Ind. in 1941 (Publ. by author, 1952, 294 pp, The Elgin Press, Elgin, Ill., \$3.00). The author's subtitle: "a biography of an outstanding churchman, college pres. traveler, and author . . . For-most leader of the Church of the Brethren in the 20th Century, Otho Winger left his impress on many who lived with him and heard him speak." This biography is still in print and may be purchased through Lawrence W. Shultz, N. Manchester, Ind.

"The Lost Sister of the Miamis," by Otho Winger (1936, Elgin Press). After being out of print 25 years, Mr. Shultz has edited and reprinted a 5th edition of this very popular story. Frances Slocum at the age of five was taken away by the Indians from her Quaker home in Penn. and finally brought to Ind. where she grew up and m. an Indian chief. Her people found her after 50 yrs. but she had become an Indian and never returned to her native state. Many of her descendents still live in central Indiana. The book may be ordered directly from Rev. Shultz for \$2.00.

L. W. Shultz m. Cora Leona Winger, K1762616, Otho's sister. Their children: Carole, Carl, Betty Marie, and Ruthanne. He has the B. A. from Manchester College and the M. A. from Northwestern Univ. He was 30 years the Direct. of Relig. Educ for the Church of the Brethren in Indiana; 31 yrs., Direct. of Camp Mack, Milford, Ind.; 18 yrs, Librarian and professor of Relig. Edu., Manchester Coll.; 18 yrs., Chairman of the Int. Youth Council of Ind.; 18 yrs., Advisor, Middle Ind. Youth Council (Breth); many years, member and first chairman of Church of the Brethren Historical Commission; many yrs., denominational repres. on Ind. Council of Christian Educ.; and 7 yrs., a member of the Brethren Service Commission. He has travelled extensively in escorting Heifer Project shipments abroad and in guiding tourist groups for the Service Commission. Now retired, he continues his tourist groups annually and writes extensively. Just off the press is his edition of a reprint of Gov. M. G. Brumbaugh's "History of the Brethren (1899)". In 1954 he published "Schwartzenuau — Birthplace of the Breth." (Life & Light Press, Winona Lake, Ind.,

111p.). He plans to reprint other books by Otho Winger and for this service the Wenger Clan will be indebted to him. Last May he was one of 4 to receive the Alumni Award presented to outstanding Alumni for service to the college and his church.

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MORE ON PUBLISHING HISTORIES

Last quarter we emphasised the importance of having all Wenger historians publishing histories observing the following points: (1) to use a common numbering system; (2) to go beyond names and dates to include personal and career information; (3) to have sufficient detailed data to identify missing links; and (4) to have a usable numbering arrangement and index.

Point 4 deserves further emphasis. First of all, care should be taken to arrange contents according to generations, with all families within a particular generation arranged according to their serial numbers in numerical order. We note that some historians will take a given family through two or three generations before going on to another family. This prevents easy cross-reference back and forth from one generation to another. The consecutive arrangement of serial numbers is itself an index for locating a given name whose serial number and generation are already known. The number of digits in the serial number always indicates the generation number. Let us illustrate. The editor's serial number is K1762655. There being 8 digits, he belongs to the 8th generation. To find his biography in a published history you will find his number in its proper place in the numerical arrangement of serial numbers of the 8th generation. To find his father's biography you will subtract the last digit "5" which represents the editor's order of birth. Thus you discover that his father's serial number is K176265, a number with seven digits showing he belongs to the 7th generation. So you look for his father's number in its proper place in the numerical arrangement of serial numbers of the 7th generation. To find his children's biographies you will find their numbers added to K1762655 according to their order of birth. Their numbers, having 9 digits, show that they belong to the 9th generation. So you look for their numbers in their proper place in the numerical arrangement of the 9th generation. In this manner you can trace ancestry back to the 1st generation, or the descendents forward to the present generation. Without the York system of numbering and without the numerical arrangement by generations sug-

gested above, such easy cross reference would not be possible.

Secondly, care should be taken to list all persons and their mates (if any) who are mentioned in the history, in a master index. This index will arrange all surnames in alphabetical order. There will be in the index a line for the Wenger descendent, giving: the last name first, his or her serial number, and the name of his or her mate. There will be another line in the index for the mate of the Wenger descendent, giving, the last name first, the name of his or her mate, and the serial number of his or her mate. It is important to have the mate of the Wenger descendent so listed in the index for the benefit of the researcher who is looking for the particular Wenger his subjected married. In our previous article we attempted to illustrated how these 2 lines would be arranged but the printer bungled them. We will not repeat the corrected illustration of this arrangement, but trust our historians will be able to understand the above description and arrange the index for their lineages accordingly.

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AMONG OUR HISTORIANS

William Walker Wenger, K14418313

This historian became interested in Wengerology when in 1957 he subscribed to Wenger Clan Notes and began enquiring about his ancestry. Through information furnished by Norman Wenger Nauman, Manheim, Pa., and visits and letters to Montgomery Co., O., he established his ancestry as the s. of Alfred John and Mayme (Jost) Wenger; s., of John Alfred and Hattie (Orvis) Wenger; s., Tobias and Catherine (Waggoner) Wenger; s. of John W. and Anna (Long) Wenger; s. Rev. Christian and Maria (Weaver) Wenger; s. John (Hans) and Chefran (Huber) Wenger, immigrant at 16; s. Johannes (Hans) Wenger, Jr., who immigrated in 1748 from Germany and settled at Jonestown, Pa.; s. of Johannes (Hans) Wenger who lived and d. a weaver in Canton, Bern, Switzerland. (see p. 10).

Now sure of his ancestry he is dedicating much of his leisure time and scheduled travel to research on the lineage of John W. and Anna (Long) Wenger, his g.g. grandfather, K1441, according to a post card sent the editor from Williston, Fla., recently where he was visiting a cemetery and interviewing relatives in search of data. He is working closely with Wenger Clan Notes, furnishing its file with duplicates of all material accumulated, and using the York serial numbering system and the biographical form it suggests.

In addition to his research on his own lineage he has accumulated a considerable amount of material on other Wengers living in the South Bend area where he resides, and has furnished duplicates of it to Clan Notes Repository. This is an extremely valuable service to Wengerology in its effort to get exhaustive files on the Wenger immigrants and their descendants (with all their variant names) and thus to facilitate the finding of missing links. It would, indeed, be wonderful if all Wengers would do the same in their respective communities, and send it in. He is also an enthusiastic supporter of Wenger Clan Notes and is being of considerable assistance is swelling its subscription list and thus helping it to stay in the black.

He was b. Aug. 31, 1917; m. 1st, Doris Minnie Tedrow with a dau., Donna Jean; and m. 2nd, Maybelle Alice Anderson with a son, Wm. Walker, Jr. He has Bach. degrees in Music and Educ.; is instructor of music in South Bend Schools; and resides at 114 S. Tasher St., South Bend, Ind. At the bottom of his Biographical Information Blank he has these significant words: "We would be delighted if you or any of the Wenger Clan would stop in to see us, should you be in or near South Bend." In one letter to the editor he signed his name as "Shirt-Tail Cousin, Bill". To which the editor replies: "Maybe I am only a 5th. cousin once removed, but such old-fashioned hospitality is so rare, I may just take you up on your gracious invitation to be your guest!"

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WENGER CLAN NOTES

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2750 Read St., Omaha, Nebr.

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Delayed Schedule. Due to circumstances beyond the control of the editor, the past few issues have been mailed considerably out of schedule. Next issue should arrive in May with all issues beyond that arriving well within the quarter. We are grateful for your patience.

Volume I. Numbers 1 to 12, fully indexed, are available at \$3.25. unbound; or \$4.50, beautifully bound in leatherette. This price is effective as of April 1, 1960.

